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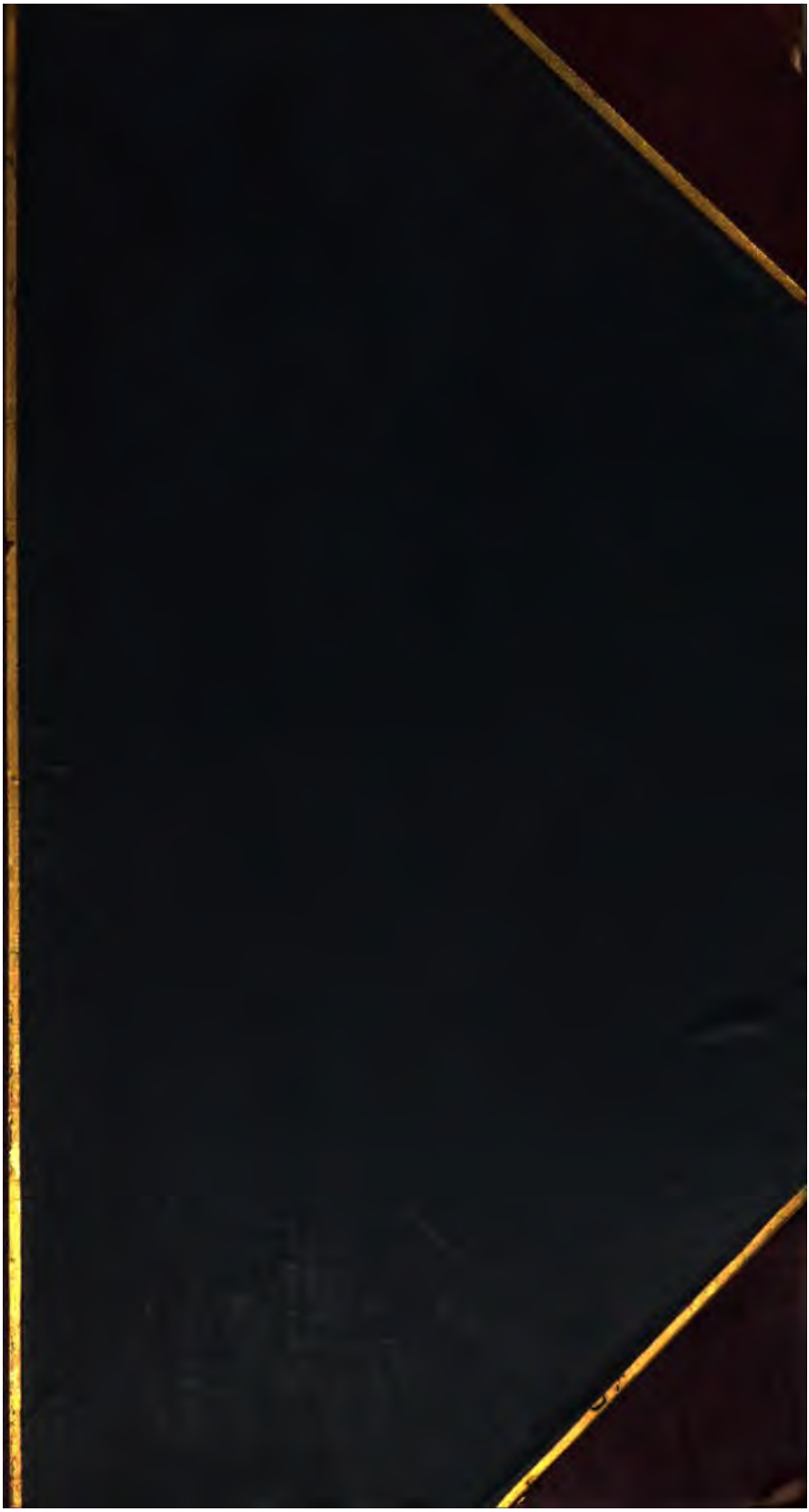

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JULY, 1873 . . . . . OCTOBER, 1873.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

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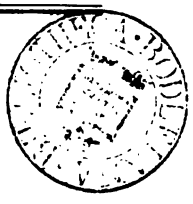

VOL. CXXXVIII.

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER, LONDON.
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,
EDINBURGH.

1873.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1873.

No. CCLXXXI.

ART. I.—1. *The Paston Letters.* A New Edition. Edited by JAMES GAIRDNER, of the Public Record Office. Vol. I. 1872.

2. *Trevelyan Papers.* Part I. II. Edited by J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq. Part III. (with introduction). Edited by Sir WALTER CALVERLEY TREVELYAN, Bart., and Sir CHARLES EDWARD TREVELYAN, K.C.B. Printed for the Camden Society. 1857–1872.

'SOME,' says Boswell, in that sententious style which it was usually his pleasure to assume after having had the benefit of the great Doctor's conversation for some weeks, 'some have affected to laugh at the "History of the House of '"Yvery"' (a production which seems never to have got beyond the stage of private printing and distribution). 'It 'would be well if many others would transmit their pedigrees 'to posterity, with the same accuracy and generous zeal with 'which the noble lord who compiled that work has honoured 'and perpetuated his ancestry. Family histories, like the '*imagines majorum* of the ancients, excite to virtue.' We entirely agree with our favourite biographer, though not adopting the magniloquence with which he announces his opinion. As the life of an individual furnishes upon the whole the most agreeable of all literary subjects, other than the merely romantic, to the majority of readers; so the life of a family, duly traced and authenticated, ought to supply matter not indeed of the same class of interest, but still of no common utility both for amusement and instruction. For the individual lives on in his family. It has often been remarked how the great Gentes of Roman history—the Valerii, the Claudii, the

Scipios, and so forth—seemed to prolong, generation after generation, particular types, not only of political sentiment and conduct, but of personal character. And the same specialty has been observed in respect of our noble English races, which have taken from father to son so large a share in our political and social life. Percys, and Mortimers, and Cliffords in old days; Howards, Russells, Grenvilles, and many more in later times, have constituted not merely households, but as it were castes—lines of men in whom a certain identity of thought and similarity of will is testified no less by the records of their actions than by their features in the family portraits.

It is therefore with some little regret that we discover, as yet, such slight probability of accession to our existing materials in this department from the labours of the Commission on Historical Manuscripts, of which the third Report is now before us. It is needless to say that the Appendix to this Report embodies a considerable variety of matter of importance to the antiquarian, the historian, and the genealogist; and the Report itself promises much more. But of that particular kind of memorial of the past of which we are now in search—the domestic correspondence and diaries of private families, continued from one generation to another—we find but slender trace. Such treasures are no doubt scarce, and perhaps they are somewhat charily communicated. Possibly the explorations of the Commission may yet serve to disinter a few more of them. In the meantime we have abundant reason to be thankful to those few who have opened for us the inmost recesses of their family archives, and enabled us, here and there, to trace to our satisfaction the history of a knightly or gentle name through some comprehensive period of time, and the position which it held towards the changing world around it.

At the head of all English records of this description stands the collection commonly known as the 'Paston Letters.' We have before us the first volume of it, in a handsome reprint,* edited by the thoroughly competent hand of Mr. James Gairdner of the Record Office, who has supplied it with a voluminous introduction, to which we can only take one objection—that he has had it printed in so exceedingly minute a character, that an antiquary duly solicitous about his eyesight would almost

* This reprint forms part of a series of the English Classics of the sixteenth century, which are republished in excellent taste, and at a very low price, by Mr. Arber, of Queen's Square. They ought to be household books wherever the English tongue is spoken.

as soon encounter a roll of papyrus, or a monkish manuscript charter of the thirteenth century. The singular history of the 'Paston Letters' has of late acquired renewed interest. They found their way from divers repositories, previously to 1787, into the possession of Mr. Fenn of East Dereham, in Norfolk, afterwards Sir Richard; described by Horace Walpole as a 'smatterer in antiquity, but a very good sort of man.' Mr. Fenn arranged and published the two first volumes, 'with a 'very lengthy title.' Their appearance at once excited considerable attention, mainly owing to the interest taken in them by Walpole himself, who, whatever amount of frivolity may have attached to his tastes, was *au fond* a zealous and a discerning student of English antiquity. 'These letters,' he said, 'make 'to me all other letters not worth reading.' Hannah More, no doubt in common with many other literary personages at that time, was of a different opinion. The letters, she declared, were quite barbarous in style, with none of the elegance of their supposed contemporary Rowley! 'They might be of 'some use to correct history, but as letters and fine reading, 'nothing was to be said for them!' Nevertheless

'"The Paston Letters" (Mr. Gairdner continues) were soon in every one's hands. The work appeared (1787) under royal patronage; for Fenn had got leave beforehand to dedicate it to the King as the avowed patron of antiquarian knowledge. . . . A whole edition was disposed of in a week; and a second edition called for, which, after undergoing some little revision with the assistance of Mr. George Steevens, the Shakspearian editor, was published the same year. Meanwhile, to gratify the curious, the original MS. letters were deposited for a time in the library of the Society of Antiquaries; but the King having expressed a wish to see them, Fenn sent them to the palace, requesting that if they were thought worthy of a place in the royal collection, his Majesty would be pleased to accept them. They were accordingly added to the royal library, and as an acknowledgment of the value of the gift, Fenn was summoned to court, and received the honour of knighthood.'

Here begins the problematical part of the history. To the King the letters certainly went; but, like George II.'s will, when he carried it off from council in his pocket, from his Majesty they never returned. 'The originals of the first two 'volumes are missing, though they were presented to the King 'in 1787, bound in *three* volumes, and, no doubt, the binding 'was a handsome one.' All search to recover them has hitherto proved fruitless. 'There is a tradition that they were 'last seen in the hands of Queen Charlotte, who, it is sup-'posed, must have lent them to one of her ladies in attend-'ance. (?) If so, it is strange that they should have been lost

'sight of. They are not in the library of King George III., 'which is now in the British Museum, nor do they appear in 'any of the Royal palaces. The late Prince Consort, just 'before his death, instituted a search which he had great hope 'would at last bring them to light. I have been informed 'that it has since been completed, but the missing originals 'remain still unaccounted for.'

Singularly enough, the history of the remaining part of the work is subject to difficulties and obscurities almost equally great. A third and fourth volume were published by Mr., now become Sir Richard, Fenn. The collective originals of these have never been recovered; but 'it happens that the 'first document in volume iii. has been actually found, and 'is now in the British Museum.'

Volume v. was published, several years afterwards, by the late Serjeant Frere; of this, also, the MS. was altogether lost sight of. The consequence of these strange deficiencies was, that 'an ingenious littérateur,' as Mr. Gairdner terms him, raised critical doubts, which were acknowledged by some as plausible, respecting the authenticity of the whole series. This was done in an article which appeared in 'the Fortnightly 'Review.' Its appearance set the descendant of the editor, Mr. Philip Frere, on a new search; and the originals of volume v. were actually discovered at last in an old box at his house in Norfolk. Those who were present at the following meeting of the Society of Antiquaries may well remember their triumphant production in the very presence of the unlucky sceptic, who was forced to recant, and to carry his faggot with the best grace he could. Since that time, without going into the farther particulars recorded by Mr. Gairdner, it may suffice to say, that full examination by the most competent judges in England has removed all reasonable doubt of authenticity. And if the fifth volume be unquestionably genuine, there can be no cause left for entertaining any suspicion respecting the other four, although their originals have so strangely vanished. The contents of the unbound volumes have apparently made their way into many hands. What Mr. Philip Frere could discover, he made over to the British Museum, where they rest at last. Much has probably perished. But the genuineness of the whole work is, as it were, indisputably established by secondary evidence; and Mr. Gairdner was quite right in not delaying his publication for the possibility of their reappearance. 'There is no apparent reason,' he says, in self-justification, 'why MSS. which have remained 'undiscovered for more than eighty years should not remain

'so eighty years longer, if the indifference or the accident, 'whatever it may be, which has caused them to be overlooked, 'be made an argument against turning to the best account 'those which we virtually possess.'

On the infinite historical value of these relics of old English life it is quite unnecessary to dilate. They have furnished a mine of raw material, for these eighty years past, to our most industrious explorers. Probably, to those who have studied the correspondence in a general way, there are two features which have come most prominently into notice. The first is the fundamental likeness which they establish between the aspect of society in their age, and in our or any age. After all, the tastes, interests, family attachments, personal hopes and fears of men, 'quicquid agunt homines,' do not vary so much in the course of centuries as our first fancies would lead us to imagine. The metal is the same, the setting only different. In the 'Paston Letters' we meet with personages of the better class in all periods of life. The Eton schoolboy, the anxious maiden, the match-making mother, the resolute woman of business, the poor cousin, the family counsellor, the chief of the house himself, full of party politics, but fuller still of plans of pecuniary gain and personal aggrandisement—are there, all busy as they on earth were busy, and as, with superficial differences only, their descendants of the twelfth generation are busy to this day. The lesson is a very obvious one, but it is not therefore the less strange to some of our preconceived notions, nor the less amusing. The other feature which we would notice is one in which the Paston times—the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries generally—did nevertheless exhibit characteristics somewhat peculiarly their own. It was an age in which the two great methods of enforcing claims and rights—private war and litigation—were mingled together, or alternated with each other, after a fashion scarcely comprehensible either in more civilised or in less civilised days. All the Paston family are deeply engaged in endless lawsuits. The progress of these suits, the hopes and discouragements of the parties, present a constant and somewhat wearisome store of family communication. But yet, at the same time, people were very far indeed from having renounced the earlier and more summary method of self-defence and retaliation. 'Why don't you take good 'cudgels, and settle it?' says Counsellor Pleydell to Dandie Dinmont, touching his march-suit with Jock of Dawston-Cleugh. 'Odd, sir! we tried that three times already; but I 'dinna ken; we're both gey good at single stick, and it could 'na weel be judged.' 'Then take broadswords, and be damned

'to you, as your fathers did before you.' 'Aweel, sir, if ye 'think it wadna be again the law, it's all one to Dandie.' 'Social development,' in the Paston neighbourhood, had just reached the same point of ambiguity as among Scott's imaginary Liddesdale borderers. An instance or two, out of a great number, will illustrate our meaning. John Paston (1448) is disturbed in his claim to the manor of Gresham by Lord Molynes. His lordship 'listened to the counsels of John 'Heydon of Baconsthorpe, a lawyer, who had been sheriff and 'also recorder of Norwich, and whom the gentry of Norfolk 'looked upon with anything but good will.' Heydon persuaded Lord Molynes that his claim was good; and Lord Molynes, 'without more ado, went in and took possession.' To go to law with Lord Molynes, 'a powerful young nobleman 'connected with various wealthy and influential families,' was no light undertaking for an esquire. Paston first tried the intercession of the Church through the medium of Bishop Waynflete; but this also failed him. Then he resorted to reprisals. He

'took and held possession of the mansion; and for some time without opposition. But at last, while John Paston was away in the country on business, there came before the mansion at Gresham a company of a thousand persons, armed with cuirasses and brigandines, with guns, bows and arrows, and with every kind of offensive and defensive armour. They had also mining instruments, long poles with hooks, called cromes, used for pulling down houses, ladders, pickaxes, and pans with fire burning in them. With these formidable instruments they beset the house, at that time occupied only by Margaret Paston and twelve other persons; and having broken open the outer gates, they set to work undermining the very chamber in which Margaret was. Resistance under the circumstances was impossible. Margaret was forcibly carried out. The house was then rifled of all that it contained—property estimated by John Paston at 200*l.*—the doorposts were cut asunder, and the place was left little better than a ruin.'

The war of the Roses would seem to have cut short the promising quarrel, *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, which the learned counsellor Heydon had started. The character of Sir John Fastolf, of Caistor Castle, the hero of so large a portion of the correspondence, evidences quite as forcibly this double characteristic of the times. He was constantly in arms for the Crown abroad, and occasionally in affairs of his own at home. Nevertheless, as Mr. Gairdner says, 'from the general tenor of his 'letters we should certainly no more suspect him of being the 'old soldier that he actually was, than of being Shakspeare's 'fat, disorderly knight.' Almost every sentence in them refers to

'lawsuits and title deeds, extortions and injuries received from others, forged processes altering property, writs of one kind or another to be issued against his adversaries, libels uttered against himself, and matters of the like description. Altogether the perusal is apt to give us an impression that Sir John would have made an acute and able, though perhaps not very high-minded solicitor. . . . The familiarity shown even by Fastolf with all the forms and processes of the law is probably due not so much to the peculiarities of his personal character as to the fact that a knowledge of legal technicalities was much more widely diffused in that day than in ours. . . . The "Paston Letters" afford ample evidence that every man who had property to protect, if not every well-educated woman also, was perfectly well versed in the ordinary forms of legal processes.'

Altogether, these disclosures to a certain extent remind us of the state of things of which some of us have made personal experience, and others have heard and read at secondhand, as prevalent in some of the Western States of America in recent or present days. The spirit of technical law, and the spirit of Lynch law, divide the sway between them. The lawyers have on the whole the best of it; they are the real masters of the situation; but their influence is largely assisted by that of the bowie-knife and the revolver. And one after-growth of this condition of society—a condition through which probably all communities must more or less pass—is the luxuriance of the great legal profession. Our English peerage offers abundant evidence of its aspiring tendencies, and at no period of our history, probably, have the foundations of great legal families been more extensively laid than in the fifteenth century.

Thus much by way of preface to the records of that distinguished Cornish family of which the memoirs have now been recovered and arranged, with most painful and religious care, by its two modern representatives—Sir Walter Trevelyan, of antiquarian celebrity, and Sir Charles, with whose name and reputation our readers will have long become familiar; a reputation acquired in many fields very different from that of homely English genealogy. We have before us three volumes of 'Trevelyan Papers,' printed for the Camden Society; two under the supervision of Mr. Payne Collier (1855 and 1862), the third and last, and by far the most valuable, by the two kinsmen-editors whose names we have just cited. The two first are chiefly filled with deeds, household accounts, and similar instruments, and curious to antiquarians alone; not the least so, perhaps, from the extraordinary variety of arbitrary spelling which they exhibit, such as would drive the Educational Institute of Scotland to despair of reconstructing

our orthography. We notice one minute of 'ordinary pay-'ments in August, 3 Edw. VI.,' in which the word 'Captain' is spelt in four different ways in a single page: Capitaiene, Capitinge, Capitaigne, Captaigne. But the second volume is rich in family correspondence, and its contents, though less copious, fall scarcely short of those of the 'Paston Letters' themselves in the light which they throw on the domestic life and habits of an ordinary English gentle family from the wars of the Roses to the Restoration. 'It seems clear,' says a writer on the Antiquities of Cornwall, 'from Domesday Book, 'and the recensions of tenants in capite, that before the Con-'quest Saxons, and after the Conquest Normans, were the 'owners of the soil, with very slight exceptions, from the Tamar 'to the Land's End. It may be feared that scarcely any pro-'perly Cornish lineage can establish, on fair grounds, a con-'nexion with those named in Domesday, except Trelawney 'and Trevelyan—the latter no longer inhabiting the county.' However this may be, the name of Trevelyan, at all events, is absolutely 'autochtonic.' English history knows nothing of a period when there was no Trevelyan.

The family however, as we shall see, soon abandoned the narrow limits of the peninsula in which they had their origin, and spread widely, through marriages and purchases, over the adjacent western counties. And what makes their quiet annals really remarkable, and in a certain sense characteristic, is, that such as they were at their origin—as far as their growth can be traced—such they have always remained: English gentry, neither more nor less. They never acquired greatness, nor had greatness thrust upon them. They were always well to do—that is, the leading branches of the house at all events—never wealthy. They never attained a peerage, or any honour beyond a simple baronetcy; but what they had, they preserved. They never deviated into literature, or art, or commerce; scarcely into military adventure. They never rose into eminence in the two gentlemanlike professions to which they furnished recruits—the Church and the Law. They never derogated. They never married into families of high descent, but scrupulously within their own degree. If no historical fame attaches itself to their ancient coat of arms during so many generations, neither does any disgrace. What their first recorded chronicle shows them, that they remained to the beginning of this present generation—specimens of that exclusively English character, the English country squire; and a more honourable one the world has not to show.

What were they really like, these 'squires' of old England,

who constituted until within the last century so large a proportion of its upper class? No one can be in the least familiar with the outward aspect, even, of the rural districts of great part of South Britain, without being satisfied that they were far more numerous under the Tudors and Stuarts than they are now. Every outlying parish—and we now speak particularly of the distant western and south-western counties, with which the family of Trevelyan is connected*—can show its half dozen of farmhouses which were once manor-houses; and many a church contains the memorials of some half dozen gentle lineages which their places know no longer. Their modest estates have either been annexed to the possessions of the neighbouring lord, or purchased from the last embarrassed owner by the intruding millionnaire. Their neighbourhood has lost the old kindly feeling which used to bind together the several degrees of society, when each was not so far removed in station from the other. It now knows no middle rank between the owner of the one great house, of whom the beatific vision is conceded to his tenantry for three or four weeks in the year, and the farmer who rents of him as large a tract of land as once constituted the paternal property of a country gentleman. But it has gained in high farming, quick returns, and mercantile value acre by acre. We are not, therefore, anxious to lament over the degeneracy of the times, or to quarrel with those who may sensibly prefer the present to the past. We only wish to restore in imagination that which has become obsolete; and this is not so easy as it might seem. For it is singular, after all, how little of life-like delineation, unexaggerated by romance or satire, has been left in our literature of that special feature of old English society to which we refer.

Mr. Trollope, in his recent publication on Australia, tells us that we may find the extinct type of the squire yet surviving in the southern hemisphere:—

'We know them (the English country gentlemen) very well from plays and novels, and know something of them too from history, as history has of late been written. The ladies' dresses, the books, the equipages, the wines, the kitchens, which are now found in English country houses, were in those days known only in the metropolis, or at the castle of some almost royal nobleman. As were country houses and country life then in England—plentiful, proud, prejudiced, given

* 'Discoursed accidentally about the decay of gentlemen's families in the country, telling us that the old rule was, that a family might remain fifty miles from London one hundred years; one hundred miles from London two hundred years, and so farther or nearer London more or less years.' (*Pepys*, 1669.)

to hospitality, impatient of contradiction, not highly lettered, healthy, industrious, careful of the main chance, thoughtful of the future, and, above all, conscious—perhaps a little too conscious—of their own importance, so now is the house, and so now is the life, of the country gentleman in Australia.'

But one circumstance is omitted in this lively parallel, which makes so wide a difference as to render the whole indistinct and incomplete. The Australian squire has, as a rule, no ancestry. He is *novus homo* altogether. On the contrary, almost all the pride and sentimental interest of the English Armiger's existence rallied round his pedigree. 'He was,' says Macaulay, 'a member of a proud and powerful aristocracy, and was 'distinguished by many both of the good and bad qualities 'which belong to aristocrats. His family pride was beyond 'that of a Talbot or a Howard. He knew the genealogies and 'coats of arms of all his neighbours, and could tell which of 'them had assumed supporters without any right, and which 'of them were so unfortunate as to be grandsons of aldermen.' To parallel him, the child of a world which in this respect at least has passed away, with the child of an upstart world in the southern hemisphere, is to misemploy comparison. The English squire, such as we conceive him, has no modern type left in the world; unless some such still linger among the Junkerthum of Pomerania, or in remote parts of the Spanish Peninsula. That phase of society, in short, to which the old-fashioned squirearchy here depicted belonged, has perished irreparably, with its shortcomings so allied to excellences, its vanity so associated with dignity, its weaknesses so near akin to wisdom.

Let us take another sketch from that very encyclopedic collection of matters of interest and amusement, 'Chambers's 'Book of Days':—

'Another character, now worn out and gone, was the little independent gentleman of 300*l.* per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at assize and session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. . . . His drink was generally ale, except at Christmas, the 5th of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. . . . The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called

calamanco work, or of red brick, large casemated bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. Near the gate a horseblock for the convenience of mounting. His hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of various dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partisan, and dagger borne by his ancestors in the civil wars.' (These mediæval weapons, *pace* Captain Grose, are tokens of the life of an earlier day.) 'In the vacant spaces were posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's Almanac, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's "Chronicle," Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," "Glanvil on Apparitions," Quincey's "Dispensatory," "The Complete "Justice," and a Book of Farriery. . . . Alas! these men and these houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble dependents of great men, to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion in the meantime is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farmhouse, till, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.'

To comfort ourselves a little for our loss by looking at the reverse side of the tapestry, let us read Horace Walpole's caricature of these rustic gentry as they appeared to him, a 'beau,' when occasionally obliged by hard fate to visit his father's acres in Norfolk:—

'Only imagine that I here every day see men, who are mountains of roast beef, and only seem just roughly hewn out into the outlines of human form, like the giant work at Pratolino! I shudder when I see them handle their knives in act to carve, and look upon them as savages that devour one another! I should not stare at all more than I do, if yonder alderman at the end of the table was to strike a knife into his neighbour's jolly cheek, and cut a brave slice of brown and fat. . . . I have an aunt here, a family piece of goods, an old remnant of inquisitive hospitality and economy, who, to all intents and purposes, is as beefy as her neighbours. She wore me so down with interrogatories that I dreamt all night she was at my ear, with whos and whys, and whens and wheres, till at last in my sleep I cried out, "For God in "Heaven's sake, madam, ask me no more questions!" . . . I am so far from getting used to mankind by living amongst them, that my natural ferocity and wildness does but every day grow worse. They tire me; they fatigue me; I don't know what to do with them; I don't know what to say to them; I fling open the window and fancy I want air; and when I get by myself, I undress myself, and seem to have had people in my pockets, in my plaits, and on my shoulders! I indeed find this fatigue worse in the country than in town, because we can avoid it there, and have more resources; but it is there too.' (*Walpole to Chute*, 1743.)

To come a little nearer to our local mark, let us cite John

Prince's highflown account in his 'Worthies of Devon' (about 1700) of the squirearchy of his fathers' days, such as tradition described it, in his native county:—

'If we draw nearer home unto our grandsires' and great-grandsires' days, we shall find our ancestors were bold, hardy, and brave to the last degree. Our gentry were generous and noble, as well in their hospitality at home as in their equipage when they went abroad. Persons of quality usually keeping their stables of brave horses, and would always have one or two horses of state led by grooms, when they travelled from home. Their houses were open to all comers, where they might meet civil reception and a frank entertainment. And their families were academies of virtue and schools of education. And the inferior gentry were wont, instead of sending their children to London, Hackney, Salisbury, &c., to send them thither to learn breeding and accomplishments. But this mode and way of living, since coaching and London came so much in vogue, must be acknowledged to be greatly altered from former days.'

And add Carew's account—a century earlier—of their neighbours over the Tamar (Survey of Cornwall):—

'The angle, which so shutteth them in, hath wrought many interchangeable matches with each other's stock, and given beginning to the proverb, that all Cornish gentlemen are cousins; which ended in an injurious consequence, that the King hath there no cousins. They keep liberal but not costly builded or furnished houses; give kind entertainment to strangers; make even at the year's end with the profits of their living; are reverenced and beloved of their neighbours; live void of factions among themselves, at least such as break out into any dangerous excess; and delight not in bravery of apparel: yet the women would be very loth to come behind the fashion, in new fangle dress of the manner, if not in costliness of the matter, which perhaps might over-empty their husbands' purses. They converse familiarly together, and often visit one another. A gentleman and his wife will ride to make merry with his next neighbour; and after a day or twain, these two couples go to a third, in which progress they increase like snowballs, till through their burdensome weight they break again.'

'It seems, according to an ancient tradition,' say the editors, 'alluded to by Bishop Gibson in his edition of Camden's "Britannia," the family of Trevelyan sprang, like Sir Tristrem, from Spenser's submerged land of Lionesse. A small creek near St. Michael's Mount is pointed out as the place where their ancestor landed, and the horse which saved him may be seen swimming on the family shield, with dolphins for its supporters.' Strong indeed was the hold which this legend of the land of Lionesse—revived in recent days by our poet laureate—at the bottom of the sea between the Land's End and the Scillys, had on the Cornish imagination. Even the

latest county historian, the accomplished Mr. Davies Gilbert, could scarcely allude to it without a certain amount of hereditary respect. 'The editor,' he says, 'remembers a female 'relation of the former vicar of St. Erth, who, instructed by 'a dream, prepared decoctions of various kinds, and, repairing 'to the Land's End, poured them into the sea with certain 'incantations, expecting to see the Lionesse country rise im-'mediately out of the water, having all its inhabitants alive, 'notwithstanding their long submersion.'

But, to leave mythical for real history, we find the Trevelyans settled in Henry III.'s reign at the place from which they derive their name:

'Trevelyan' (add the editors in a note) 'is believed to be the Celtic equivalent for the Saxon "Milton," and to be compounded of *Tre* (terra), the Celtic unit of territorial division, and of the inflected form (*velin*) of the Celtic adaptation of the word *mill*, as still used in Welsh and Irish. The ancient mill is still there on a creek of Fowey River, below Trevelyan. The name is reversed in Velindre (mill-town), which still belongs to them, in the parish of St. Veep, near Lostwithiel; and their first recorded alliance was with Margaret Carminow,* a name still dear to every true Cornishman, although the family has long since been extinct.'

The 'mill-town' in question is situated on a brisk stream, rattling amidst orchards and pastures, divided by huge Danmonian hedges, soon to fall into the beautiful estuary of the Fowey on the south coast. The farmhouse, which represents the ancient manorial residence, stands on the hill above; but it has ceased for many centuries to be the residence of a gentle family, and been inhabited only for agricultural purposes. But the present representatives of the name have, we believe, repurchased this venerable 'Stamm-'schloss' of their race. Curiously enough, the historical repute of the family seems to have commenced (although we hardly expect that the zeal of the editors will be satisfied with such a solution of the case) in something like a misnomer. John Trevelyan, under Henry VI., was 'a stout, consistent 'Lancastrian'; in 1451 he was included in a petition of the Commons for the removal of certain disaffected persons from

* 'Carminow' was indeed a name of the 'vieille Roche' in Cornwall. 'In the Scrope and Grosvenor controversy under Richard III., one of the witnesses deposes to having seen the shield of the Scropes hanging over an hostel occupied by a Cornish knight of the family of Carminow (azure, a bend or, is the proper cognizance of that house), and that the owner, on being questioned, affirmed that the bearing in dispute was granted to his family by King Arthur!'

the king's presence. In one political satire of the day he is alluded to as the 'Cornish chough, who oft with his train has 'made our eagle Henry VI. blind;' . . . 'in a third, by a 'bold metaphor, he is apostrophised as an unjust judge, and 'threatened with the fate of his fellow Cornishman, and almost 'namesake, Chief Justice Tressilian, who was put to death for 'his adherence to Richard II.' Considering that this John Trevelyan, represented as so active a partisan of the losing cause, contrived in some unexplained way to 'escape,' and that unscathed as to lands and tenements, 'while so many of 'those with whom he acted came to an untimely end,' we cannot help entertaining some suspicion that the similarity of his name to one of such recent and notorious unpopularity gave him an unfounded prominence in ballads and satires; even as 'Cinna the poet,' less fortunate, was torn to pieces for 'Cinna 'the conspirator.' This same John Trevelyan, however, 'es-'cheator' for Cornwall and knight of the shire, did a great deal better for his family, in the matrimonial way, than he could have achieved by any exhibition of zeal for one Rose or the other. He married 'Elizabeth Whalesborough, who brought him the 'inheritance of the elder branch of the Raleighs in Devonshire, 'Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, and Glamorganshire, besides the 'estates of her own family in Cornwall.' Of the visitors who annually seek the quiet little watering-place Bude, in the northern extremity of Cornwall, few have even heard the name of 'Whalesborough.' It still exists, however, a farmhouse amidst a few fertile fields in a desolate district, cowering under the shelter of the sandhills which protect the valleys of the interior from the fierce western blast—precisely the reverse of the situation which a modern gentleman, with the love which now prevails for fresh air and exposed situations, would select. *Quisque suos patimur manes.* Our old-fashioned gentry—like the monks whom so many of them succeeded—loved a close, warm, covered situation. 'The wild west wind, the breath 'of autumn's being,' is worshipped among us moderns. It was abominated in Shakspeare's day. Caliban bids 'the south-'west' blow on Prospero and Miranda, 'and blister them all 'o'er.' Any one may note how the northern slope of the South Downs, in Sussex, effectually protected from southern sun and moistened breezes, is dotted along its whole course with a line of venerable manor-houses—the snug dwellings of the ancestors of those who now shiver along the façades of Brighton and St. Leonards. They suffered accordingly from 'fever and 'ague' and their cognate types of diseases. We, of delicate hereditary organisation, boldly confront consumption, bronchitis,

and their kindred, until the foe becomes too strong for us, and then wander like melancholy ghosts along the shores of the Mediterranean in search of natural advantages which we have thrown away in our early resolution to 'harden' ourselves against our destiny. The Trevelyans inherited from the Whalesboroughs, as has been said, not only the manor of 'that ilk' which we have been describing, but also considerable estates, once belonging to the Raleigh family, in different parts of England and Wales, including Nettlecombe in Somerset, which has ever since been the chief seat of the family.

The modern tendency of English idle population to accumulate on the sea shore, and abandon, comparatively, the less attractive inlands, did not, however, commence to operate before the reign of Elizabeth. Carew's remarks on it, as he observed it in Cornwall, though probably he had no real inkling of the reason for it, are curious enough. He speaks of 'the 'general decay of inland towns, where whole streets, besides 'particular houses, pay tribute to Come-down Castle: as also 'the ruins in the wild moors, which testify a former inhabitance.' . . . 'I suppose that these waste grounds were inhabited 'and manured, when the Saxons' and Danes' continual inva- 'sions drove them to abandon the sea coast, save in such towns 'as were able to muster, upon any sudden invasion, a sufficient 'number for their own defence. The residue retreated into 'the heart of the land, where, upon a longer warning, they 'might sooner assemble from all sides to make head. . . . 'Touching the decayed inland towns, they are countervailed 'with a surplusage of increase on those of the coast; and the 'desolate walls in the moors have begotten a sevenfold race of 'cottages near the sea side.' Certainly the sense of public security was very different in maritime and inland districts. Our editors mention 'two inventories characteristic of the 'times' (the fifteenth century). 'Every dwelling room at 'Whalesborough' (close, as we have seen, to the sea) 'was hung 'with arms offensive and defensive; while everything at 'Nettlecombe (in Somersetshire) bore evidence of long settled 'peaceful habits. There was only one sword and one pollaxe 'there.'

We pass over, for lack of space, the period of the sixteenth century, which, eventful as it was for the nation, seems to have passed away peacefully enough for the house of Trevelyan, which lived on quietly at Nettlecombe, and, except that it furnished a chaplain to King Henry VIII., produced no one who took personal part in the vicissitudes of the time. Just at the end of that century, however, they made a new 'departure,' becoming connected with Ireland.

'In the reigns of Elizabeth and James that country was the favourite field of adventure for our youth, as India now is; and this was specially the case in the West of England, from which Ireland was originally invaded. There were few good West-country families some members of which were not working out their fortunes there. George, second son of the seventh John Trevelyan, followed to Ireland his maternal uncle Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy and founder of the Donegal family, who was himself second son of Sir John Chichester of Raleigh near Barnstaple. Sir Arthur undertook to provide for his nephew, which he did very effectually, by granting him an estate in the county of Wexford, and marrying him to a rich widow in Fermanagh. George Trevelyan and Sir John Blennerhasset were the first members for Belfast after the Charter of James I. in 1613, and he was knighted in 1617. Another prominent character is George Montgomery, son of Adam, laird of Braidstane, who was presented by Queen Elizabeth to the living of Chedzoy in Somersetshire, and was promoted by James to the Deanery of Norwich, after which he became the first Protestant Bishop of Londonderry, and was ultimately translated to Meath. He married Susan, daughter of Philip Steyning of Holnicott, which connected him with the Willoughbies of Peyhembury, who afterwards merged in the Trevelyans by the marriage of an heiress. There are seventeen letters from Bishop Montgomery, written in a remarkably lively style, and many others from his wife, their daughter and heir Lady Howth, Benjamin Culme, Dean of St. Patrick's, and Nicholas younger brother of John Willoughby, and his son and daughter-in-law. This is a good example of the family emigration of that period, which had the same admirable character of mutual help, as the swarming off of the native population of Ireland to America in our day. In his last letter to his brother-in-law John Willoughby, Bishop Montgomery says, with just satisfaction: "You and your children may "happily find in this kingdom a new colony of your own kindred, in "all the four branches and families your children are nearest unto, of "Steynings, Willoughbies, Culmes, and Fryes; and to every of them I "have given a friendly footing for a ground and beginning, if their "friends will second and assist them."

'Mrs. Montgomery announced her husband's promotion in these words, "The King hath bestowed on him three Irish Bishopricks.* "The names of them I cannot remember, they are so strange, except "one, which is Derry. I pray God it may make us all merry." The experience of the settlers, however, was anything but cheerful. In his first letter George Trevelyan asks for "a couple of felt hats, not broad "brimmed, two pair of worsted stockings, a pair of garters, and any-"thing else that you shall think fitting for the cold cleamency [incle-"mency] of this barbarous land." And in his second, he speaks of "us that lives in these forlorn places;" and requests his father to send him "one suit complete of good apparell, for there is not any to be "gotten in Dublin if a man would give treble the price." But we would especially direct attention to two letters written towards the

* viz., Londonderry, with Clogher and Raphoe *in commendam.*

close of 1606 by Mrs. Montgomery and Nicholas Willoughby, expressly for the purpose of acquainting their friends in England with the circumstances of their new country. Although the bishop's wife was better off than most of the settlers, and she seemed determined to see everything in the best possible light, her account and that of her less fortunate relative substantially agree. If we could imagine the rude abundance of the Western States of America, combined with the insecurity which prevailed in India at the time of the mutiny, it would give some idea of the Ireland of that day.'

The Anglo-Irish Willoughbies were pretty effectually ruined by the outbreak of 1641. 'Now for the country,' writes one of that family, 'if there were good husbands upon it, it would 'be almost as good as England; but the people be so beastly, 'that they be better like beasts than Christians. There is land 'enough, but there wants stock to stock it; for I cannot blame 'them that are loth to live here, for he shall live as it were 'among beasts: and if he live out in the country, he shall be 'in danger of his life. But all my lord's land (his cousin, 'Lord Howth) for the most part, is excellent good for fish and 'fowl. If one had but the tenth part of it in England, he 'might live more like a prince than a subject.'

For the most part, the Trevelyans seem to have been Protestants of the good Act of Parliament persuasion, and to have caused very little trouble either to themselves or their neighbours by sectarian eccentricities. But one branch of their line furnished a somewhat remarkable exception. Mr. John Trevelyan, of Basil in Saint Cleather (a desolate-looking Cornish moorland parish on the hills, west of Launceston) furnishes a separate chapter in the annals of his family during the troublesome seventeenth century; for he was a Papist, and a determined one.

'His racy and resolute character,' say the editors, 'has preserved his memory to this day while many better men have been forgotten. He is locally known as "Old Trevelyan," and his ruinous granite-built manor-house, with its neighbouring Cornish crosses and sacred well, is still standing. He is said to have driven away the under-sheriff and *posse comitatûs* on one occasion by overturning his bee-hives among them. It is also told of him that having to appear on Sundays at his parish church, in order to avoid the legal penalties, he used to call to the clergyman on going out before the sermon, "When "thou hast said what thou hast to say, come and dine with me."'

The justices of Cornwall 'presented' him to King Charles I.,* in 1628, as a very terrible personage. 'The presumptions,'

* It is rather strangely said of him (part ii. p. 13) that he is 'pro-'bably the same that is mentioned in Whitlock's "Memorials," as having

say their worships, 'threaten so much danger to your sacred 'person, the Church, and Commonwealth of England, that in 'our weak judgments we hold them fit for no eye but your 'own. For the person, he is a recusant convict, and the 'greatest of that faction in the West. He is a close reserved 'person, and weighs his words before they fall, so as we con- 'jecture that there is more in his heart than on his tongue. 'He is of a bold and active spirit, and the witness, being the 'lord bishop's chaplain, seems to be of worth. Upon these 'grounds we are emboldened to commend these passages to 'your royal eye; holding it the better part of our duty in 'being over-fearful in this kind, than in any way remiss.' The Bishop of Exeter, Hall, backs the representation of the justices in very solemn language of his own: 'Certain danger- 'ous speeches,' he says, 'have been uttered by no mean recusant 'in the presence of very able witnesses, importing no less than 'the utter ruin of this whole State and Church!' 'The 'gentleman,' his lordship adds, 'is known to be such as that, if 'there were not some great confidence in him of the issue, he 'neither would nor durst let fall such speeches.' Then follow the depositions. Ann, wife of John Prideaux of Trevorder, heard Mr. Trevelyan say, 'being talking of matters of religion,' that 'after the reading of a chapter they of the Church of 'England did sing a Geneva gygg, meaning one of the 'Psalms; and that Mr. Trevelyan said unto her that Queen 'Tibb (interpreting himself and meaning Queen Elizabeth) 'was as arrant a whore as ever breathed, and that she was kept 'by Essex and Leicester and others, or words to that effect; 'and she further saith she heard the said Trevelyan say there 'was knavery in our Bible; and she further saith,' (here the good lady wanders off, after the manner imputed to her sex, into very extraneous matter) 'she heard by one Marsh of Pad- 'stow, that one Mr. Burlace (Borlace) of Newlyn, took the 'Bible out of the vicar of Merryan's hand, one Smalrudge, 'and spurned it with his foote; and she further saith that Mr. 'Trevelyan told her that if it were not for images we should 'be all atheists. And Mr. Trevelyan told her that if she were 'a Papist she would be a good woman, and he did hope she 'would turn before she died, and if she would not be a Papist 'she would die before she was willing, and have but a month's

'raised a regiment to join the Parliament forces.' If so, he was probably the only Papist in the three kingdoms who distinguished himself in so eccentric a manner. But the whole note, in which this passage occurs, is a little confused.

'warning, or words to that effect.' Martin Vansog, chaplain to the Bishop of Exeter, has nothing to say—though termed a very able witness—except to repeat the stories told him by Mrs. Prideaux; which so stirred his Cornish blood, that he declared, chaplain as he was, 'that if he had heard more words 'he would have cut Mr. Trevelyan's throat.' And, finally, Ann Prideaux adds to her former deposition the dreadful statement that 'some Papists—but who they were this examinant 'remembereth not—said we should expect worse days than 'they suffered in Queen Mary's reign, and that faggots should 'be dear!' This is the whole of the evidence as far as appears. And as nothing is added respecting the result, it may be presumed that King Charles was not sufficiently troubled in mind by these revelations to direct any further proceedings against the 'recusant convict' in question. But it remains on record that the justices of a county and the bishop of a diocese were moved to vehement condemnation and angry menace by the loose disjointed talk of one gossiping woman.

John Trevelyan of Basil, as we see, by some happy accident, came off easily. He was, we are told, a 'character,' and a favourite with the public, as such men generally are. In England, at least, we are apt to accord to a 'character' something of the same indulgent protection which in the East shelters lunatics. He was apparently the same 'old Mr. Trevelyan of 'Basil,' who, according to Tonkin's notes on 'Carew's Survey,' possessed a 'breed of very good horses,' always a popular qualification; others of his faith were less fortunate. They were not, indeed, numerous at any time in Cornwall. 'There are,' say the deputy lieutenants to Lord Pembroke, 'in our county, 'we conceive, near two hundred persons whose names we shall 'be ready to certify to your honour on the least notice from 'you.' But the sufferings of one family among them, that of Tregian, in the reign of Elizabeth, are well remembered to the present day in Romanist legends. Generally speaking, however, and without reference to the case of Roman Catholics in particular, the small and provoking tyranny which was exercised by the ecclesiastical authorities, the Star Chamber, and the bishops of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, is really one of the most prominent features of the minor history of that age, and accounts for the general insurrection against royal government more closely than illegal taxation, which touched only the few, or stretches of prerogative, which were scarcely appreciated save by lawyers. The sacerdotal party seem throughout to have been determined on bringing royalty into unseemly collision with every high-minded feeling, as well

as with every religious sentiment, except their own. In our last number we gave the account, hitherto overlooked by historians, of the latest abortive effort to extirpate Dissent by fire, in the person of one Trendall, a stonemason, in 1639, under Charles I., initiated by the Privy Council, approved of by Bishop Neal, to whom the case had been referred; the same prelate who had himself managed the burning of Weightman, the Unitarian; the same who was notorious as the patron of Laud, and as having himself, in Dean Stanley's language, 'ascended the longest ladder of preferment known in our 'annals.' This intended execution was prevented only by downright fear of popular disapproval, on the eve of rebellion. But such horrible events or designs were rare: the domestic inquisition, with its apparatus of spies and informers, and prying into cabinets and extorting suspicious meanings from letters and diaries, was in permanence. We may remember how Bishop Williams, for 'concealing' a letter reflecting on Laud from one Osbaldiston, a schoolmaster, was fined 8,000*l.* and imprisoned; Osbaldiston also 'fined, and to stand on the 'pillory before his school in Dean's Yard, with his ears nailed 'to it,' as appears by the Star Chamber documents, just printed by the Historical Record Commission. It is scarcely possible, with modern notions, to conceive existence in England under such terms. No wonder the rough shores of Massachusetts were looked on as a refuge. 'Vexations, temporal and 'spiritual,' says Carlyle, 'beyond what we can well fancy now, 'afflicted the souls of men.' 'We have often wondered,' say the editors of Lord Clarendon's 'History,' doubtless revolving in their minds the perversity with which this kind of discipline was sought to be enforced on the realm in the two generations before the Civil War, 'that any Prince should care to govern 'a people against their natures, their laws, and their inclina-'tions.'

As it is said that the discharges of artillery in a great battle disperse the clouds overhead, so history shows that the first collision of men in earnest in civil strife is apt to silence and to dissipate the long-drawn controversies, the small persecutions, the mutual misunderstandings and irritations which have contributed their utmost to bring the disaster about. The clash of swords at Edghill cleared the air of the lurid vapours of politico-religious oppression. Civil war brought with it its own attendant evils; nor was sectarian zeal less active or less virulent after than before the explosion; but it wrought its work in a different spirit. We hear no more of the petty inquisitorial vexations which had almost driven the country to

madness before the outbreak. Controversy might be as fierce as ever, but at all events it waxed manlier—south of the Tweed at all events. Men may hate, and oppress, those whom they have met at the sword's point; but they can hardly maintain towards them the relation of pedantic schoolmasters towards petulant children.

The Trevelyans took different sides in the great quarrel of the seventeenth century. Richard, of Midelney, Roundhead, was a member of the Somerset Committee, and signed certain reports in consequence of which his kinsmen of the opposite faction were brought into trouble. John, of Kingsbury, had the imprudence, at the beginning of the troubles, to announce that 'we will hang the Roundheads at twopence a dozen.' 'Nevertheless, his proud spirit was tamed by twenty years' 'imprisonment, which was brought to a close by his taking the 'National League and Covenant and the Negation Oath.'

It must, we fear, be confessed that the head of the house, George Trevelyan, of Nettlecombe, Royalist colonel, did not show the courage of his convictions when the affairs of his cause began to decline in the West of England. He surrendered himself to his neighbour Antony Buller, governor of Scilly and son of the member for Cornwall, very peacefully, in November 1644, having been 'for the space of six months before 'the time of such his render constantly abiding within the Par-'liament quarters.' His wife Margaret (by birth a Strode), in her petition on his behalf, says, that he was 'made a colonel 'for the raising of horse and foot by his Majesty since his 'departure from the Parliament of England, and did by colour 'thereof raise some forces of horse; but within short time 'thereafter, being informed of his error and duly considering the 'same, did, without any actual service by him done, with much 'sorrow and grief for such his error, lay down his arms, *desert* 'his power, and submit himself to the power and mercy of the 'Parliament; and though his estate be but small, his children 'many, and debts great, hath advanced 200*l.* in money to the 'Parliament, besides horses and arms; and rendered himself 'according to the ordinance of the 4th of October last, and 'taken the National League and Covenant and Oath of Non-'adherence.' This letter is accompanied with a 'true par-'ticular' of all George Trevelyan's estate, real and personal, (for the purpose of composition), by which we are enabled to judge with what means a gentleman and colonel of those days thought himself justified in claiming to be of 'small estate.' His realty was estimated at 628*l.* per annum; the 'demesne 'lands' in his two manors of Nettlecombe and Whalesborough

amounting to 550*l.* rack rent, the remainder being compounded of 'rents of assize.' Personalty, 600*l.*; debts, *per contra*, 510*l.* The personalty comprised a great variety of stock and articles of furniture, including 'a pair of virginals 'and two books.' He was ultimately assessed at 1,000*l.* on 'the twentieth part of his estates.' It may be presumed, with proper allowance made for the diminished value of money, that the ex-royalist colonel was about the equivalent of a squire of 3,000*l.* or 4,000*l.* a year of the present day.

Margaret Trevelyan, *née* Strode, seems to have been the heroine of the family in these days, and her memory lives in family tradition accordingly. She is believed to have

'concealed the family plate under the floor of the old nursery, where it was found in our great-grandfather's time. The great point was to obtain a pardon for George Trevelyan's delinquency, and the discharge of the sequestration on his estate; and for this work of practical skill and conciliation, Margaret Trevelyan seems to have been considered better qualified than her husband. She, therefore, exerted herself a second time to raise funds, not, as on the former occasion, in aid of the Royal cause, but to save her husband and children from the disastrous consequences of his devotion to it. Our present experience gives no idea of the difficulty there then was in raising what we should now consider a moderate sum of money. Even considerable country families lived chiefly upon the produce of their home farms; money rents were small and uncertain; capital was scarce and dear; many facilities we now possess for obtaining loans had not been thought of; and, in this case, the exhausting effects of previous war expenditure weighed heavily upon the estate. To such straits was Mrs. Trevelyan reduced, that the stock of corn in the barton ("the great barley mow" of the family tradition) had to be threshed out and sold; and, as the carriage horses had been carried off, the farm oxen were yoked to the family coach to convey her to London.'

One is sorry to hear that having accomplished her object and effected the release of her husband, she 'died of the smallpox 'at Hounslow, on the first stage of her journey home.' The Royalist sacrifices of George Trevelyan, such as they were, obtained for the family, after the Restoration, their still existing baronetcy.

A more remarkable personage, at this period, than any of the name of Trevelyan, seems to have been their cousin John Willoughby, of Gittisham and Payhembury in Devonshire, whom the editors call 'the central figure of the long corre-'spondence which fills their third volume.' The letters addressed to and by him extend over a period of fifty-six years. He seems to have been the very type of the venerable, wealthy squire, the adviser and head man of a large kindred,

of whom we have all known specimens—friendly, busy, closely attentive to the proceedings and interests of his race, much addicted to giving counsel, one to whom every one looked up and of whom every one was afraid, yet who, when in difficulties of his own, exhibited the very reverse of practical sense, and came to grief even from excess of self-opinion and caution.

'What he was remarkable for, was his prudent management of his affairs, and his invariable good nature and consistent liberality, to the extent of his means, towards all who had any claim upon him. This made him the influential, respected, centre of a large family circle. For more than half a century, brothers, brothers-in-law, son, sons-in-law, nephews, grandsons, applied to him for help in their difficulties, and sought to please him by keeping him acquainted with the news of the day, for which he evidently had a keen relish. There are one hundred and ten letters addressed to him, most of which are as interesting to us now as they were to him in his day.

'The approach of the troubled times of the Civil War sadly perplexed this good man. It will be seen from the letter addressed to him in 1634 by Francis Courtney, that the position of militia captain had been forced upon him. In October 1642 he received a stirring circular, from some of the gentlemen of the county, inviting him to attend a meeting at Exeter to concert measures for their common defence against the King's troops, in consequence of Sir Ralph Hopton having passed through into Cornwall "with five hundred horse." He, however, gave them so little satisfaction, that in the following January, Sir Samuel Rolle exclaimed against him for "backwardness to the service," in aid of which he seems only to have contributed a buff coat and carbine, which were transferred by their order to a man who could be depended upon. After that it appears, from a letter, signed by him and others, to Sir John Berkeley, that he was encouraged by the temporary success of the Royal forces in the West of England, to give open support to that cause; and in June 1644 he received a requisition from the Committee of the four Western counties, for a loan of one hundred pounds, to be paid within six days, "for support of his Majesty's affaires to with-"stand the present invasion and rebellion." In November 1645 he received a "protection" from Sir Thomas Fairfax against plunder, and he afterwards petitioned the "Committee of Compositions sitting at "Goldsmiths' Hall," expressing his readiness to take the National Covenant and the Oath of the 5th April, but saying that it was impossible for him to attend the Standing Committee of Parliament for Devon at Plymouth, "by reason of the enemy's quarters in those parts," or "to travel this winter season so far as London, for the taking of the "same, having a weak body at this present, and not thoroughly re-"covered of his late sickness," and that he was "aged seventy-six "years or thereabouts." He therefore prays that "if he be accused of "any crime committed against the State (which to his knowledge he is "no way guilty of), he may have a reasonable composition, having "already lent to the Parliament 140*l.*, besides horses and arms, utterly "refusing to have any hand in the Commission of Array, or at any time

" to meddle in the Commission of Oyer and Terminer." William Davie undertook to obtain for him a pardon under the great seal, which seems to have been granted on easy terms, his former payments being allowed as part of the assessment.'

The records of the doings of this John Willoughby, the patriarch for half a century of the Trevelyan connexion, are full of memorials of one characteristic custom of the manor-house of old time—that of transmitting and receiving public intelligence by letters, in the default of newspapers, which as yet had no substantial existence. Students of the 'Paston Papers' will remember abundant instances of this usage. Great personages seem either to have insisted on their dependents paying them as it were a kind of toll of political and social gossip, or to have maintained a kind of 'special correspondents' of their own. The Trevelyan archives contain plenty of evidence of the same character. John Willoughby was just the man to be exceedingly exacting of this kind of tribute. His correspondents, when urging him for some favour to themselves, seldom fail to sweeten the request by adding a special paragraph of news. Others addressed him in 'news letters' as they were called, appropriated to furnishing this kind of information. 'You 'desired me,' says his son-in-law John Turbervill, of the Middle Temple, 'if there were any novelty stirring, to acquaint you 'with it.' And he obeys the direction in the most dutiful manner in a whole series of epistles, some of which contain really curious items of gossip of the Long Parliament day. One or two of John Willoughby's correspondents of this class were 'anonymous'—others pseudonymous, signing by imaginary names. Sometimes important suggestions, such as might please a busy officious man, are conveyed to him along with the news. 'If,' says his cousin William Davie, in 1641, 'you know any desirous of knighthood, or of being baronets, 'I have divers friends that offer to procure as many as can be 'desired; for knights the rate is 150*l.*, and 59*l.* for the fees; 'and for baronets 400*l.*, and 134*l.* for the fees, I believe the 'reason why these offers swarm thus, is to put the King's ser-'vants in stock for the voyage into Scotland!' 'This is all 'truth,' says one of the news-letter correspondents with much simplicity, after detailing a number of very apocryphal occurrences, 'or else my author lieth.'

We take leave of the house of Trevelyan with regret, after keeping close company with them for about two hundred years; but after the Restoration, although they continued to thrive, and to extend their connexion even as far as Northumberland, their papers, so far as published, fall off in matter and in inter-

est. But we have hopes that the editors possess further stores of information as yet uncommunicated.

Another accession to the private history of English families may be noticed before we close the subject. The 'Life and 'Letters of John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusett's 'Bay Company at their emigration to New England,' have been published at Boston by his descendant Robert C. Winthrop, and dedicated to the Massachusetts Historical Society. The main interest of these two remarkable volumes relates to a chapter of history with which we are not now concerned: the first establishment of the Pilgrim Fathers in America, and, especially, the share taken therein by one of the most zealous and disinterested men who ever embarked in a great and beneficent enterprise. But the first volume contains in addition some curious records from the earlier annals of the Winthrops. They were a Suffolk family, whose fortune was made in trade in the early part of the sixteenth century; although they claimed, by heraldic aid, a much longer descent. Groton in Suffolk, formerly the lordship of the Abbot of Bury, was granted at the Dissolution to Adam Winthrop, 'Esquire,' the first Suffolk magnate of the name. Adam Winthrop the third —his grandson—seems to have been a singular character, judging from the odd records which he has left behind him in scattered fragments of diary, mostly inscribed in almanacs of each year. He noted down with equal diligence scraps of public news, and the most trivial events which occurred to his own person, in his family, and in his neighbourhood. He was, moreover, exceedingly addicted to composing Latin verses— hexameter and pentameter—generally of the most canine character; and commonly honoured the memory of a deceased acquaintance with a specimen of this kind of versification. 'Aug. 26, Sir W. Waldegrave died. Vir patriæ charus, sed 'pietatis inops.' Oct. 29. 'The Lady Mountague died: Vul-'nere quam subito mors inopina tulit.' 'The xiiith day of 'July, 1597, my cosen Alibaster fatebatur se esse papistam.' The return of the same scapegrace to the fold of the Protestant Church (after having just undergone the salutary process of imprisonment) is noticed in the two very worst Latin verses we ever remember to have read: 'Dum fuerit Romæ, Roma-'num colluit Papam; sed patriæ rediens, renuit ille papam.' Another of the family seems to have displayed equally poetical propensities; for Adam notes, under the 21st December, 1602, 'My brother Alibaster came to my house, and toulde me he 'made certain inglishe verses in his sleepe, which he recited 'to me; and I lent him 40 shillings!' The misdeeds of his

servants and neighbours are briefly chronicled, sometimes with a satirical comment: 'The 17th of May Adam Seely went 'privily from my house and carried away 15 s. which he did 'steale from Richard Edwardes; pro quo facto dignus est ca-'pistro.' 'The 18th September, being Saint Luke's day, John 'Hawes rent Mary Pierce's peticote, and did beate her sister 'Katherine with a staff!'

Such ludicrous details, however, seem scarcely suited to the pages which contain the solemn records of such men as the founders of New England. It is singular enough that such a man as John Winthrop, the first Governor, so serious, so resolute, his mind so strongly fixed on one great undertaking abroad and on his own tender domestic affections at home, should have been the son of the quaint old trifler from whose diaries these miscellaneous extracts are given. John Winthrop belonged to a day, and displayed a tone of mind, of which but slight memories survive among us now in any class, and none, or nearly so, in the class of gentry to which he belonged. Certainly, 'Companies with limited liability' have altered their outward demeanour since the time when the Massachusetts Company, on the eve of their Governor's embarkation for America, 'spent a day in prayer and fasting, and the 'Lord hath been pleased to assist us graciously.' In him the most straitlaced Puritanism was united not only with the practised abilities of a man of the world, but with the tenderest home affections and sympathies—no uncommon union, as the biographies of those days sufficiently show, but rarely so perfect as that exhibited in these pages. We cannot forbear concluding with one or two extracts from his impassioned letters to his wife Margaret—'mine own, mine only, my best-beloved'—when, in middle age, in flourishing circumstances, and with an affectionate family surrounding, he was about to leave her in performance of his self-devoted pilgrimage across the ocean:

'The Lord our God has often brought us together with comfort, when we have been long absent; and if it is good for us, He will do so still. When I was in Ireland, He brought us together again. When I was sick here at London, He restored us together again. How many dangers, near death, hast thou been in thyself! and yet the Lord hath granted me to enjoy thee still. If He did not watch over us, we need not go over sea to seek death or misery; we should meet it at every step, in every journey. And is He not a God abroad as well as at home? Is not His power and providence the same in New England that it hath been in Old England? If our ways please Him, He can command deliverance and safety in all places, and can make the stones of the field and the beasts, yea, the raging seas, and our very enemies, to be in league with us. But, if we sin against Him, He can raise up

evil against us out of our own bowels, houses, estates, &c. My good wife, trust in the Lord, whom thou hast found faithful. He will be better to thee than thy husband, and restore thee thy husband with advantage.'

'Being now ready to send away my letters,' he says in another place, 'I received thine. The reading of it *has dissolved* my head into tears. I can write no more. If I live, I *will see thee* ere I go. I shall part from thee with sorrow enough. Be comfortable, my most sweet wife, our God will be with thee. Farewell.'

'The words in italics,' say the editors, 'are almost illegible. 'The paper having evidently been wet—it may be, with the 'very tears of which he writes.' It is satisfactory to remember that Margaret Winthrop lived to rejoin her husband at Boston, and was his helpmate there for many years; until, as he notes in his own journal, she 'left this world for a better: a woman of 'singular virtue, prudence, modesty, and piety, and specially 'beloved and honoured of all the country.'

Before we take leave of this inviting subject of family history, there is yet one other recent publication of a rare and curious document to which we must be permitted to allude. In the last volume of the 'Miscellany of the Philobiblon Society'—a volume guarded from the eyes of the profane by the jealous care of that distinguished body, who limit their impressions to 100 copies—will be found a 'Narrative by Mr. Edward 'Grimston of his captivity in the Bastille, and his escape 'therefrom,' now first printed by the kind permission of the Earl of Verulam. Edward Grimston was comptroller of Calais when that place was attacked and taken by the Duc de Guisé in 1558, and being made prisoner on the surrender of the town he was sent to the Bastille, where he remained nineteen months, and at length effected his escape with extraordinary skill and courage, until he reached England. The narrative is a most curious specimen of the composition of the time, and shows out of how rude a mould was shaped the language of Shakspeare and Bacon. On his return to England Edward Grimston was tried for the part he had in the surrender of Calais, acquitted, and discharged of all further liability on that score by a warrant of Queen Elizabeth—one of the first acts of her reign. Grimston lived to do her good service, and died at last in 1600, aged ninety-two, having lived through nearly the whole of the sixteenth century. This is as genuine and characteristic a fragment of autobiography as we remember to have met with.

ART. II.—1. *Le Talmud de Babylone, traduit en langue Française et complété par celui de Jérusalem, et par d'autres monumens de l'antiquité judaïque.* Par l'ABBE L. CHIARINI. Vols. I. et II. Leipzic: 1831.

2. משניות. *Eighteen treatises from the Mishna.* Translated by the Rev. D. A. DE SOLA and the Rev. M. J. RAPHALL. London: 1845.

3. *Novum Testamentum ex Talmude et Antiquitatibus Hebræorum illustratum.* J. GERHARD MEUSCHEN. Lipsiæ: 1736.

4. *Tractatus de Vaccâ Rubrâ.* Ex auct. MOSES BEN MAIMON. Amstelodami: 1711.

5. *Yoma. Additamenta ad Codicem de Die Expiationis.* R. CHIJÆ. Vienna: 1744. Trad. B. UGOLINUS.

6. *Tractatus Talmudicus Avoda Sara.* Trad. G. EL EDZARDO. Hamb.: 1705.

THE profound, although tacit, distinction which the literature of the West has established between the principal and the complemental branches of the Jewish Law is an anomaly without historic parallel. There exists, indeed, a line of demarcation which is neither false nor shadowy; but its value has been exaggerated to a degree that is altogether disproportionate. Three great classes of Hebrew literature have been so venerated, though still imperfectly studied, as to yield a vital element of the Law, the Ethics, and even of what was formerly called the Science, of modern Europe. The main body of general opinion, down to our own time, has been guided and informed by three foreign elements, of nearly equal weight. These are the devout spirit of Judea, the discursive intellect of Greece, and the Law of Rome. The chivalry and feudality of the Teuton and the Celt were their own; the other elements of their civilisation are traceable to the three sources we have indicated.

But while not only the Law, but the earlier history, and the prophetical, poetical, and allegorical writings of the Hebrew seers and princes, before the time of the return from the Captivity of Babylon, occupy a foremost place in our veneration, that great body of judicial decisions, which bears the same relation to the Pentateuch that the decisions of our English judges hold to the Statute Book, has met with a neglect that is almost absolute. This neglect is the more marked from the fact that, on the one hand, some explanation is manifestly necessary for the intelligent comprehension of much of the

Pentateuch; while on the other hand those Jewish writings which are posterior to the final arrangement of the Sacred Books by Ezra, many of which are of inferior authority to those of the Mishna, are accepted by the Churches of the West under the quaint title of Deutero-Canonical. Linguistic ignorance alone can have led men to study the Apocrypha while they neglected the Talmud; but the latter is entombed in most crabbed Hebrew, the former books are accessible in Greek.

It is now six years since one of the most important of our contemporaries awakened an unusual degree of public attention by giving some account of the Talmud. An erudite familiarity with Oriental tongues illuminated this essay, which sparkled with the play of the imagination of the writer no less than with the gems which he produced from the obscurity of twelve folio Hebrew volumes. We learn with much regret, as these sheets are passing through the press, that a painful disease has carried off Mr. Deutsch, the accomplished author of that paper, and blighted the hope that he would apply his great powers and acquirements to a more thorough examination of the Talmudic writings. But brilliant as that essay was, it was superficial. It gave, we think, a very partial view of what the Talmud really is, and it did scant justice to many considerable labourers in the same field of inquiry. Mr. Deutsch spoke as if nobody, before himself, had written anything intelligible on the subject; but, to say nothing of the chapter devoted to it by Dean Milman in his 'History of the Jews,' the entire Mishna exists in a Latin version, the work of Surenhuse, which includes the partial translations of his predecessors. A German version was published by Rabe in 1760. Nineteen of the treatises are accessible in an English form. With regard to the Ghemara, twenty tracts of that of the Jerusalem Talmud have been translated by Ugolin, and two by Rabe; and three tracts of that of the Babylon Talmud have been translated by Ugolin, two by Rabe, and two by Edzard. Twenty-three more, from the pen of Ugolin, exist in MSS. In the British Museum* are to be found translations by Ulmann of six tracts, by Schneidius of two, and both text and comment of the very important treatises† Avoda Sara and Yoma—the first on 'Idolatry,' and the

* The old catalogue, not the new, except the last-named tract.

† A critical question of much interest arises from the very first pages of the Avoda Sara. A comparison of the Attic Calendar with the Acts of the Apostles (xvii. 33) leads to the conclusion that St. Paul was present at the festival of the ΘΕΟΞΕΝΙΑ at Athens, on the 20th of the month Hecatombeon, in the first year of the 207th Olympiad; (the Court of Areopagus sat three days after—v. 19). This was in direct

second on the 'Day of Atonement.' While these works are far from having exhausted this enormous field of literary treasure, they are yet enough to enable a very modest scholarship to gain a correct idea of much that it contains.

We may thus well put the question, Is it rational to assume that we can fully comprehend either the ancient Law of the Jewish nation, or the references to, and comments on, that Law which we ascribe to the founders of Christianity, while we are ignorant of the great mass of comment and judicial decision which was, to the text of the Pentateuch, what the *sententiæ* of our judges are to the statute book? Or are we in a position to understand the most momentous reformation attempted within the province of history, without being aware of the thoughts and habits, the ethics and the creed, of the people among whom it originated? We shall be met, no doubt, by the familiar remark that the ancient law was divided into the moral and the ceremonial enactments; that the former 'are summarily 'comprehended in the ten Commandments;' and that the subtleties of the rabbins are exhausted on the second, with which Christendom has little concern. The reply is characterised by that simplicity which may often be observed when people speak confidently on matters with which they are but superficially acquainted. The division is so easy, that it is to be regretted that it is neither exhaustive nor accurate. Nor is it consistent with the doctrine of the Gospels.

For Christ Himself divided the Law into the two branches of duty to God and duty to man; or what we now term Religion and Ethics. He did so in language which was the faithful echo of the Oral Law. Under the former head ranked that long order of liturgic observances, centering on the existence of the Altar, the Temple, and the Holy City, which was committed to the guardianship of an hereditary priesthood. The greater part of these ordinances, by the full consent of the doctors of the Law, are in abeyance during the exile of Israel from Palestine. So fully is this the case, that the portions of the Talmud which relate to sacrifice, purifications, and the cere-

violation of the Law, according to the Avoda Sara. So minute are the provisions against even apparent idolatry, that no Jew was to enter an idolatrous city within three days of a festival. He was not even to remove a thorn from his foot in the presence of a statue, lest he should seem to bow before it. Unless such provisions can be limited to a date posterior to the overthrow of the Jewish polity, it follows that St. Paul had, at this part of his career, emancipated himself much more thoroughly from the authority of the Law than his plea recorded in chap. xxviii. 17 would lead us to suppose.

monial portions of the Law, have been neglected and left untranslated by many who have approached the subject of Hebrew Ethics. But such questions as the obligation of prayer, of alms, and of fasting; as the prohibitions of malediction against one's fellow, and of oppressing the hired servant or the stranger; as the duty of support and instruction which a parent owes to his children; afford instances of numerous ethical injunctions of the Oral Law which are not even referred to in the Decalogue, and which are little more than intimated in the Pentateuch. As matters of daily practice, and of constant scholastic dispute among the twelve great sects into which the Jews, under the reign of the Idumean dynasty, were divided, they were brought repeatedly to the notice of Christ. Much of His recorded teaching specially relates to the contemporary controversies on these and similar points. He refers, with the utmost respect, to the Oral Law. The very language of the Mishna is employed verbatim by the writers of the New Testament. Can we imagine that we rightly understand the language which we so freely quote, while that great storehouse of doctrine, of which the new faith was the complement and the corrective, remains to us an utterly sealed book?

We may readily understand, as matter of literary history, how it came to pass that the doctors of the fourth century, and their followers and commentators, contented themselves with a very imperfect acquaintance with the subjects on which they undertook to dogmatise. But to acquiesce in a theory founded on so lame and crippled a basis is, at the present day, plainly indefensible. We are not forgetful of the labours of the German scholars, the pioneers in this as in so many other fields of study. Germany has been, as we shall show, in possession of a version of the Mishna for more than a century; and, in the translation of such works as Ebrard's 'Introduction to the 'New Testament,' some knowledge of the Talmud filters into English thought. To Dr. Lightfoot's labours we have referred as exceptional. One of the most elegant and thoughtful scholars of the present day quotes the Mishna in his charming 'Sinai and Palestine;' but specks of light like these only make the general darkness more visible—the systematic neglect more inexcusable.

The Hebrew of the Talmud is, it is true, excessively cramped and obscure. Divines who find but little difficulty in reading the original of books with which they are familiar in an English version, confess themselves entirely unable to master the dialect of the Mishna. The names of Talmudic scholars —Ugolin, Surenhuse, the Buxtorffs, Lightfoot, and one or

two more—may be counted on the fingers. The last-named author, the chief English student of Hebrew literature, candidly admits his inability even to conjecture the meaning of some of the passages which he sought to interpret. Research into this province of thought has been chiefly confined to an age of more leisure than the present. But while such men as the elder Buxtorff grudged no time to set in order their views of the 'Synagoga Judaica,' and brought extraordinary erudition as well as heroic patience to the task, their labours are often vitiated and rendered useless by the strong prejudice under which they wrote. Thus, of one Jewish work of the fifteenth century, the *Nizachon*, or *Victoria*, of Rabbi Lipman (a work not to be found in the British Museum), John Buxtorff uses the mild and philosophic expression, *quod ex ore ipsius Diaboli dictantis excepit.* It is clear that a certain amount of wariness is needful in following such guides as these.

A very brilliant and noble exception, however, is to be mentioned in the person of the Abbé L. Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages at the Royal University of Warsaw, and member of various learned societies. This author published at Leipzig, in the year 1831, a translation of the first treatise of the 'Talmud,' including both Mishna and Ghemara, that is to say, both the text of, and the ancient comment on, that portion of the Oral Law which relates to what we may familiarly term the saying one's prayers. It is necessary to use this rather puerile phrase, as if we were to say a treatise on prayer, we might altogether mislead our readers. In the language of the modern English rabbins this treatise, BERACOTH, contains laws for regulating the daily prayers, and the ritual of divine worship. But, although the work is marked in the catalogue of the British Museum with the words 'no more volumes published,' it was, in the intention of the author, only the commencement of the great task of the translation into French of the entire Talmud, involving the collation of the two distinct versions or codices, known as the Talmud of Jerusalem, and that of Babylon. The labour of the translator has completed only one out of the sixty-eight treatises of which the Talmud is composed; but he has, in a preface of 230 octavo pages, given an analytical view of the entire work, which is of high critical value. While apparently hampered, in one or two places, by the fear lest his orthodoxy should be called in question, and while taking occasion to declare, in unequivocal terms, his submission to a guide who had not at the time of that publication claimed infallibility, a general candour and impartiality pervade the *prolegomena* of the Abbé which are extremely rare in any writing connected in any way with Judaism.

The Talmud may be said to be reproduced in the pages of the famous Moses Ben Maimon, among whose voluminous works are fourteen books containing eighty-nine treatises of the *Mishna Hathora*, or *Lex Secunda*; a work that has led to the application to its author of the title of the Second Moses. The literary style of Maimonides is such as to render the study of his works far less repulsive than that of the earlier rabbins. But the authoritative tone in which he speaks, his contempt of the usual deference paid to authority, and the unmistakeable errors that may be detected in some of his most positive assertions, tend to deter serious scholars from implicitly following so self-asserting a guide. Maimonides was a native of Cordova. He travelled into Burgundy in search of a copy of the Law. Among his works the *More Nevochim*, or *Doctor Perplexorum*, the *Yad Chazekah*, or Strong Hand, and the treatise on the Resurrection, may be cited as the most noted. He travelled into Egypt in 1177, and wrote his tract on the Resurrection in 1186. His nobly worded creed is yet canonical among the people of his faith. He died, at the age of 73, in A.D. 1204.

The title of the *Novum Testamentum ex Talmude illustratum*, by Meuschen, is such as to warrant an eager search for this rare book. But the student will be disappointed in its perusal. It is devoid of literary merit or philosophic grasp, although not deficient in erudition. The original plan appears to have been soon abandoned by the author; as the illustrations of the genealogy contained in the first Gospel, from the idlest and least readable portions of the Ghemara, occupy nearly half the work. The details involved in this illustration may be well described by the text which speaks of the 'filthy dreamers' who 'defile the flesh, despise dominion, and speak evil of dignities.' Any attempt to illustrate the infancy of Christianity from the ethics and opinions of the people who were the first Christians will be sought for in vain in Meuschen.

It has proved a grateful and not unrewarded task to wander through the mazes of the Talmud, and to cull flowers yet sparkling with the very dew of Eden. Figures in shining garments haunt its recesses. Prayers of deep devotion, sublime confidence, and noble benediction, echo in its ancient tongue. Sentiments of lofty courage, of high resolve, of infantile tenderness, of far-seeing prudence, fall from the lips of venerable sages. Fairy tales, for Sunday evenings' recital, go back to early days when there were giants in the land; or those, yet earlier, when, as Josephus tells us, man had a common language with the animals. Mr. Darwin might write a new book illus-

trative of a prehistoric common ancestry, from the fables of Syria, India, and Greece, that tell of animal wisdom. From the glorious liturgy of the Temple, Rome and her daughters have stolen almost all that is sublime in their own, with the one exception of the Hymn of St. Ambrose, itself formed on a Jewish model. Page after page might be filled with such language and such thought as does not flow from modern pens. Yet the possessor of these inviting spoils would know but little of the real character of the Talmud.

No less practicable would it be to stray with an opposite intention, and to extract venom, instead of honey, from the flowers that seem to spring up in self-sown profusion. Fierce, intolerant, vindictive hatred for mankind, with small exception —confined in some cases to the singular number; idle subtlety, frittering away at once the energy of the human intellect and the dignity of the divine law; pride and self-conceit amounting to insanity; adulation that hails a man covered with the rags of a beggar as Saint, and Prince, and King; indelicacy pushed to a grossness that renders what it calls virtue more hateful than the vice of more modest people; all these might be strung together in one black Paternoster, and yet they would give no more just an idea of the Talmud than would the chaplets of its lovelier flowers. For both are there, and more. These folio volumes comprise the intellectual life of a gifted people for the period of 800 years—a self-tormenting, mournful, misdirected life. But it is a life needful to be understood by all those who would really know what Christianity was in her cradle, and would thus discern both what that Faith historically is, and how it has gradually assumed its present form—'If form,' indeed, 'that might be called which form 'has none.' Little cause have we to wonder that the Jew, as he glances from the triple tiara that claims to crown and dominate Christendom, to the rags of conventional and only nominal Christianity still retained by the disciples of masters whom we need not name (in Germany, in France, and in England), should yet cling to the linen, pure and white, of the priesthood consecrated at the Exode of the children of Israel.

The Talmud may compete with the 'Constitutions' of Loyola for the right to be considered the most irresistible organ ever forged for the subjugation of the human will. It stands quite alone, its age and origin considered, as a means of perpetuating a definite system of religious bondage. By the 'Constitutions,' while the education of the young is committed as far as possible to the subtle manipulation of the Order of Jesus, the decisive appeal to the obedience of the neophyte is

made, once and for all, at a fixed opportunity. When made as directed by the founder, it is said never to have been known to fail. But the Talmud not only awaits the infant at birth, and regulates every incident of that event (even to the names of the angels that are to be inscribed on the door, and the words on the four corners of the apartment), but anticipates each circumstance from the earliest moment of probability. In every relation of life, in every action, in every conceivable circumstance—for food, dress, habit, language, devotion, relaxation—it prescribes almost every word to be uttered, and almost every thought to be conceived. Its rule is minute, omnipresent, inflexible. Its severity is never relaxed. To borrow an illustration from the foundry; the Jewish mind, subjected while in a fusible state to this iron mould, has been at once chilled and case-hardened by its pressure.

The Talmud, or 'Doctrine,' contains, according to the Jewish creed, in the first place, the actual words of the oral law, delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai with, and in explanation of, the Mikra, or written law, contained in the Pentateuch. The 'Constitutions of Mount Sinai,' handed down by an unbroken succession of high priests and elders, were only fully committed to writing when the persecution of the people had become such as to raise a fear of their being otherwise forgotten. To this,* 'all whatsoever,' the Scribes and Pharisees, who 'sit in Moses' seat, bid you observe,' which Christ enjoined His hearers to 'observe and do,' is added an enormous mass of comment, illustration, explanation, discussion, and argument, of which it is difficult to form an idea. The text is called the Mishna, Deuterosis, or Second Law. The comment, under the general name of Ghemara, or complement, comprises Halaca, or rabbinical logic; the Agada, which may be compared to the rhetoric or poetical and imaginative part of the Hebrew philosophy; and the Cabbala, which contains that transcendental spiritual philosophy, which is supposed to be the highest form of human thought, together with a species of magic. The Cabbala makes use of four different alphabets. The figurative Cabbala attaches a hieroglyphical value to the forms of letters, and is derived from an Egyptian source. The speculative Cabbala considers the numeric value of the letters which compose the words of the sacred text, the words of which each word contains the initials, and the anagrams of each word. The practical Cabbala teaches the construction of talismans; and the dogmatic Cabbala tells

* Matt. xxiii. 2.

of the creation of the world, the orders of the heavenly hierarchy, the power of evil spirits, the thirty-two ways of wisdom, the fifty gates of prudence, the sacred and ineffable Name.

It is stated by the rabbins that it takes a study of from five to ten hours per day for seven years to attain a preliminary knowledge of the Talmud. The difficulty is not diminished by the existence of two distinct codes, or versions, known as the Talmud of Jerusalem and that of Babylon, in which the Mishna is the same (although some of the treatises are now to be found only in the one version); but the Ghemara is entirely different. There are also supplementary works of authority equal to the Mishna.

The Talmud is divided into six orders; which relate to agriculture, festivals, women, damages, holy things, and purifications. In these six orders, the Talmud of Babylon includes 68 tracts, divided into 617 sections; 26 of these tracts are without Ghemara. The present Hebrew editions of the Talmud of Jerusalem contain only the first four orders, and the tract 'Nidda' of the sixth; although, according to Maimonides, they contained in his time five entire orders.

The first order of the Talmud is the SEDER ZERAIM, containing laws relating to seeds. It opens, however, with the important treatise *Beracoth*, or Benedictions. This tract has been translated into French, including the Ghemara, by the Abbé Chiarini, as before mentioned. It has also been translated, as regards the Mishna alone, into English, together with seventeen other treatises, by the Rev. O. A. Da Sola and Rev. M. J. Raphall, and published, in a second edition, in London in 1845. We may remark in passing that the literary workmanship of this translation is slovenly. No index, or even table of contents, is to be found in the volume. There are blunders in most of the numbers prefixed to the tracts. The text is full of interpolations. They are, indeed, placed between brackets, but of their value it is impossible to judge in the absence of the Ghemara. The translation is, in places, more than questionable, and the evident aim of the entire work is to present Judaism in a light as consistent with modern opinion as possible.

The second treatise of the SEDER ZERAIM is entitled *Peah*, and relates to the rights of the poor with reference to the soil of the Holy Land and its produce, and to the corner of the field to be left for them according to the injunctions in the Pentateuch.

The third treatise, *Demai*, contains laws relating to the tithe of agricultural produce, and to the heave offering. The fourth,

Kilaim, has been translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall. It relates to the mixtures of different species forbidden by the Law: whether in the breeding and the harnessing of cattle, the weaving of textile fabrics, or the sowing of the ground. *Shebiith*, the fifth treatise, treats of the Sabbatic year, the unbroken revolution of which, from the very date of the Exodus, forms the master key to the chronology of the historic and prophetic books of Scripture. Tract VI., *Teroomoth*, relates to the heave offering. Tracts VII. and VIII., entitled *Maaseroth* and *Maasa Sheni*, contain the laws which regulate the first and the second tithes. *Shalah*, No. IX., contains laws relating to the offering of a cake of the first dough, as enjoined in Numbers xv. 20. *Orlah*, No. X., relates to the fruit of newly-planted trees, which must not be eaten during the first three years, and which is consecrated on the fourth. Lastly, *Bikurim*, No. XI., contains laws relating to the first fruits. It is to be regretted that the fact that these laws are considered as in abeyance while the Jews are out of Palestine, has been allowed to cause the neglect of their translation.

SEDER MOED, or the Order of Festivals, is the second division of the Talmud, and consists of twelve tracts or treatises. Of these the first, *Sabboth*, relates to the due observance of the Sabbath Day. It contains twenty chapters, and is one of those translated into English. *Erubin*, or Commixtures, is the second tract of the order, and defines those various combinations of 'reshuth,' domiciles, or limits, by means of which the extreme severity of the law of Sabbatic rest were to some extent conventionally alleviated. *Pesachim*, or Pasque, is No. III., and is a treatise of extreme importance and interest, containing the laws for the observance of the Paschal festival, some of which are peculiar to Palestine, while others are of general obligation. The value of this treatise to the critical student of the New Testament is extreme. It contains ten chapters, divided into eighty-eight Mischnaioth or sections. The fourth treatise is entitled *Yomah*, and treats of the rites proper to the tenth day of the month Ethanim, or Tisri, the day of Reconciliation, the most solemn festival of the Jewish year. Of this highly valuable tract only the eighth chapter is to be found in the English translation, for the alleged reason that the first seven relate exclusively to the service of the Temple. A Latin translation of this treatise, by Ugolin, with the Tosaphta, or comment of Rabbi Chija, a work held to be of equal authority with the Mishna itself, forms the portion of the General Catalogue of the British Museum Library devoted to the Latin versions of the Talmud. The eight chapters contain

sixty-one Mischnaioth. Tract No. V., *Shekalim*, relates to the capitation tax of half a shekel, and contains important information as to weights and measures. It is not translated into English. No. VI., *Succah*, contains the regulations for the observance of the Feast of Tabernacles. This treatise is one of those to which Maimonides refers, as showing the necessarily coeval antiquity of the Mikra and the Mishna, or the written and oral law. Thus it is the latter only which excepts women, sick persons, and travellers from the full obligation of eating, drinking, and sleeping for seven entire days and nights in booths which must be composed of vegetable substance, and neither of wool, hair, nor silk; and which orders that no such tabernacle shall be less than ten palms in height, or than seven by seven in area.* The seventh, or, according to the arrangement of the Jerusalem Talmud, the eighth, tract of this order, which is also to be found in the English translation, is entitled *Yom Tob*, or Festivals. It is often called the Egg, from the word with which it commences. It explains those acts which are prohibited on the Sabbath, but allowed on other festivals. No. VIII. (or VII.) is *Rosh Hashana*, or the New Year. It enumerates the four periods at which, for different purposes, the year commences; the mode of observing the new moon, and thus determining the Festivals, in Palestine; and the solemnities proper to the occasion.

The ninth treatise of the second order is entitled *Taanith*, or Fasts. It treats of the mode of observance of public Fasts; whether annual and permanent, or occasional, such as that of three days which the Bethdin of Jerusalem was bound to institute if the new moon of the month Cisleu (the lunation corresponding as nearly as possible with our November) arrived without rain having fallen. The remarkable series of historic calamities which occurred on the two fatal days of the Jewish Calendar, the 17th Tamuz and the 9th of Ab, are mentioned in this tract. No. X. is Tract *Meguilah*, or the Roll of the Book of Esther, which primarily treats of the mode of observing the Feast of Lots, or *Purim*, but contains many

* Many details of the Temple service are preserved in this tract; such as the number of times and the mode in which the trumpets were to be blown daily, and on the festivals. The ordinary number of these signals was twenty-one; on the Sabbath twenty-seven; on the eve of the Sabbath, during the Feast of Tabernacles, forty-eight. The great rejoicing with which the solemnity of water-drawing during the festivals referred to in the twelfth chapter of Isaiah was accompanied, is also described in the treatise *Succah*. It forms one of the eighteen translated into English by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall.

regulations as to the service of the Synagogues and other matters. The treatise *Moed Katon*, or the middle days of festivals, is No. XII. in the Jerusalem Talmud and No. XI. in the arrangement of Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall, who have translated this as well as the five last-named tracts. The three untranslated chapters of the treatise *Haghiga*, relating to the sacrifices on festivals, close this order of the Talmud.

SEDER NESHIM, the third order, contains seven treatises relating to women. Of these the first, *Yebammoth*, contains 16 chapters and 130 Mischnaioth, which enter into the minutest details as to the peculiar Jewish precept of *Yeboom*, or the obligation of marrying the childless widow of a brother; with the alternative disgrace of the performance of the *Chalitzah*, or removal of the shoe of the recalcitrant, referred to in the Book of Ruth. Several portions of this Book are so offensive to all feelings of delicacy that they have been left untranslated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall, and either printed in Hebrew, or represented by asterisks alone. Treatise *Sotah*, No. II., containing 9 chapters and 67 Mischnaioth, relative to the administration of the water of separation to the wife suspected of infidelity to her husband, has also failed to find an English dress. No. III., *Ketuboth*, contains the laws relative to marriage-contracts, dowries, and the mutual rights, duties, and relations of husband and wife. It may be remarked here that no limit is prescribed to the number of wives allowed; but that the provisions as to priority of the claim of widows on the property of the deceased husband extend to four, which is also the legal number under the law of Islam. We have this tract in English. No. IV., *Nedarim*, relating to the vows made by females, which the father or the husband has power to annul, is untranslated; as well as Tract VI., *Nazir*, containing nine chapters relating to vows of abstinence, whence we have retained the word *Nazarite*. No. V., treatise *Gittin*, contains 9 chapters and 75 Mischnaioth, relating to the *Get*, or bill of divorce, to which we have referred on another page. The order is closed by the treatise *Kedushin*, or Betrothing, which would seem properly to precede, or form part of, the tract *Ketuboth*. It speaks of the acquisition of a wife by purchase as well as by marriage-contract, and by the *voie de fait*; also of the purchase of male and female slaves. Both *Gittin* and *Kedushin* are translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall.

SEDER NEZIKIN, called also SEDER JESHUOTH, the fourth order, contains eight tracts in the Jerusalem Talmud, all of which, except the last chapter of the tract *Maccoth* (which treats of corporal punishments) are accompanied, together with

those of the preceding orders, by the *Ghemara* of Rabbi Johanan, whose date—he was born A.D. 184—indicates that of the close of the Talmud of Jerusalem. These treatises are first, second, and third, the *Baba Kama*, *Baba Meziah*, and *Baba Bathra*, or first, middle, and last 'Gate,' which originally constituted one tract, and which contained civil laws. They derive their name from the Oriental custom of administering justice at the gate of the city. Fourthly, the Tract *Sanhedrin*, consisting of 11 chapters and 71 Mischnaioth, contains ceremonial laws, and treats of the municipal and provincial councils and of the Great Bethdin, or Sanhedrin, at Jerusalem. *Macooth*, No. V., treats of corporal punishments, of false witnesses, and of the cities of refuge for the involuntary homicide. *Shebuoth*, No. VI., contains precepts for the administration of oaths. *Avoda Zara*, in 5 chapters and 50 sections, treats of idolatry, heresy, and the inciters to either. This treatise is one that has suffered much from the censure imposed by Rome, so soon as her theologians became able to read the Hebrew pages, or from the omissions made by the Jews themselves in fear of the same censure. No. VIII., *Horaioth*, treats of such errors in judgment committed by the Great Sanhedrin as required a sin-offering. To the above-named tracts the Talmud of Babylon adds, in this order, IX., *Edioth*, or testimonies, which consists of laws, which trustworthy testimony declares to have been adopted by the Great Sanhedrin; and *Aboth*, No. X., which contains the ethical maxims of the Fathers of the Mishna. None of these tracts are included in the English translation.

SEDER KEDESHIM, the fifth order, which is now only found in the Talmud of Babylon, contains eleven treatises, only one of which is translated by the authors so often cited. This is No. III., *Cholin*, or profane things, containing minute regulations for the slaughtering of cattle and fowl for non-sacrificial or domestic purposes. In its 12th and last chapter it declares the precept of letting the parent bird taken in a nest fly away to be obligatory both in and out of the Holy Land. The other tracts are I., *Zebachim*, which gives laws relating to sacrifices in general; II., *Minhoth*, or meat offerings, relating to the sacrifices of flour; IV., *Bechoroth*, or the law of the first-born; V., *Erachin*, valuation, relating to objects consecrated to divine worship, and to vows; VI., *Tamurah*, substitution, containing laws as to the exchange of consecrated animals; VII., *Keritoth*, or excisions, relating to offences which, if wantonly committed, are to be punished by excision from the people; that is to say, by death; and which, if inad-

vertently committed, entail the obligation to bring sin-offerings. In this marked division of the Mishna (referring also to the tract *Macooth*), is to be traced the origin of the Romish distinction between mortal and venial sins. The explanation of the difficult passage in the first Gospel,* which speaks of the degree or term of malediction which was punishable, by the Bethdin, with stripes; and of the more aggravated one, which was punishable with excision, if unatoned for by a sin-offering, is here to be found. No. VIII., *Mehilah*, trespass, contains laws relating to objects that have been consecrated, and converted to profane use. No. IX., *Tamid*, 'the continual,' treats of the daily sacrifices in the Temple. No. X., *Middoth*, or measurements, refers to the size of the temple of Herod, and contains a single detail as to the difference of the dimensions of the altar built by the children of the Captivity from those of its predecessor. This tract has been translated, with less than absolute accuracy,† by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Jerusalem; and published in the Quarterly Report of the Palestine Exploration Fund, for January, 1872. Finally, XI., Tract *Kanim*, nests, which closes SEDER KEDESHIM, relates to the birds proper for sacrifice.

The sixth and last order of the Talmud, now found only in that of Babylon, contains 12 tracts, but one of which has been translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall. The order is entitled SEDER TAHAROTH, and consists of laws relative to legal purifications. The treatises are I., *Kelim*, defining things liable to contract and communicate uncleanness; II., *Oholoth*, relating to pollution from the dead; III., *Neyaim*, concerning leprosy; IV., *Parah*, the law of the red heifer; the perusal of which throws a flood of light on the argument of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and especially on the 13th verse of the 9th chapter.‡ Tract V., *Taharoth*, relates to minor impurities, according to their various degrees. No. VI., *Mikvaoth*, contains the laws relative to the total or plunging bath necessary for certain legal purifications; and has the special characteristic that, had it been known to the theologians of this country, it would have prevented, or at all events narrowed within a rational limit, the most venomous of Protestant quarrels. No.

* Matt. v. 22.

† The translator has provided the guards of the Temple with cushions; a somewhat tantalising luxury, as they were punished if they slept.

‡ The *De vaccâ rubrâ* of Maimonides, and the *De die expiationis* of Rabbi Chija, should be studied by anyone who wishes to arrive at the point of view from which this Epistle was written.

VII., *Niddah*, should be read only by persons bound to study medicine, being devoted to certain rules not ordinarily discussed; although they appear to have occupied a disproportionate part of the attention of the rabbins. The objections that our modern sense of propriety raises to the practice of the Confessional apply with no less force to the subject of this tract, considered as a matter to be regulated by the priesthood. Rabbi Johanan has supplied the Ghemara to the first four chapters of the ten contained in this treatise. Tract VIII., *Maksheerin*, relates to the laws of purification from contact with unclean reptiles. No. IX., *Zabim*, is again a medical treatise; and No. X., *Tebul Yom*, relates to purification on the day on which legal uncleanness is contracted.

Tract XI., *Yadaim*, contains rules for the purification of the hands by ablution. This is the last treatise translated by Messrs. Da Sola and Raphall. Its regulations rest on the uncorroborated authority of the Oral Law. The fact that the Mishna of this treatise contains repeated reference to the disputes of the Pharisees and the Sadducees on questions as to ablution, coupled with the mention of the subject in the Gospels, renders it extremely important that the corresponding Ghemara should be brought within the reach of the English reader. The treatise *Oozekin*, or Stalks, closes the list of those enumerated by the English rabbins as composing this order.

Four small additional treatises are, however, contained in the Talmud of Babylon; namely, the *Avoth* of R. Nathan, or Sentences of the Fathers of the Synagogue, in 41 sections. *Sopherim*, or the Mode of transcribing the Roll of the Law, in 21 sections; an account of which is given in 'Unexplored Syria;' *Semahoth*, or *Ebel Rabbete*, or the Ceremonial of Mourning, in 14 sections; *Calla*, or the Wife, 1 section; and *Derek Eretz*, a treatise on Manners, in 16 sections.

Thus the Talmud of Babylon contains 6 *Sederim*, or orders, 68 *Mesecoth*, or tracts, and 517 *Perekim* or sections, which we have called chapters.

Hillel the Elder, one of the most famous doctors of the Mishna, who was born at Babylon, of the royal family of David, and came to Jerusalem at the age of forty, is said to have reduced to 6 the orders of the Mishna, which, from the time of Moses to his own, had been 600. This tradition appears to commemorate the first arrangement of the independent *Perekim* in chapters and orders. The facts of the long existence of the numerous oral traditions; of their notation by rabbi after rabbi for private recollection, while each gave them to his disciples *vivâ voce*; of their orderly arrangement at a sub-

sequent period; of their committal to writing, when persecution involved the oral traditions in peril; and, finally, of their completion by the addition of the Ghemara, are of no small value in enabling us to understand the literary history of Oriental records. The separate Suras of the Koran are as yet unarranged. The mode in which *πολλοὶ ἐπιχείρησαν ἀνατάξασθαι τὰ πράγματα* ἃ the writer of the third Gospel undertook *καθεξῆς γράψαι*; and how it came to pass that the arrangement, and to some extent the contents, of this narrative differ from those of the two partially corresponding Gospels, may thus be readily understood. Hillel was, with his great rival and opponent Shamai, under the instruction of Shemaia, about 32 B.C. To the contests of these two great schools very frequent implicit reference is made in the New Testament.

The first great Doctor who undertook to commit to writing, for public use, the Oral Law, was Juda the Saint, who flourished from 190 to 220 A.D. He impressed on the Talmud the permanent form of which Hillel appears to have been the author. The work became the classic authority of the schools both of Palestine and of Assyria; and all the disciples and followers of R. Juda occupied themselves with comments, glosses, and explanations of the Mishna, now reduced to the state of text. The chief and most authenticative of these early comments are known under the name of the *Mekiltoth*, the *Tosaphtoth*, and the *Baraïtoth*. A century after the date of Juda the Saint, Rabbi Johanan, then head of the school in Palestine, compiled from these sources the Ghemara of Jerusalem. His death left his work incomplete, as will be seen by reference to the number of tracts contained in the present editions of this code of the Talmud that are without Ghemara.

The completion of the Ghemara, and the collection of that great body of comments and precepts which relates to the study of the Law out of the Holy Land, were the objects that led R. Ache, and his fellow-labourer R. Avina, to commence the compilation of the Ghemara of Babylon. The death of R. Ache is said to have taken place about 427 A.D., and his work was completed by R. Jose, seventy-three years after that event. The Talmud is referred to in the Koran (Sura 11, 53) in the words, 'I delivered to Moses the book, and the 'Alfarcan to be unto you for a guide.' The arrangement of the Talmud of Babylon differs in many details from that of the Talmud of Jerusalem. In twenty-six tracts, the former has no Ghemara, and in the tract *Sheealim* the Ghemara of Jerusalem is applied in the Babylon Talmud.

We have hitherto spoken of the several tracts of the Mishna,

and their accompanying Ghemara, as constituting the Talmud. That word, however, is often applied to designate the whole teaching of the Jewish Law—including the Law, the Prophets, and the Hagiographa, together with the books of which we have given a brief *précis*.

We must not omit to mention the three obscure and mystic glosses on the Pentateuch, which exist under the names of *Mekilta*, *Siphra*, and *Siphri*. The first is a commentary on the Book of Exodus. The second, attributed to Rav, or Abba Aribba, who was rector of the University of Sora until A.D. 243, is also called the *Torath Cohenim*, or law of the priests, and is founded on Leviticus. The third book, *Siphri*, is a comment on Numbers and Deuteronomy.

The doctrine of the Talmud, remarks the Abbé Chiarini, like the Tabernacle of Moses, has three veils. Raise the first, and you enter the porch. Lift the second, and the Holy Place is before you. Beyond the third, is the Holy of Holies. With these three stages of devout intelligence correspond the Halaca, the Agada, and the Cabbala. The third of these studies, which is the parent of the alchemy and the magic of the Middle Ages, forms the subject of the extremely obscure books entitled *Jetsira* and *Zohar*. We have only space to refer to the master idea of the Cabbalistic philosophy, to which may be traced the origin of the doctrine of the Sephur, or Logos, which has been erroneously attributed to a Platonic source.

God, according to the *Jetsira*, created the world by three *Sephirim*; His conception (or idea), His word, and His writing. The archetype of the world was conceived by the Divine Being with number, weight, and measure; it was called from nothing into existence by His word, and it was peopled with creatures, who are His writing; and conception, word, and writing are the same thing in God. The Hebrew language is Divine, because God has made use of it to communicate with man. Its writing is perfect, and the form of every letter involves a mystery. (This points back to the hieroglyphics of Egypt.) The hidden ways of wisdom are the ten Sephiroth, or attributes of the Divinity, and the twenty-two letters, which are types of matter. (In the former it is impossible not to recognise, *ipso nomine*, the ten *cyphers*, which Europe owes to the Arabic writers.) The letters are, three mother letters, seven double, and twelve single; and in the microcosm and macrocosm—the world, the soul, and the year—'all things are ordered by one on three, three on seven, and seven on twelve.' We spare our readers any discussion of the four alphabets, and the four species of the Cabbala.

We may perhaps most clearly grasp the tenets of the chief Jewish sects during the early Christian centuries by contrasting the several directions in which they diverged from the common centre of the Written Law.

Most conservative in their views, although historically uncertain in their origin, were the Karaites, who seem to be the νομικοὶ of the New Testament. The Talmud classes them as a branch of the Sadducees. They regarded the Written Law alone as divinely inspired, and rarely availed themselves of traditional interpretation. Critical remarks on the mode of reading and interpreting the Bible, which are attributed in the Talmud to the Scribes, are of the Karaite school.

In opposition to these literalists, the great sect of the Pharisees, which sprang up during the early days of the Maccabees, esteemed the letter of the Law above its spirit; the Oral above the Written Law, and ceremonies above morality. The description of various branches of the Pharisees, which is to be collected from the Jerusalem Talmud, explains the frequent coupling of the name of that sect with the reproach of hypocrisy. Seven classes of their professors of the Law are named, out of which there is but one who were confessedly actuated in their conduct by the noblest principle, namely the love of God. Among the other six were the Shekamites, who displayed their good deeds to all the world, as if they bore them on their shoulders (שכם); the Niephes, or borrowers, who constantly asked for loans in order to give alms or perform other good deeds; the Kizeen, or counters, who reckoned a commandment against every transgression; those who feigned to renounce their property in order to bestow it in pious works (represented, in the Acts of the Apostles, by Ananias and Sapphira); those who asked of all men to tell them of any transgression that they had committed, that they might make expiation; and those who performed their prescribed duties simply through the influence of fear.

The sect of the Sadducees, the followers of Sadok and Baithos, originated about 300 B.C., and disputed the great authority of the Pharisees. The doubts entertained by this sect as to the future life and the spiritual existence are reflected in the Talmud by a frequent indifference as to questions relating to the immortality of the soul.

The opposite pole to the Sadducees was occupied by the Mehestanites, a sect as old as the Captivity, which had drawn from Persian sources a detailed belief in the influence of good and evil spirits, as well as in astrology. Much of the ghost lore of the Talmud has been contributed by this sect, which to

some extent influenced the main body of Jewish belief. Nor are the doctrines in question by any means confined to the pale of Judaism.

The Misraimites originated soon after the time of Alexander the Great. They are to be recognised in all those passages in the Talmud which relate to the Numeric or Graphic Cabbala—which was derived from the Egyptian hieroglyphics. They ascribed a divine origin, and hidden teaching, to the very form of the square Chaldaic characters; a doctrine that points back to a period when the phonetic value of the hieroglyphics had not superseded all earlier idiographic significance. Thus the opening left between the stem of the Koph and its curved part is said to intimate that the door of Divine mercy was never closed to the penitent.

The Essenes, or Oraculists, professed to find in the Law a species of allegory. To them is to be attributed a great portion of what is called the Agada and Midrasha of the Talmud, and we trace the influence of their doctrines in such expressions as 'the law, having a shadow of good things to come;' and 'this Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia.' But the Essenes of the Talmud can hardly be identified with the sect described, at unusual length, by Josephus under that name, in whom it is difficult to recognise any other body than the early Jewish Christians.*

* It seems difficult to avoid the conclusion that, under the name of the Essenians, Josephus actually describes the early Christians, to whom, if the portions of the works attributed to him as to Christ and as to Hades are genuine, he may be considered to have belonged. His abandonment of the national cause, when actually hopeless, can thus be explained without injury to his character. The points in common between the sects in question may thus be cited.

The Essenes	The Christians
do not offer sacrifices, because they have more pure lustrations of their own. Ant. XVIII. i.	were baptised in the name of the Lord Jesus. Acts xix. 5.
	We have an altar, of which they have no right to eat who serve the Tabernacle. Heb. xiii. 10.
Having all things in common.	They had all things common. Acts iv. 32.
They appoint certain stewards to take care of their common offices. Bell. II. viii.	Look ye out among you seven men of honest report . . . over this business. Acts vi. 3.
They minister to one another.	Ye ought also to wash one another's feet. John xiii. 14.
They have no certain city.	Here we have no continuing city. Heb. 13, 14.

The Hellenists took their rise in the time of the Greek kings; and introduced much from the philosophy of Greece into both the doctrine and the customs of the Jews. They gave a High Priest to Jerusalem in the person of Jason. They were the first sect encountered by Paul after his conversion; and their influence must have been considerable to have induced or enabled a scholar of the Pharisee Gamaliel to quote the Greek poet Aratus.

The Therapeutists may be considered as the natural counterpoise of any philosophical tendency among the Jews; their doctrine that supreme happiness consisted in meditation being one to be met with among the Indian Fakeers.

The name of the Herodians, who allowed political constraint to regulate religious worship, and of the opposing sect of the Gaulonites, or Zealots, who were intolerant of even the payment of tribute to any but the Eternal King, will be recognised

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They neglect wedlock.

It is good for a man not to touch a woman. 1 Cor. vii. 1.

They have a greater affection for one another than other sects have.

We know that we have passed from death to life because we love the brethren. 1 John iii. 14.

Still they take their weapons.

He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one. Luke xxii. 36.

They go into the dining-room as into a certain holy temple.

When ye come together into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. xi. 20.

Swearing is avoided by them.

Swear not at all. Matt. v. 34.

There are also those among them who undertake to foretell things to come. Bell. II. viii. 12.

Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy. 1 Cor. xiv. 1.

They will equally preserve the books belonging to their sect.

Hold fast the form of sound words, 2 Tim. i. 13. Holding fast the faithful word. Tit. i. 9.

And the names of the angels.

The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches. Apoc. i. 20.

Those that are caught in any heinous sin they cast out of their society, and he who is thus separated from them does often die in a miserable manner.

If we sin wilfully there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment. Heb. x. 27.

There are about 4,000 men that live in this way.

about 3,000 souls. Acts ii. 41. The number of the men was about 5,000. Acts iv. 4.

(Verbatim extracts from the accounts of the Essenians in Ant. XVIII. i. and Bell. II. viii.)

by the students of the Evangelists and of Josephus. But it passes the limits of ordinary intelligence to assign any principle, but that of mutual contradiction, to the unresting schism between the schools of Shamai and of Hillel.

Such were the sects and schools, and such the main topics of constant dispute, that were rife at Jerusalem during the childhood and the manhood of Christ. There is scarce a page of the Synoptic Gospels on which a clear and instructive light may not be thrown by the study of the topics which are introduced by the writers as too familiar to need explanation. We may even say, that the most obscure passages thus become plain, and that the true meaning of the words of Christ, the meaning which they bore to His hearers, comes out with unexpected force and often with unsuspected beauty. No one who reads the Gospels with a competent knowledge of the Talmud, will admit that they can otherwise be fully understood. On the entire history of the sons of Israel, from the days of Moses to our own, a comment is here afforded without which the text remains an enigma.

The diffusion of a competent knowledge of the Talmud would have a result which might be ungrateful to certain tempers, but which would be most beneficial to the interest of literature, both religious and ethical. It would tend to extinguish controversy. It might, alas! prove too true that the flames, when stamped out in one place, would break forth with renewed fury in another. But the plain man, who seeks truth for its own sake, would not fail to derive a benefit. As it is, while the clashing views of rival schools are based, in their common ignorance, on imaginary foundations, the unlearned observer may well feel perplexed. But when he finds where the real bone of contention lies, and sees how far the ground can be levelled and swept before the fight fairly begins, it may so chance that he will take but little interest in the contest, and rather leave it to those who are by temperament polemics and disputants *quand même.*

No subject, for example, has more bitterly divided certain sects of Protestants than what is called the Baptismal Controversy. This is a dispute that has been carried on almost entirely on false assumptions. The two main questions raised are, the age at which the rite of baptism should be administered, and the mode in which it should be effected. This is altogether a distinct question from that of the sacramental efficacy of the institution. It may be named the ritual, or ceremonial, dispute, as distinguished from that which is doctrinal or theological. The Romish Church, *more suo,*

cuts the question very short. It relies on its own tradition; and asperses, signs, and anoints every infant, in the name of the Church, within the shortest possible period after birth; thus expediting the passage from this world of many a weakly suckling. It deserves remark, that the one point connected with this rite which is accepted by the whole of Christendom as incontrovertible, is the essential necessity of the material employed. The pure element of water is indispensable. The two Eastern monotheistic rituals admit of the substitution of clean sand, for ceremonial ablutions, where water cannot be obtained. In the greater strictness of the Occidental rubric may be traced a mark of the direct filiation of the Christian rite with the administration of the total plunging bath, which the proselyte, and the Jew and Jewess, subject to certain legal pollution, were compelled to undergo. In extending the application of the rite to children, the water-dreading Italians have allowed the symbol of aspersion to replace the original practice; although the use of the element necessary for the total bath, but not necessary for a partial ablution, is retained. In the Greek Church, the original total immersion is still applied to infants, to the great furtherance of the survivorship of the strongest.

Had the controversialists who have vexed our language with the vehement dispute known as the Baptismal Controversy, taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with the facts which they were content to infer from one or two indistinct passages of the New Testament, the quarrel, if not absolutely prevented, would at all events have been confined within the limits of rational discussion. All parties must have recognised the universal practice, in the Catholic Church, of an initiatory rite; the legislation affecting which, if it ever had a definite existence, is entirely lost beneath the darkness of the first three centuries of persecution. Further, they would have traced an historic affiliation with an ordinary Jewish rite, and especially with the performance of that rite by John the son of Zacharias. Thirdly, they must have seen the absolute contrast existing between the actual Christian, and the ancient Jewish, rites, as to person, occasion, and method. With the ground thus cleared, it is of course possible to enter on a long and perplexed inquiry as to the character and effect of the institution. But, for the Baptismal Controversy, as it actually encumbers our shelves, there would have been no room.

While disputes that are rather ecclesiastical than religious must thus be narrowed, if not obviated, by a competent knowledge of the mother facts, quarrels of an altogether differer

order would have been entirely avoided, if the rulers of Catholic Christendom had been enlightened by some of the most rudimentary principles of the interpretation of the ancient Law.

The men who attributed to every word, and to every letter, of the Pentateuch a direct divine origin and ordination, yet admitted a maxim, inspired by the profoundest common sense, the application of which would have prevented the shameful struggle of the Holy See with the immortal Galileo. *Loquitur lex*, is the rule, *phrasibus filiorum hominum*. The highest human study, the Rabbins taught, was that of the Law. But if positive science, in other hands, made definite discoveries, there was an elasticity in the unchangeable Word that could never permit of any contradiction arising between Faith and Science. Cultivated Europe should blush to the very finger-nails at her ignorance of such an irenical and philosophical maxim, hidden in the neglected lore of the Jewish sages. It is true that a legislation like that of Moses might admit of a provision for the organic growth of human intelligence which would be fatal to a legislation like that of the Papacy. But the fact is hardly to the advantage of the latter.

We may take a step further in the same luminous direction. Men are not yet very old who can remember the alacrity with which theologians of different schools hastened to extinguish, first the glimmer and then the glow, which was thrown upon the unwritten history of mankind by the discoveries of Cuvier and his school. The excitement in men's minds in England on the subject was hardly less keen than that which was previously aroused, in cultivated Italy, by the announcements of Galileo. The Latin literature of the time of the 'Tuscan Artist' shows that a terror, like that caused by an actual earthquake, shook the most intelligent men. They felt as if the solid earth was falling from under them. In our time the fear was, perhaps, more narrow, but it was nevertheless intense. It was the conscientious opinion of many good men that the hypotheses of the immense antiquity of our planet; of the existence on its surface of successive forms of life, and of death; and of the long-descended and hoary age of the human species; were in contradiction to the plain words of the Book of Genesis. But the educated Jew would not be content, in this respect, with the enlargement of vision insured by the knowledge that the Divine Law spoke so as to be intelligible to its hearers. His light was yet brighter. He knew that the Mikra had its *Agada* no less than the Mishna. He knew that all the teachers of his people, in long line of associated Sanhedrin ascending to the great Master, Moses, himself, had shown

that the Holy Writings contained allegory as well as precept and history. He could have used the words of the writer of the Second Epistle of Peter in the sense in which they were composed—that no prophetic, or allegoric, part of Scripture was for the interpretation of *idiotai*—(ἰδίας ἐπιλύσεως)—men unlearned in the Law. He would have been told in plain terms by his Rabbins that the man who attached a literal meaning to an allegoric part of Scripture was a fool. He would soon have been made aware that the study of the 'work of the 'Creation,'* as well as of the 'work of the Chariot,'† was specially prohibited to the unlearned. Without going to the full extent to which this view is carried by the Rabbins, critical discrimination, and due knowledge of the Sacred Books, are enough to show the purely absurd character of a group of English publications of which we may not even yet have seen the last.

If we pass from the regions, which are yet far from being absolutely deserted, of ecclesiological controversy; if we shun any outburst of that guerilla warfare which is yet active on the confines where science and religious opinion march, we shall find that one special study of our own day, the pursuit of an exhaustive and determinative criticism, has yet very much to gain from a competent acquaintance with the Talmud. The very words of the Mishna are often quoted verbatim by the New Testament writers, as when Paul uses the phrase, 'The cup of blessing which we bless.'‡ In the Sermon on the Mount, Christ three times § distinctly quotes the Oral Law, by the appropriate phrase, 'It has been said by the elders,' He proceeds, on that and on other occasions, to give His judgment on points which we know to have been main topics of dispute between the doctors of the great schools of His day. Such was the controversy between the Beth Shamai and the Beth Hillel as to the causes which would justify a man in giving a Get, or bill of divorce. Such were various points at issue between the Pharisees, who exalted ceremonial observance

* Gen. i. † Ezek. i. ‡ 1 Cor. x. 16.

§ Matt. v. 21, 27, 33. The injunctions thus cited are taken from the Mishna, where it is explanatory of the Written Law. In v. 31—38, and 43, are references to oral precepts which are not founded on the letter of the Pentateuch. A distinction is made between the two, both in the mode of quoting them, and in the character of the comment. In the first case the injunctions are fortified by the enunciation of their purport; in the second they are contradicted. This distinction pervades the whole teaching of Christ recorded in the Synoptic Gospels.

above doctrine, and the oral above the written Law, and the Karaites and Sadducees, who were the strict literalists of the day; the latter of whom questioned the certitude of the prevalent doctrine as to spirits and a future life, because it was not to be arrived at from the direct words of the Mikra. Such were those between the Herodians, who held that it is lawful to change forms of observance for purely worldly reasons, when constrained to do so by force, and the Gaulonites or Zealots, an offshoot of the Pharisees, who teach, in the Talmud, that the Jews can be subjects or tributaries of no king but the Eternal. Such, again, were the questions as to the observance of the rules laid down in the Seder Tahoroth, as to ablutions and purifications, and the prohibition of eating grains from the ear on the Sabbath. Such were the legal objections raised by the Pharisees, not to a miracle of healing, but to the breach of the Law of Sabbath by commanding a man to carry his bed on that day. In fact, the whole text of the New Testament is so full of references to the points around which the controversies of the great religious sects of the day revolved, that no distinct and intelligent idea of the meaning of the writers can be arrived at by persons who are altogether ignorant of the literary history of the period.

We may, indeed, well think it inexplicable that the doctors of the Christian Church should not have been induced by the plain language of Christ Himself to undertake that study of the Hebrew literature which was necessary to a clear grasp of the meaning of His words. It cannot be doubted that Christ gave the full weight of His authority to the support of the Oral Law. When He says of those who sit in Moses' seat, 'Whatsoever they bid you observe, observe and do,'* there can be no question of the written precepts, as to which no such enforcement could for a moment be thought necessary. The forms in which the Mikra and the Mishna are severally quoted are so distinct as to leave no pretext for confusion. The line which is drawn by Christ lies between the ancient constitutions, orally handed down, in elucidation of the brief injunctions of the Pentateuch, and those later regulations of the Sanhedrin, which had no such origin. In speaking of the unchangeable authority of the law of Moses, the whole body of written and ancient traditional legislation is distinctly accepted by Christ.

A striking instance may be adduced of the manner in which important questions of historical criticism may be solved by

* Matt. xxiii. 3.

the aid of the Talmud. One of the most urgent critical questions of the day is that of the collation of the first three Gospels (in our present arrangement of the New Testament) with the fourth. The subject has been recently discussed, in a contemporary journal, in a temper that is creditable to the polemics of the day. The writer, at the same time, expresses a calm reliance on the impregnable character of his own view, which some acquaintance with the literature of the Talmud would tend considerably to modify.

The four Gospels all agree in describing the Crucifixion as occurring on the eve of the Sabbath, that is to say, on the sixth day of the week. The fourth Gospel is singular in including a distinct chronological indication of the year. This is afforded by the reckoning of 46 years from the commencement of the third Temple (which took place in the eighteenth year of Herod), and by the mention of two subsequent passovers. In the year thus determined, the 30th of the vulgar era, the Paschal Sabbath fell on the 16th of Nisan. The three first Gospels speak distinctly of the eating of the Passover by Christ and His disciples on the night before the Crucifixion, that is to say, the 14th Nisan. So far all is accordant. But the fourth Gospel states that the Crucifixion took place on the eve of the Passover,* *παρασκευὴ τοῦ πάσχα*, that 'great 'was the day of that Sabbath,'† that they (*αὐτοὶ*) 'went not 'into the Prætorium' (on the morning of the sixth day), 'lest 'they should be defiled,' so as to be unable to eat the Passover,‡ and that the last supper took place 'before the feast of 'the Passover,' *πρὸ τῆς ἑορτῆς τοῦ πάσχα*. It is argued that all these expressions may be so explained as to allow of an identification of meaning with the other Gospels. This is where the conflict now halts.

The light which the Talmud sheds upon the subject is such as to render doubt impossible. Throughout Palestine, after sunset on the 14th of Nisan, and in Jerusalem after noon on that day, it was criminal either to buy or to sell; and not only so, but it was forbidden to carry a scrip or loose purse, to remove an object from one domicile to another, or to carry even the smallest coin in a purse, if one were permanently attached to the girdle. The full rigidity of the Law of Sabbath applied to the Passover. When we find it stated, therefore, that 'Some 'thought, because Judas had the bag, that Jesus had said unto 'him, "Buy that we have need of against the feast,"' we are certain that the writer (if aware of the customs of Palestine,

* John xix. 14. † John xix. 31. ‡ John xviii. 28.

which differed in many respects from those of the Jews residing out of Syria) could not have intended to identify the Last Supper with the Passover. The nearest occasion on which the 15th of Nisan fell on the Sabbath was three years after the true date of the Crucifixion.* Ebrard, in commenting on this question in his 'Gospel History' (pp. 399–401), has cited several of the most important passages in the Talmud that throw light on the observance of the Passover. With a candour as honourable as it is rare he has retracted the opinion that he formerly maintained as to the determination of date derivable from the fourth gospel. But when he goes on to argue that in the year A.D. 33 the Passover might have been kept on the third day of the astronomical lunation, in consequence of a supposed obscuration of the new moon by clouds on the first and second days, he takes a position which a little wider study of Hebrew literature would have shown him to be utterly untenable. In the Holy Land no artificial calendar was kept, but the feasts of trumpets which celebrated the new moons were regulated by actual observation of the crescent. From the time of the preceding full moon it was easy to tell when the new moon was due. On that evening it was watched for throughout Palestine, and those who first observed it hastened to give evidence of the fact before the Sanhedrin; the law of the Sabbath day being relaxed to allow of their journey for that purpose. It is recorded that as many as forty pairs of witnesses once passed through Lydda on the Sabbath. It was necessary that the witnesses should be persons of good character. They were questioned by the Bethdin as to the form and position of the new moon; and if they had seen it only through clouds, through glass, or reflected in water, the evidence was not accepted. Evidence was receivable during the thirtieth day of the expiring month, up to the time of the evening prayer. If it was accepted, a beacon was lighted on Mount Olivet, and the light sped from mountain to mountain, 'until† the whole country appeared like a blazing fire.' If the moon was not seen on the proper day, the next day was taken to be the first of the month. A delay of two days, assumed by Ebrard to have occurred, was impossible.

No phenomenon within the range of written history is of higher interest, as shedding light on the great problem of the secular education of mankind, than the mutual relation

* Pesachim iv. 1., vi. 1. Sabbath, x. 8., xxiv. 1. Meguilah, i. 4. Moed Katton, ii. 4. Beracoth, ix. 5.

† Rosh Hashana, ii. 4. Novilunii Initiatio, ii. 5, iv. 2.

between the Jewish Law and the character of the Jewish people. The length of time over which our more or less minute knowledge of the case extends is, in itself, a feature of signal importance. The line by which the duration of the Chinese monarchy, from its first assuming the hereditary form under Yu, to its present existence under the 22nd dynasty, is to be measured, is indeed longer by one fifth than that which limits the history of any Semitic people; and yet the language of the Golden Empire has not passed, during that long era, beyond its original monosyllabic form. But the laws and literature of China have exerted no sensible influence on those of Europe, which trace their affiliation on the one side to Moses and the Hebrew prophets, and on the other to the philosophers of Greece, and to the laws of Rome. The duration of the thirty-three dynasties of Egypt, down to the termination of the independent existence of the monarchy at the battle of Actium, is again nearly eight centuries longer than that of the Chinese Empire; and the influence of Egyptian art and science, indirectly transmitted to us, has been very considerable. But our nearest point of contact with this lengthened chain, under the corrupt decadence of the Ptolemies, is so distant from our own days, and we possess, as yet, so little of the real history of Egypt, that the interest which it excites is not in any way comparable to that which attaches to the investigation of the influence of Semitic traditions upon European thought.

Synchronisms between the history of Persia, of Assyria, and of Egypt, and a carefully restored sacred chronology, checked by the regular revolution of the Sabbatic years and years of Jubilee, enable us to speak with something approaching to absolute certitude as to the date of the origin of the Law of the Jewish people. The Pentateuch, Prophets, and Hagiographa can only be identified, as existing in their present form, as far back as the time of Ezra; the close of the Book of Nehemiah being contemporaneous with the reading, by Herodotus, of his history at the Olympic Games. The Latin version of Jerome takes us back, at a single stride, to the fourth century, before which date the Talmud was committed to writing. The Greek Septuagint version carries back the verification of the text, at least of the Law, for 640 years further; although in some parts, especially in the Book of Daniel, the variations of reading (or rather of editions) are remarkable, and by no means understood. (We have another example of the existence of parallel editions in the case of the Books of Ezra, as contained in the Vulgate, and of Esdras, as given in the Apocrypha.) But there are

marks, in our present text, of that recension, at the time of the return from Babylon, which the Talmud states to have been made by Ezra. The very smell of fire lingers on the scraps and fragments of genealogies which are preserved in the Books of Chronicles. The pedigrees of certain families of the priests were lost in the great catastrophe of the capture and burning of the city; and the verification, by oracle, of the purity of their descent, which was awaited in the time of Zerubabel, has never since occurred. The study of the Talmud shows how trenchant a line has been drawn across the course of Jewish history by the conquest of Nebuchadnezzar. One remarkable and unfortunate characteristic of the labours of the doctors of the Law, the Tanaites and Amoraim, for these eight centuries of discussion, is, that they have never occupied themselves for a single moment with any research of an historic character. They have grossly confused the dates; they have not even taken the pains to draw out those comparative tables of genealogy for which materials actually exist, and the value of which, in checking the chronological reckoning, is so great. Instead of consulting history for the known dates of events intimately connected with the fortunes of Judea, they have fixed their periods by cabalistic inference from individual verses of the Prophets or the Hagiographa, and are thus in error by more than 180 years as to the well-known era of Alexander the Great. Maimonides, the greatest author since the completion of the Talmud, is perfectly contemptuous of any learning but his own. He makes a leap of at least 200 years in his account of the tradition of the Oral Law directly from Phineas to Eli; and he not unfrequently opposes his own *ipse dixit*, both to the Bible and to the Talmud, as in his comment on the passage, 'An altar of earth shalt thou make unto Me.'

But while we thus are far from being able to verify a full history of Jewish law and Jewish morals up to its very source, the portion as to which no doubt can arise is both venerable for its antiquity and prodigious in its extent. The Talmud, however some portions of the Ghemara may have been modified by hatred to Christianity, represents the contemporary intellectual and moral life of the Jewish people for a period of 800 years. Its connexion with the Written Law is so close and so minute that, whatever modifications may have been gradually introduced during 2,000 years of oral tradition, it is impossible to question the originally contemporary character of the Mikra and the Mishna—that is to say, of the Pentateuch and its traditional complement. And there is a consideration of primary importance with reference to the limits within which

modifications, either of the Law or of the Comment, must have been confined. Not to speak of the painful care with which every letter of the former is enumerated (as in the case of the Koran), and the strict precautions which hedge the transcription of every legal copy,* the very central spirit of the entire Semitic life is abhorrence of change. The present formula of the Jewish creed (in the 9th article), that the Divine Law was given to Moses, and was never to be changed, finds an echo in every broken scene of Jewish history that stands out from the mist of the past. Obedience to precedent, respect for the age, whether of contemporary elders or of the ancient rulers of the nation, and belief that innovation is a crime bringing with it its own punishment, are characteristics of Oriental thought; and justify the opinion that a care of the sacred books, similar to that which has marked the last 2,000 years, must have watched over them from their very first dictation. Only one great break in their literary tradition is known to have occurred; and even that was bridged over by the memory of the members of the Sanhedrin, who wept over the foundation of the second Temple, in fresh remembrance of the glory of the first.

Before the advent of Christ three great periods of intellectual activity occurred in the history of the Jews in Palestine. The unexampled impulse given by Moses, and sustained by Joshua, appears to have died out with Phineas, the grandson of Aaron. With the possession of ample room, and all the requisites of Eastern life, the political condition of the Jews seems to have sunk towards the limit of national extinction, when the next great impulse was given by Samuel, and sustained by David and by Solomon. While some of the descendants of that great monarch made their rule and their arms respected, the religious utterances, which mark the central life of the people, seem then to have slumbered, until they burst out, for a period of little more than half a century, about the time when the attempt of Ahaz to assimilate the habits of his people to those of surrounding nations was followed by the vigorous reaction under Hezekiah. Eight of the prophets whose writings are extant belong to this epoch. Sixty years after the death of Hezekiah, a fresh period of royal enthusiasm, and prophetic encouragement and warning, commenced with the reign of Josiah. This continued, at intervals, through the fall of the monarchy, the captivity of the people, and the return of the captives from Babylon, to close about the time of the

* See the entire contents of tract *Sopherim.*

death of Ezra. If we call, with the doctors of the Talmud, this great restorer a prophet, this third period was illustrated by ten prophetic writers, including the author of the second part of the book now placed under the title of Isaiah. From Nehemiah to Simon the Just, the contemporary of the first doctors of the Talmud, or Tanaïtes, the period that elapsed was less than a century and a half.

We do not deny that a perfectly competent criticism may trace some change, not only in literary style, but even in dogmatic belief, by carefully investigating the works of this long series of writers. But when we remark the very close adherence of the latest great Jewish doctors to the precise language of Moses and of the early prophets, it seems impossible to doubt that the signs of the unity of faith, opinion, and practice that has prevailed for the long period of 3,400 years are far more discernible than those of change, of innovation, or of what we call development. And yet, when we regard the active life of the Jewish people during the first century of our era, as the pages of the Evangelists and those of the Talmud, mutually illuminating one another, present it to our view, we must admit that the ancient Law was not absolutely independent of the change which attends on time. That change must, indeed, have been as gradual and imperceptible as in the case of a slow-growing tree. Or, rather, it may be compared to the gradual crystallisation of stalactites over the surface of a rock. In speaking of these secular transformations, we must lay aside the language, not only of theology, but of ordinary ethical writing. For we find good and evil to change places, as regarded on the one hand by the legislators of the Jewish and of the Arabian faiths, and on the other by the teachers of modern Europe. What we call progress, Moses, or those who sat in the seat of Moses, called crime; what we call toleration, they called idolatry. Where we speak of the comity of nations, of mutual forbearance, of philanthropy as distinguished from patriotism, and of the increasing civilisation of the human race, the doctors of the Law could only see the breach of the Divine ordinances, the denial of the special privileges of the chosen people, and the provocation of God's wrath.

It is probable that any effectual opposition to the idolatry into which symbolism had degenerated by the date of the 18th Egyptian dynasty, would have been hopeless under a less Draconic law than that of Moses. Even as it was, with every transgression plainly and distinctly defined, and incurring, if voluntary, the punishment of death; with the permanent

machinery of a priesthood, dependent for their livelihood upon the religious faith of the people, and of the central, provincial, and local councils, bound to take cognisance of the smallest breach of the law; idolatry was never kept at arm's length until the brand of the Captivity of Babylon had sunk deep into the flesh. The state of mind that led to this idolatry was by no means so harshly opposed to the early form of the Jewish religion as we are wont to imagine. To the kings of Moab and of Babylon there was as much vital energy in their national worship as most of the Jewish rulers acknowledged in their own. To all these nations many of the externals of religion were in common. Each had a holy place, a local temple, a hereditary priesthood, a liturgic service, constant sacrificial offering, and the answer of an invoked oracle. The absence of any fictile symbol of the Divinity, which characterised alike the temple of Jerusalem and the groves of our Teutonic ancestors, was not such a convincing sign of a more spiritual worship as to lead other nations to admit the great superiority of the Divinity of the Jews. The reality of that Presence was recognised, beyond doubt, by neighbouring tribes. Pharaoh and Abimelech, the priests of Egypt, the lords of the Canaanites, the king of Syria, and the king of Babylon, all admitted the power of the God of the Jews, though they held it to be limited by, and coexistent with, that of their own tutelary divinities. The temptation to the Jew, when in trouble, to seek the aid of a neighbouring and visibly-symbolised Divinity, which others told him had been efficacious in their own experience, was great and constant. If properly named infidelity, it was the very reverse of Atheism. It was what we call the spirit of toleration and of free inquiry. The extinction of this spirit was a primary aim of the Jewish legislation. The fierce, proud, intolerant temper of the people was methodically developed for this very purpose. It was not until they had passed through the penance of the Captivity that their readiness to blend with other Semitic tribes was destroyed. But with this establishment of the purity of their own exclusive faith, a hatred of all who were not Jews was ineffaceably implanted.

If we regard the true religious progress of mankind to be that from a reign of terror to a reign of love; from the fear and dread of an invisible Avenger to the faith claimed by the All-Father, we must attribute but a small advance in this direction to the influence of the Jewish polity. We are hardly in a condition to judge at what cost it might be desirable to make a permanent protest against that idolatry into which the use of symbols seems unavoidably to degenerate; or against the

grosser practices of a Polytheism, of which the spirit yet dictates the invocation of celestial mediators, and spreads the dread of evil spirits. But the protest, as offered by Judaism, involved the intimate belief of the Jew in the especial dignity of his own nation. For the Jew, among all nations, and, among the Jews themselves, for the Rabbi, was created not only this world, but the world to come—not only earth but the attendant planetary fires. This portion of the Jewish doctrine, *mutato nomine*, finds a daily echo in places not altogether remote from our own Northern metropolis.

Here, then, lay the crucial point of the difficulty raised by the teaching of Christ. If the Jew was not to hate the Gentile, where were his long-cherished privileges? If he was to commune with the uncircumcised, where was the fence of the Law? where the long traditions of the Elders? where the unchangeable character of the Divine Law? We doubt whether the real nature of this enormous difficulty has been ever candidly placed before the world. We half doubt whether any modern writers have presented to the Jews of our day any case which the latter would have been justified not only in admitting, but even in taking into serious consideration. There is enough in the Jewish doctrine of the double advent of the King Messiah to render it easy for the rabbins to reconsider the question of the claim of Christ to be regarded as the subject of the prophecies of Zechariah and earlier prophets. But the attempt of Paul to convince his fellow-countrymen that he was 'saying none other things than those 'which the prophets and Moses did say should come' has not been repeated by the doctors of Roman Christendom.

It is not our intention to attempt anything like an *aperçu* of the ethics of Judaism. In fact, the main subject of our complaint is the fact that the scholarship of the West has been content to remain in ignorance of the authorities from which such an *aperçu* might be drawn up. But we must give some example of what we mean by saying that the Law, which the Jews hold to be unalterable, has, in point of fact, followed the invariable fate of all human institutions—or let us rather say of all institutions that deal with the wants and habits of humanity.

On no subject are the doctors of the Talmud so prone to dilate as on that of the relation between the sexes. The law of betrothal, the rights and rites of marriage, the law of divorce, and the peculiar Jewish institution of Yeboom, or the marriage of the childless widow of a brother, are the subjects of distinct and voluminous treatises. The third of the six orders of the

Talmud, consisting of seven tracts, is entirely occupied with the subject of the rights and duties of women, and of men in relation to women. But in addition to this, questions of the same nature are continually springing forth from ambush in the Ghemara.

It is very difficult, however, to convey to the English reader in appropriate language the mode in which that subject is approached by the Jewish doctors of the Law. Delicacy, according to our ideas, is to them a thing utterly unknown. For modesty they have neither name nor place. Chastity, as exalted into a virtue by the Roman Church, is esteemed by the Halaca to be a violation of a distinct command of the written Law. Virginity, after mature years, is a stigma, if not a sin. With the exception of the prohibition of marriage within certain close limits of consanguinity, which do not forbid a man to take to wife the daughter of his brother or sister, almost the sole duty as to marital relations enforced by the Talmud is the fidelity of a wife to her husband during the existence of the technical marriage-tie. The number of wives legal seems to have been limited only by the wealth of the husband; the rights of contemporary wives up to the number of four (the Mohammedan legal number) being severally discussed in the tract Kedushin. Some question has been raised by modern Jewish writers as to that unlimited freedom of divorce which seems to be contemplated by the tract Gittin. On this point a dispute existed at the time of Christ between the Beth Hillel and the Beth Shamai; the two great schools which seem to have been principally based on the principle of mutual contradiction. The question was submitted to the decision of Christ by the Pharisees,* and replied to by Him almost in the exact words used by the doctors of the Beth Shamai. The Beth Hillel, on the contrary, held that a man was at liberty to divorce his wife for the most trifling cause, such as spoiling a dish. Rabbi Akhiba, a contemporary of Christ, allowed it in the case of a man finding a woman fairer in his eyes than his wife! The modern Jews urge that no society could exist in which such an excuse for divorce was allowable, and insist that the Halaca, or doctrinal decision of the Talmud, rejects the interpretation of R. Akhiba, and discourages divorces except for a legal object. But a special form of bill of divorce, called a bald Get, is mentioned in the treatise Gittin, for an explanation of which the treatise Baba Kama is cited. This was a folded and stitched document, on every fold of which

* Mark x. 2.

it was necessary that the name of a witness should be signed. It was instituted for the express purpose of complicating, and thus delaying, in the case of a priest, the summary proceeding which constituted a divorce, namely, the mere delivery to the wife of a written and witnessed permission to marry anyone she chose. And the reason assigned is, that the priests were often in the habit of divorcing their wives in a sudden fit of passion, of which they repented soon after, when, as priests, it was unlawful for them to take them back, after having gone through the brief formality of delivering the Get. When a special provision against the hasty passion of the priests assumed so determinate a form, we may judge what was likely to be the practice among the bulk of the people. In fact the limitation proposed by the school of Shamai appears to involve a self-contradiction, not as far as morality is concerned, but as regards the actual import of the law. For the provisions as regarded a wife suspected of infidelity were sharp and stern. The treatise Sootah prescribes the administration of the ordeal of the water of separation in any case of suspicion. And the Ghemara shows that the mere fact of being alone with a man constituted a case of legal suspicion, in which it was incumbent on the husband to demand the ordeal. The punishment, in case of conviction, was death. The fact that no room was left for the application of the law of divorce in the sole case to which Beth Shamai would restrict its application, is enough to prove that, however opposed the opposite view might be to sound morality, it was quite consistent with the legislation on the subject.

Another point in which the Oral Law of the Jews appears to have passed, by the time of the completion of the Talmud, through phases similar to those familiar to English lawyers under the name of legal fictions, regards the law of the Sabbath. The precept to rest from work on that day obtained such a comprehensive application, that the question arose whether the wearing of a false tooth on leaving the house on the Sabbath (as being something borne as a burden by the wearer) was not a breach of the law. After sunset on the eve of the Sabbath it was forbidden to go forth with a weapon, with a needle, with a chain, a finger-ring, a girdle, or a purse. Thirty-nine principal occupations are named as forbidden on the Sabbath. Among these are: to tie, to untie, to sew two or more stitches, to kindle or to extinguish fire, to write two letters of the alphabet, or to carry anything from one domicile to another. The excessive severity into which the original command of reposing from work on the Sabbath had thus become exagge-

rated, was met by certain legal fictions respecting what is called 'reshuth,' for which the nearest equivalent is the term domicile.

In the Seder Moed, or second order of the Talmud, which treats of Festivals, the first treatise regards the due observance of the Sabbath-day. But this is followed by the tract Erubin, or the combination of places and limits, by means of which the extreme rigour of the rabbinical ordinances may be considerably lightened. This legislation is so entirely conventional as to show that its growth and development must have been tardy. Thus, according to the Mishna, no man is allowed to go beyond 2,000 paces from the bounds of his domicile on the day of rest—the Sabbath-day's journeys of the Gospels. But if he has deposited food for two meals in any particular place, before the Sabbath, he has established a legal domicile there, beyond which he may go for 2,000 paces. Again, the houses in a court or street may be combined into one 'reshuth,' so as to allow things to be conveyed from one house to another on the Sabbath. Perhaps the most striking proof of the extremely artificial and conventional nature of this elaborate legislation is to be found in the decision, that a man is guilty who plucks a flower, leaf, or fruit from a plant growing in a perforated flower-pot, but guiltless if the pot be not perforated.*

It is impossible to contemplate the history of the Jewish nation as controlled by the iron rule of tradition, and fettered by the subtleties of the Halaca, without a certain feeling of melancholy. There is so much in the heroic endurance of this ancient race; in the sublime contempt of their paternal faith for chance and change in human affairs; in their unshaken expectation, with that which is the evidence of things unseen, of the King Messiah; in the noble confession, 'and though He 'retard his coming, yet will I wait for Him till He appears;' to command sympathy and respect, that we may at first feel at a loss to account for the strict exclusion of the Jews from the comity of nations. The folk lore of the world is instinct with anticipation of good to come. *Rex quondam, Rexque futurus,* was the epitaph of a legendary king, of our own blood, that attested this common expectation. Don Sebastian is even yet expected in Portugal to return from his protracted exile. The sleep of Ragner Lodbrok is to be broken when the old Norse king's time has come. The advent of the twelfth Imaum is expected by the disciples of the Arabian Prophet. No less local, personal, and certain is the reign of Christ which some

* Sabboth, x. 6.

Christians hold to be foretold on earth, and designate as the Millennium. So closely do these expectations, notably the last, join with the one great conservative element of the Jewish creed, that we might be tempted to suppose that the differences which separate that nation from Islam or from Christendom are little other than those idle dogmatic subtleties, which have but little philosophical weight, although they often raise polemical controversy to its whitest glow.

But when we sound the sombre, exclusive, pitiless depths of the inner doctrine of the Talmud, we see that a reason exists for that marked and secular demarcation between the Jew and the Gentile, for which we were about to blame our own intolerance. Purposely and rigidly, in exile no less than in the splendour of the theocratic polity, has the hand of the Jew been directed by the depositaries of his traditions against every man. It is the law of self-defence that has raised the hand of every man against him. Our ancestors were not, after all, so blindly cruel as some writers are too ready to admit. Offers of friendship and of brotherhood are as powerless as are the fires of the Inquisition to break down that moral wall, substantial as the very fortress wall of the Temple, that resisted the voice of Christ, and that has been strengthened by the constant efforts of the doctors of the Talmud for five centuries after the fall of Jerusalem. The power of resistance is the same at this moment that it was two thousand years ago. The point of attack is still the same as in the days of Herod. To the question, 'Who is my neighbour?' the Talmud returns one reply, and the parable of the Good Samaritan another. The mercy to be shown, as Moses taught, to the stranger, is qualified by the Halaca by the assumption that he must also be a proselyte. All questions as to which accord would be otherwise possible, whether in the historic past, or the dimly predicted future, are insoluble, while the justice, mercy, and truth—the weightier matters of the Law—are, by the guardians of the Law of Moses, confined to those of their own faith and blood. The vitality of Judaism was contained in the doctrine, that the Jews had one father, even God. The hope of the future of humanity lies in the good tidings that God is the common Father of mankind.

ART. III.—1. *Promenade autour du Monde,* 1871. Par M. le Baron de HÜBNER, Ancien Ambassadeur. 2 Tomes. Paris: 1873.

2. *Voyage autour du Monde.* Par le Marquis de BEAUVOIR. 3 Tomes. Paris: 1870.

SINCE the tour of the globe has become a trip or excursion for the instruction of youth or the recreation of manhood, no one has described this diorama of mankind with more grace, vivacity, and intelligence than the two writers whose works we have placed at the head of this article. The young Marquis de Beauvoir starts just after his twentieth birthday, completes a voyage of 16,900 leagues, and having visited the British Australian Colonies, encountered the Amazons of the King of Siam, and breakfasted with the First Minister of the Court of Pekin, returns to Paris before he is two and twenty to publish a narrative which would do credit to a much more experienced author. It is impossible to write with more freshness and truth, or in a more enlarged and liberal spirit, than M. de Beauvoir; and if we do not propose to dwell upon his travels on the present occasion, it is because they have already received the honours of translation, and have obtained a very wide circulation in this country.

The publication of Baron Hübner is more recent and, as yet, in England less known; but we must say he is a formidable rival to the young French Marquis. The Baron will be remembered in the diplomatic history of our time as the representative of Austria in Paris, to whom the late Emperor Napoleon III. addressed, on January 1, 1859, the ominous words which announced, to the consternation of Europe, the campaign of that year and the loss of Lombardy to Austria: a speech as memorable in its consequences as the first Napoleon's celebrated sally to Lord Whitworth. He is not less favourably known in the literary world as the author of the 'Life of 'Pope Sixtus V.,' which was first introduced to the English public in this Journal, and which has since been translated by Mr. Jerningham, being in fact a contribution of singular merit to the monographs of papal history. He brings therefore to the observation of new countries and old civilisations a mind trained by a long experience of public affairs and a careful study of past history. To these qualities he adds a facility and elegance in writing by preference in the French language, extremely uncommon in anyone not bred within the *banlieue* of Paris. We can hardly recall an instance of French written

by a German, so playful, idiomatic, and free from effort. Good French prose has this incalculable advantage over all other languages, that it addresses itself alike to the cultivated classes of society in every part of Europe, and for the purposes of a light and discursive narrative like the present it is simply inimitable. But Baron Hübner had other and even higher qualifications for a tourist. Although he travelled in no official capacity, and without pretension, his well-known services and rank in the diplomatic world obtained for him marks of respect both in America and Asia, which are seldom conceded to any private traveller; and his reflections on the social and political condition of these countries are singularly candid, instructive, and acute.

A man who journeys round the globe, starting from an Irish port to the shores of the United States, visiting New York and Washington—the chief seats of American trade and power—whirled in one of Mr. Pullman's cars across the Western continent and the Rocky Mountains, until he reaches at the Salt Lake the strange theocracy of Brigham Young, and at San Francisco the rising confluence of yellow men from the Far East with the rough emigrants of the Far West—who then crosses the Pacific Ocean, and on arriving in Japan, embraces at a grasp the antiquity and the novelty of that extraordinary people—and who winds up by a few weeks at Pekin—does in fact travel through ages and strata of humanity more numerous than the degrees of longitude which he crosses. He passes from the excess of modern luxury and modern appliances for travel to scenes of barbarous rudeness among the wild miners of California; he may happen, if he has bad luck, to be scalped by Red Indians at an outlying railway station; and in Japan he will occasionally be reminded that a very thin layer of civilisation and comity separates him from the two-sworded *samurai* who would infallibly, but a few years ago, have run one of his deadly blades through an intruding stranger. Certainly in no other age of the world could a man pass through scenes so various in so short a space of time; and accustomed as we are to the marvellous celerity of modern locomotion, the dates of this journey of the Baron's fill us with fresh surprise. He leaves Queenstown on May 14, 1871; in a fortnight he is at Chicago; he spends the beginning of June at the Salt Lake, and reaches San Francisco on the 10th; he explores the valley of Jesomiti and the great Pines of California, and embarks on July 1 to cross the Pacific Ocean. Twenty-four days are needed to land him at Yokohama, and he remains two months in Japan.

October is past at Shanghai, Pekin, and Canton, and on January 13, 1872, precisely eight months from the day of departure, he lands at Marseilles. All this is done without hurry or excessive fatigue, and with ample time to gather on the route a large store of observations and reflections.

One remark, though it may savour of national complacency, we will take upon ourselves to make. It adds very much to the value of both these works that they are not written by Englishmen, though they bear a willing and kindly testimony to the vast presence—we had almost said omnipresence—over the globe of the genius and enterprise of England. The Marquis de Beauvoir's account of the Australian colonies is the most lively picture we possess of that last-born offset of Great Britain, which has sprung up into a nation within the lifetime of man; and Baron Hübner followed the broad tracks of the Anglo-Saxon family and language across the Atlantic, across the Pacific, and to the very heart of the oldest communities of the world. Both these intelligent gentlemen are independent witnesses; both attest that the prodigious influence of this country over the destinies of a great part of the human race is never so perceptible as when you have crossed the seas to the furthest limits of the globe. Here in Europe we have ceased to put forth any great pretensions, and the stranger who visits this dusky island may perhaps be disappointed by the absence of grandeur, magnificence, and the conspicuous signs of power. But survey the race which has founded in America the most colossal group of States known in history; watch the growth of the same people in the Southern hemisphere; measure the effects of British commerce, capital, and mechanical inventions upon the once impenetrable arcana of China and Japan; observe ere you return to the West the Indian Empire held in fee by less than 100,000 Englishmen; and it must be acknowledged that the language, the laws, and the genius of a race of men sprung from this island are rapidly tending to encompass and command the earth. The fact is recorded in almost every page of these volumes, with the utmost good will, by these French and Austrian travellers. They found that the English take with them at least one of their virtues—that of hospitality—wherever they go; and, in fact, the voyage they accomplished with so much ease would have been impossible if England and her American descendants had not laid down the rails and organised the lines of steam communication.

We do not propose to loiter any more than Baron Hübner did, in the United States. That is trodden ground. His first impression, indeed, was that everything on the Western Con-

tinent was extremely unlike what he had anticipated, and the boundless luxury and display of New York are rather a perplexing form of democratic equality. But as the Baron observes, in America, wealth and the signs of wealth are not unpopular, because every man hopes that it may come to his turn to enjoy them; and the really cultivated society of America lives apart in a state of refined seclusion which is not surpassed by the Jews of the Middle Ages or the most jealous aristocracy of Europe. At Washington our traveller met one of the Governors of the Western States, who held very singular language. 'Yes,' he said, 'we are a great, a *glorious* nation. 'But we are unsound. We are suffering from the effects of a 'precocious childhood and a forced growth. We have grown 'too fast; and as we reach manhood, we aim at too much and 'work too hard. It is possible, but not probable, that we shall 'live to grow old. The Union has, I fear, no future.' And then continuing the conversation with reference to the condition of the South and the abolition of slavery, he added:—

'"The advocates of emancipation had feared lest the old established proprietors should succeed by indirect means in eluding the law, and in reducing this great act of philanthropy to a mere dead letter. To obviate this danger, the political franchise was granted to the negroes; one consequence of which will be, that in the future elections of a President they will prove masters of the situation, and will turn the scale. Moreover, both Democrats and Republicans outbid each other for their interest, and canvass for their votes." To all of which it is fair to add that President Grant himself is far from depreciating their importance, as is shown by the constant protection he affords them, which naturally results in a continual increase of the number of blacks at the seat of government. In the Southern States they are more or less omnipotent. In South Carolina the Vice-President of the Legislature is a man of colour. Let us see what the "New York Observer" says on this subject:—

'"The state of affairs in South Carolina is nearly intolerable. It arises from two causes: first, because the black population is more numerous than the white; secondly, because the old planters refuse to accept the new order of things, or to share the government of the State with the blacks; so that the latter, allying themselves to the numerous white new-comers, have the conduct of public affairs at their disposal. Out of 125 members composing the Lower House of the Legislature, 90 are black. The proportion in the Senate is nearly the same. The majority of these members is corrupt, and may be bought. Add to this that the landed proprietors of South Carolina lost everything during the war except their land; that they are entirely devoid of ready money; that the taxes have been steadily increasing during the last few years, and that they weigh with merciless severity upon the landowners . . ." The article proceeds to explain how the public money is squandered.

'These details, and others of the same kind, are confirmed by all the Southerners whom I meet, and disputed by all the Northerners. What is the truth, and where is it to be found? One fact there is which is admitted on both sides; namely, that at the present time in the South the blacks are to a certain extent masters of the whites. In some States they assert their power, in others they form the majority of the Government; everywhere they possess indubitable strength: they who in the same places, only a few years ago, were regarded as the lowest of created beings. It is easy to conceive the fury, the despair, the accumulated hatred in the heart of the white man—not, indeed, towards his former slaves, but towards the North, the source, in his opinion, of all his calamities.

'We are spectators of what is now occurring in the South. At this moment Mr. Davis is making a triumphant progress through the country; his speeches electrify his hearers. They may be summed up in two words—Silence and Hope—which signifies Vengeance when the right time comes. The landowners abstain from voting and stand aloof, abandoning the soil to the negroes and to emigrants from the North. The Government has difficulty in procuring the necessary public officers: those appointed, the tax-gatherers for instance, resign immediately, either from fear or because they themselves sympathise with the South. The women, more excitable and more heroic than their husbands, fan the sacred flame of patriotism, which in the eye of the law is treason and rebellion. This is the picture drawn for me by impartial persons, by members of the diplomatic body, by those who, unfamiliar with the two factions, had travelled through the country. Some of these statements are not questioned even by adversaries of the former Confederates. But I repeat, that which all admit, the black element in the South turns the political scale. This anomaly cannot last.' (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 51.)

Wherever democracy has become the preponderating power in society, the same distrust and uncertainty exist as to the future condition of the country: it may be better, it may be worse; but by the very terms of the problem the traditional and hereditary element is extinguished. Each generation subsists for itself, without gratitude to the past or care for the future. And amongst these strange predictions, not unfrequent in America, it is not uncommon to meet with men who sigh for absolute power, not in the form of monarchy, but of imperialism and a military dictatorship.

You are whirled across the continent of America in Mr. Pullman's cars at the rate of fifty or sixty miles an hour—at least so the Baron assures us—but we cannot discover the motive for incurring the excessive risk and expense of this prodigious velocity, and we rather doubt the fact. The distance from New York to San Francisco is 3,300 miles, which is performed in seven days and nights, including stoppages. If that be so, the rate of travelling is not much more than twenty

miles an hour. The company in the cars, in spite of prodigiously high fares, becomes equivocal. The men are roughly dressed and carry one or two revolvers. The women relinquish the toilettes dear to American eyes. These people are going for the most part to seek their fortunes. In one of these prodigious vehicles, which resemble ships more than carriages—for you dine in the midst of the dust, and sleep (if you can) in the heat and noise—you cross the Mississippi on a sort of tressel bridge.

'At seven o'clock we crossed the Mississippi at foot's pace, by a bridge of bold and recent construction. It seemed to bend beneath our weight, and gave to the carriages the motion of a boat floating upon a slightly heaving sea. The silent waters of this immense river flow between low wooded banks, lit up at this moment by the last rays of the sun as if by magic. You are perhaps the more struck by the strange beauty of the landscape from the simplicity of its features. Profound melancholy and savage grandeur form its chief characteristics. It is one of those scenes which fix themselves for ever in the memory of the traveller. Scarcely do we reach the right bank when some sloping ground allows us to look back and contemplate the bridge which we have just ventured across. A spider's web, with the upper part cut horizontally, seems to stretch itself across the flaming heavens. One asks oneself, How shall this filigree support a train? At this moment a solitary engine advances, slowly and as if with hesitation. It reminds me of Blondin on his tight rope, and I involuntarily shut my eyes.' (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 107.)

The terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad is at Ogden, 1,032 miles beyond Omaha and 882 miles from San Francisco. A branch line, 37 miles in length, goes from Ogden to Salt Lake City. You meet at the station an Indian chief with a helmet of feathers and a face daubed with ochre. He looks with sorrowful complacency on the Mormons getting into the train, accompanied by two or three of their wives. These people are Europeans, for the recruits of Mormonism are, alas! not American, but Welsh, English, or Scandinavian. In this company our Baron reaches Salt Lake City, and is received by one Townsend, an elder, in the worst of inns. The aspect of the city is curious. Houses buried in acacias and cotton-trees; abundant fresh water brought down from the hills; an atmosphere of singular purity; a population strangely enslaved by absolutism and superstition. The tabernacle and the theatre are the chief places of resort. Baron Hübner was received with some degree of state ceremony by Brigham Young. The conversation of the patriarch is scarcely worth repeating; but his manner, and his audacious claim to a divine mission, left on the Austrian traveller, not unused to observe

Popes and Emperors, the impression that he is a man of no ordinary power. He was at that time about seventy years of age, but appeared much younger. His eyes, which do not look you in the face, indicate more cunning than intelligence; his mouth is sensual, his square large chin has an expression of firmness and almost of cruelty. Such a face at once fascinates and repels you. But with all this, Brigham Young has succeeded, after innumerable perils and struggles, which might have daunted the firmest faith and courage, in imposing his will on some 200,000 of his fellow-creatures in a sceptical age and in a free country. He has created a state in a desert, and a state founded on the denial of the principles, the morals, and the traditions of the whole civilised world. Probably at the moment at which we write, he is on his way to plant some other tabernacle in the deserts of Arizona, and his sect will perish with himself. But few men have played the part of a great impostor and a great tyrant with more complete success. His power over his devotees reminds us of the Old Man of the Mountain in the days of the Crusades, and he is equally regardless of human suffering and abasement. The essence of Mormonism is thus summed up by our author:—

'It is absolutism carried to its furthest limits and personified in the chief of a religion. On the part of the believers an entire faith in the person of the prophet. No worship, for his short sermon on Sunday and the singing at the tabernacle do not deserve that name. As regards the masses, they have no conviction, no religious sentiment, or rather all their religious sentiments are concentrated in the fanatical adoration of Brigham Young.

'*Work* and *faith* are the fundamental principle of his sovereignty. Work is necessarily hard and manual, to the last excess, for men must live, and they have, moreover, to pay off the debts they have contracted to the President for their journey and first establishment in the country. This excessive labour accounts for the marvellously rapid growth of the work of colonisation. A universal monopoly, embracing every thing and everybody, is in the hands of the prophet. He intervenes in everything, either personally or by his bishops, in the nearest family relations, in private affairs, in matters of business. In all difficulties recourse is to be had to the oracular voice of Brigham Young. And, to sum up all, polygamy, declared to be the duty and privilege of men, has been in practice for twenty years. Such is Mormonism.' (Vol. i. p. 197.)

The first station on the road from Salt Lake City to San Francisco is at Corinne—the last new thing in America—a city of two or three thousand people which has sprung into existence in the last four years—but a Gentile city opposite the new Jerusalem, the Carthage of the new Rome. A rail-

road takes you there in three hours, and in the streets of this new cave of Adullam you meet a strange mixture of white men armed to the teeth with bowie-knives and revolvers, red men stript to their shirts if they have any, and yellow men from China, who seem better able than most of their fellow-creatures to endure everything and to turn everything to advantage. The Baron was taken to a 'pow-wow' of Red Indians on the banks of the Bear River, and returned to dine at the Metropolitan Hotel. The strange contrasts of human life he saw on that day might have filled a chapter of Plutarch.

On the 8th June he leaves Corinne, crosses the alkaline plains of the great American desert, and the Sierra Nevada, and arrives on the 10th at San Francisco. The Pacific railroad, in spite of its obvious political importance and its immense convenience, has not as yet proved to be a good speculation. We doubt whether it will become so. The number of persons who want to take a journey of 3,000 miles, and can afford to pay for it, is necessarily limited, and there is no intermediate population whatever. Baron Hübner evidently doubts whether the future of the Western States bordering on the Pacific can be permanently linked to that of the Eastern States bordering on the Atlantic.

We were not prepared for so gloomy an account of the climate of San Francisco. As far as Oakland, where the train stops, on the opposite shore of the bay, all is sunshine and tropical heat. In ten minutes you descend to a very low temperature and the atmosphere of Glasgow in November. San Francisco is but five miles from the Pacific Ocean, but the city turns its back on the sea. It lies buried apparently in a perpetual cold fog, more especially in the height of summer, from a peculiar condensation of moisture in the gullet of the sound; and though surrounded by sites of remarkable beauty, the city itself appears to be one of the ugliest spots on the face of the globe. But there are greater evils in the California Eldorado than its fogs and dust of ochre. The wiser part of the population have already found out that the gold, which raised them to sudden notoriety and fortune, is in reality a source of evil and danger; that 'mining is a curse,' because it brings with it a wild, undisciplined, and unscrupulous population, and because immense tracts of fertile soil have been literally destroyed by the efforts made to extract a little gold dust from their strata. Wealth, not once but for ever, might have been raised by patient industry from those sterilized furrows; and agriculture would have established there a class

of settlers, very different from disappointed adventurers and ferocious banditti.

All the most curious and perplexing questions of the immigration of races exist in full activity at San Francisco. The bulk of the emigrants are Irish, Chinese, and Germans, with a hotch-pot of Swiss, English, French, Spaniards, and Americans. It is the most singular combination that can be conceived; and the result may well be the evolution of some novel forms of humanity. Meanwhile, however, the old forms treat each other with excessive intolerance and brutality; and the condition of the Chinaman in California is not much above the condition of the negro, except that he is at liberty to return to his own country. Every one of the monthly steamers which cross the Pacific brings from 800 to 1,200 Chinese passengers to San Francisco, or takes back a returning party of emigrants, with a fortune in their trunks and the bitterest hatred of Christian civilisation in their breasts.

Baron Hübner remarks, that since the irruption of the barbarians in the fourth century, the world has not beheld so strange and chaotic a confusion of races as that which exists at this moment on the western shores of the American continent. But this is not all. The traveller who reaches those distant longitudes finds himself in what may be termed the penumbra of civilisation. Men are driven there by fierce material wants and passions—the thirst for gold, the love of adventure, the pursuit of gain; but it is impossible that the moral forces which control and guide society should keep pace with this boiling surge of men, who people a province in a decade. They are without religion, without education, without a clergy, and without an educated class, almost without laws. Human nature is stripped of its traditions and disguises. Almost all that constitutes a civilised nation and a State has yet to be called into being; and it is difficult to foresee or to conceive by what process these wild elements will eventually be moulded into a more compact form. Nothing is more perplexing than the contrast between the savage condition of the inhabitants and the mechanism of civilisation which is cropping up in that rude soil, under the influence of the railroad, the steamer, and the ideas imported from Europe and the Eastern States of America.

The tourist may embark on the first day of every month at San Francisco in a huge paddle-wheel steamer, which arrives on the 24th, with the punctuality of a railroad, at Yokohama, in Japan. But this passage of the Pacific is one of the most extraordinary exploits of our age. The distance is 5,000 geo-

graphical miles, without a port to touch at or a harbour of refuge. The crews of the vessels are Chinese, with American officers and engineers. The vessels themselves have scarcely any rigging or sails. Scarcely a ship is to be seen on those unfrequented seas, except the sister-packet performing the same voyage on the opposite course. The severest precautions are taken against fire, for a fire on board in the mid-Pacific would be inevitable destruction. Thus far the voyages have been singularly fortunate. The vessels of the company had made eighty voyages down to 1871 without an accident, though two or three have since perished in harbour.

No unofficial traveller has as yet visited Japan with higher qualifications than those possessed by Baron Hübner. His social and political rank were at once recognised by the Japanese, who have a keen perception of those distinctions, known only in aristocratic societies. The barriers still subsisting by treaty, which exclude Europeans from the interior of the country, fell before him; and he penetrated into the recesses of Japanese life, the ancient temples of an outworn faith, the palace of the Mikado (now deserted), and even to the presence of that mysterious potentate. He had hardly been a week in Yokohama, when he started, with Mr. Van der Hoven, the Netherlands Minister, on an expedition to Fujiyama—the well-known mountain, which figures in a thousand Japanese designs, by a route hitherto inaccessible to strangers. His object was not to ascend the mountain for the purpose of seeing a bird's-eye view of the country, but to reach the shrines and places of pilgrimage, which in that land of irreligion are still consecrated by the superstition of the people. The party started, as it is called, in *kangho*, from the feudal town of Odowara, at the foot of the mountain. A kangho is a board or litter, on which the traveller sits or reclines, holding on by holes made to receive his fingers. Four naked men lift the board, and in this way plunge at once into a river. The current is strong, the stream is deep, the sea itself not far off; but the intrepid bearers carry you across and land you on the opposite sand. From time to time—indeed every few minutes—they shift their load with marvellous rapidity from one shoulder to the other, and on each occasion they bow to one another with infinite politeness, and assurances that they are eager to relieve their weary companions. Everything was gay as light; the flowers glistened, the sun sparkled, and the company laughed and joked at every step of the way. Thus they reached Joshida, celebrated for its great Shintoite temple, to which innumerable pilgrims wend their way in the months of July

and August. They were lodged in an immense temple-inn on one of the spurs of the mountain. A host of pilgrims, clad in white, were defiling along the street. Those who descend the mountain have their garments stamped by the innkeeper, to attest the performance of the pilgrimage. People of quality hang up their coat-of-arms to show they have been there. One could understand this fervour in a country of Mahommedan zealots or Roman Catholic believers; but the most extraordinary thing is, that in Japan these marks of devotion are paid by an incredulous people to the sanctuary of an extinct faith. The following scene is so strange and characteristic that we are tempted to translate it:—

'The innkeeper officiates as priest, or rather as guardian of the temple, for, as I am assured, the Shintoite religion recognises no priesthood, in the ordinary sense of the word. The members of the present government are systematically opposed to Buddhism, which is the faith held by the immense majority of the people. The tenets of Shintoism are nearly forgotten. The literate class are alone familiar with them. They are ignored by the political men of the day, and freely confounded with the doctrines of Confucius, which, in fact, are no more than lofty moral maxims. Every one knows that the great Chinese philosopher, on being questioned by one of his disciples concerning the existence of another world, replied, "I know nothing about it, I never was there." Such is the religion of the present councillors of the Mikado; and thus do they practise Shintoism, which they protect and indirectly impose upon the people as the religion of the State. But it seems that exception may be taken to this version of their proceedings. Shintoism was certainly the ancient religion of the country, but it has been forced to give way to Buddhism, which, having first been officially brought into China at the end of the first century of our era, invaded, and one may say conquered, Japan in the middle of the sixth. The old faith professed for form's sake by the Mikados was overcome by the doctrines and practices of Buddhism. As for the *shoguns*, they were all Buddhists. That explains the rapid spread of the religion imported from India by way of China, and one also understands how the dogmas and the rites of the ancient religion fell first into disuse and afterwards into oblivion. The official Shintoism of the day consists in the denial of all faith, and in the abolition of all observances; in the destruction of the Buddhist temples already begun by the demolition of a large portion of the celebrated sanctuary of Kamakura, and in the confiscations aimed at the property of the priests. Clearly this is not the old religion of the empire. In many temples both forms of religion have been carried on simultaneously; in others, as in those of Yoshida and its environs, many Buddhist ceremonies congenial to the people have been introduced by degrees. Nowhere have the doctrines, the dogmas, or the observances of the ancient faith been truly preserved in their original purity.

'In this spot, however, and all around the base of Fujiyama, the

people profess the old religion of the country, but more or less practise Buddhism. Our reverend innkeeper comes of a noble family, and by reason of his holy office he abstains from carrying arms. Every afternoon he assumes his official vestments and betakes himself to the Great Temple. His wife, still beautiful, but wanting in dignity—alas! I see her every evening somewhat the worse for *saki*—his two daughters, who discharge the duties of serving-maids at the inn, and his son, a charming lad of fifteen, compose his family circle. This young *samurai*, with his two swords, likes to parade before us dressed as a gentleman should be. His good manners are equalled by the delicacy of his feelings. A slight incident which occurred on the return of my companions was a proof of this. One of them wished to carry away a votive picture as a memorial; the scruples of the innkeeper having been overcome by a munificent bribe, the work of art was unhooked and handed over to its new owner. But they had reckoned without the young *samurai*, who began to sob. "You have no right to sell that picture," said he to his father; "it is the property of the temple, it is one of the ornaments of our house, which belonged to our ancestors, and is your's now, but one day will be mine. And to let a stranger carry it off! what a shame! what a calamity!" and then a fresh torrent of tears. It is hardly necessary to add that the picture was reinstated in its place.

'The Great Temple stands at a few steps from the entrance to the upper town, in the midst of a sacred wood of ten times centenarian cedars and cryptomerias. A long avenue of these venerable trees, with a double row of stone lanterns, leads from the high road to the *gallows*—that is to say, to the isolated gateway whose upright supports consist of two beams, rather out of the perpendicular, across which two more are laid horizontally one above the other. This unostentatious, and, it must be confessed, somewhat repulsive entrance, since it suggests a gibbet, is found in all Shintoite temples, and leads to an angular courtyard of oblong form. In the centre, in front of the temple itself, is a platform raised five or six feet from the ground, and sheltered by a heavy roof, reminding one of a felt hat with a broad turned-up brim. Some tressels reserved for the priests, and placed there for the occasion, unite the platform to the temple. There are steps leading up to it; a gallery extends along the whole front. Behind the gallery, a vestibule affords access to the sanctuary, which is completely exposed to the gaze of the profane, and which contains the altar, with its candelabras, its censers, and the sacred mirror wherein the Divinity is reflected. The heaviness of the roofing appears to crush the edifice. The friezes are elaborately carved, and still preserve traces of gilding. We greatly admired some *itchos* (salisburia adimantifolia) of rare beauty in the courtyard, and a stone fountain with a roof to protect it, completed by a bronze water-pipe in the form of a serpent-dragon. We visited the temple every afternoon.

'On the eve of our departure, there was a great function. The court was filled with people. Upon the daïs, where had been erected a small altar decorated with flowers, on which was the mystic mirror, appeared a priest, clad in a flowing robe of silk, with a helmet upon his head and

two blades by his side, to perform the sword dance. It was a furious combat with an imaginary foe. He passed from the defensive to the attack, then drew back, turned on his heel, and again rushed in pursuit of the demon who, this time, was decidedly vanquished. The platform, scene of the combat, was at most twenty feet square. The warrior was often obliged to retrace his steps. His noble gestures were modulated by the plaintive notes of a flute, with the harsh and lugubrious accompaniment of a big drum. The band consisted in an old man and a child squatting on their heels in a corner of the daïs. The warrior at last retired inside the temple. At this juncture half-a-dozen priests appeared on the steps and flung small copper coins to the women and children.

'Second ceremony.—A high priest now presented himself at the threshold of the temple, and advanced majestically towards the daïs. His mien was that of a tragedian. He dragged one foot after the other, and paused a moment at each step. He wore a species of chasuble, richly embroidered. The general effect of his garment was suggestive of our own church vestments. His partially shaved head—for he was a Shintoite, and not a Buddhist—was bound round with a pink riband, having one end so effectually stiffened with gum that it stood erect above his forehead, waving gracefully. In his hand he carried a bow, slung over his shoulder by a belt was a quiver full of arrows. Profound silence reigned through the blue and flesh-tinted crowd—the invariable hue of all crowds in Japan. The monotonous note of the cricket, and the light evening breeze playing in the cedars, were the only sounds we heard. Thousands of eyes followed the priest, but no face betrayed the slightest emotion, or wore the expression of devout feeling or of holy meditation, or even of common curiosity. Those near us seemed to consider us as more worthy objects of their attention. They regarded us with a half-scared look. Two white men at the Temple of Yoshida! On the priest's reaching the daïs the music struck up afresh. The flute executed recitatives of the most undoubted antiquity; from time to time the big drum produced an imitation of a distant storm. The high priest, after stalking several times round the platform with his tragic air and his eyes turned towards heaven, suddenly bent forward, drew his bow, aimed at the evil spirit which he perceived, let fly the arrow, and killed him dead. Immediately a hymn of victory was heard on the flute. The priest continued his walk, discovered and slew another demon, the music again interpreting the successive phases of the combat. Finally, after delivering the neighbourhood of Yoshida from several of these evil beings, the priest chanted a hymn, flung some beans into the air, prostrated himself before the mirror, and withdrew.

'Words fail me to describe the play of his features, the classical beauty of his attitudes, the striking effect of the music, the noble and mysterious majesty of the scene. The attitudes of the priest were, I repeat, classical, but not only so in a general sense; one could not fail to perceive in them a likeness to the well-known examples of Greek sculpture of the best period. On the other hand, the transitions from one position to another bore the stamp of Japanese taste; the movements,

though abrupt, were never ungraceful, yet constantly exaggerated and verging on the burlesque. There is not a shadow of a doubt that these ceremonies date from a remote period of time. Nothing is more natural than that certain rhythmical movements should appear in the wood-carvings and in the sacred paintings of Japan; but who will explain the classical purity of the attitudes, and their incontestable analogy to Greek art, while in the artistic efforts of the country itself no trace of the same character is to be discovered? Is this mere chance? I do not admit such a common-place explanation of an obscure subject. Can Greek art have penetrated to the extreme East during its golden age, or shortly afterwards? On this point history leaves us to our own conjectures.

'After the extirpation of the evil spirits the priest reappeared on the threshold of the temple, to scatter small coins among the people. Encouraged by the aspect of the public, we resolutely mounted the steps and exchanged the customary compliments with the priests, who on their side received us with extreme politeness, accepted a humble offering, and, handing us a supply of small change, invited us to take part in the distribution of it. Here we are, then, transformed into priests, and throwing money to hundreds of the faithful, who rushed backwards and forwards and up and down, tumbling over each other. A burlesque scene, hardly in harmony with the sanctity of the spot! The whole assembly, including the priests, laughed heartily. Amongst the latter I recognised the warrior of the two swords and the slayer of demons. Freed from their warlike accoutrements and from their disguise, they looked inoffensive, common-place, and peaceable enough.

'After this sacrilegious interlude, the last act of the ceremony commenced. The priests all assembled in the sanctuary. Sitting on their heels in a circle in front of the altar, they passed a sacred cup from one to the other. It contained a liquid which was poured out into a saucer, and each in his turn drank of it. They all sang in chorus, then rose, crossed the hall, where they resumed their sandals, and retired. They are clad in tunics of white, blue, or red, according to their rank; the white distinguishes the highest order. On their head is the stiffly-gummed riband, or else the black lacquered paper cap, which is worn at Court by those of high rank.

'The sun was setting behind Fujiyama, but not without illuminating, with the radiance of Bengal fire, that triple and quadruple screen of mountains on the east, which so few Europeans have beheld, but which we shall cross to-morrow or the day after. The sky was pink, with light blue clouds floating about it. Only at Yokohama, and but rarely there, have I witnessed such effects of light. I imagined myself in an ideal world, in some enchanted region; and in my dreams I rejoice to see over again the strange, mysterious, and poetic scene of the Great Temple of Yoshida.' (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 440.)

This conflict of the Shintoit and Buddhist faiths is one of the most remarkable and characteristic facts in the history of Japan, and its results are not yet accomplished. The Shintoite or Kami religion appears to have been autochthonic—the

original traditional creed of the Japanese islands. It embodies the legend of Izanaghi and Izanami, the deities who created the habitable world and in particular the islands of Japan. From them descend in a direct line the race of the Mikados. Izanaghi bequeathed to his race the disc of polished silver which is the emblem of their faith. This mirror was to be looked at every day before they said their prayers, to mark the traces which passion or care might have left upon the countenance: it is the emblem of purity and conscience, and it still remains the sole central and spiritual image of the divinity in every Shintoite temple. The tenets of the Shintoite faith are imperfectly known, if it has any; but its *mias* or temples appear to have been originally mere commemorative chapels of the heroes of old, and it has no priesthood.* The Mikado has invariably continued to be its chief representative, and derives his authority from this tradition. Buddhism, on the contrary, was certainly introduced into Japan in the sixth century of our own era, and it bears all the marks of its Indian origin. The Buddhist temples are still adorned with elephants' heads, though that animal is unknown in Japan. Buddhism was introduced by the Shoguns, and remained to the last their form of religion. The splendid Buddhist temples, tombs, and monasteries were all built and founded by them. The power of the Shoguns, or Taikoons,† being now abolished and the office extinguished by the resumption of absolute power by the Mikado, the Ministers of that potentate seem to have thought that the Buddhist religion, which was that of the Shoguns, ought to perish with them, although that creed is still held by the majority of the people.

The great tombs of two Taikoons or Shoguns, as it is now the fashion to call them, are in the Shiba or great Buddhist establishment at Yedo—we know not whether to call it a temple or a monastery: and at Kamakura, which was anciently the residence of the Shoguns, there was a magnificent Buddhist temple, containing in its groves of cedars a bronze monu-

* Professor Max Müller observes, in his lectures on the Science of Religion, that in Chinese the spirits are called *Shin*, and that this name denotes every invisible power and influence which can be perceived in operation in the universe. It is also applied to *man*. The spirits of the departed are called in Chinese *kwei*.

† The title of Taikoon is modern and dates from 1858. The greatest of the Shoguns, Taikosama, ruled from 1586 to 1593, and was succeeded by Ieyas Ghongensama: this prince made the office hereditary in his family, and established the constitution which subsisted until 1858.

mental bust of Buddha, 60 feet high, which is one of the wonders of the world. This Daiboudhs, as it is called, is figured at p. 240 of M. Humbert's marvellous work on Japan, and we hope it has not perished. But the reforming government has not hesitated to strike down the whole ecclesiastical structure. The monasteries of the bonzes have been turned into barracks. The bonzes have been sent about their business and told to marry. The temple at Kamakura was in ruins when Baron Hübner visited the spot in 1871. Even the demolition of the Shiba and its magnificent tombs, which are, or were, the most perfect specimens of Japanese art at its best period under Taiko-Sama, was decided upon in June 1872. In other countries such ravages have been committed by popular revolutions. In Japan they have been deliberately ordered by the Government, apparently to obliterate every vestige of the traditions to which the country has, till within the last few years, clung with such exclusive devotion. However we may regret the destruction of what is beautiful and interesting in art, it is impossible not to feel that this stern overthrow of the idols of a degrading superstition, by the will of the chief rulers of the nation, is eminently significant of a return to a purer faith. The Japanese of the present day appear, thus far, to be indifferent to the destruction of their false gods, although the Japanese Christians of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries showed a courage and endurance in defence of their faith unsurpassed in the annals of martyrdom, and perished rather than forego it.

This work of revolution by law was proceeding when Baron Hübner reached Japan. Edicts were published day after day which overturned the institutions of ages, swept away the powers of formidable nobles and chiefs, and even changed the religion and language of the people. A venerable Japanese nobleman named Sawa, who had till then acted as Minister of Foreign Affairs, was turned out of office. He dined next day at the legation, and said with all the grace of a weary Minister not depending on office for occupation or for distinction, 'I shall be charmed to return to my books.' He was succeeded by Iwakura Tomomi, one of the great promoters of the reform, whom we have since had the honour to receive in this country, and who in the revolution of 1868 played a most conspicuous part. He is by birth a man of rank, but till this crisis began he had lived in obscurity.* In two conversations

* It is much to be regretted that the Japanese Embassy, of which this illustrious person formed a prominent part, arrived in England in

with Baron Hübner, this statesman gave the following account of his policy :—

'"The Daimios," said Iwakura, "were kept within bounds by the Shogun. Several of them were subject to his direct authority. On the abolition of the office of Shogun they everywhere acquired complete independence. This became intolerable. The restoration of the Mikado was imperative; that is the task that we have undertaken, and in three years it will be accomplished. The *Hans* [*clans?*] have been recently suppressed. The former Daimios will not even be permitted to rule over their old estates. We shall compel them to come to live in Yedo with their families. Men of capacity, of whatever caste, will be appointed governors. By that claim only—namely, that they are capable men—may the Daimios hope to be reinstated in the high offices of State. The small clans will be forced to unite themselves to the large clans, and an army will be formed of soldiers hitherto in the pay and under the orders of the late Daimios.

'"Our enemies maintain that we are hostile to the religion of the people. This is not so. We do not contemplate the destruction of Buddhism. We shall only purify those temples originally dedicated to Shinto. The Shoguns have consecrated them to Buddha in an irregular fashion, either by introducing his rites to the exclusion of all others, or by permitting Shintoism (which from all ages has been the official religion, namely, that of the Mikado) to be practised at the same time and place."'

This certainly is not true. The Buddhist temples were built by the Shoguns. They were entirely different and distinct from the Kami or Shinto temples, and they have been, not purified, but destroyed.

'"Regarding taxation, it is true that the peasants under the Daimios were exempt whenever the crops turned out ill, and that the Emperor's Administration cannot afford a similar bounty, since the public expenditure comes to the same whether the year be good or bad. But we shall endeavour to diminish the burdens which weigh upon the rural population, by causing them to be shared in, to a certain extent, by the shopkeepers and working-men, hitherto free from all taxation."' (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 525.)

August last year, when the society of London was dispersed, and when the real importance of the members of the Embassy was still imperfectly known. We have heard that these gentlemen expressed some surprise that they had not been entertained at the country-houses of any of *our* Daimios, with the exception of Lord Blantyre, who for the honour of Scotland did receive them with due hospitality on the banks of the Clyde. Had Baron Hübner's book preceded their journey, we should have known more of Iwakura and his distinguished companions. The Japanese gentlemen who have remained in England mix freely in the best society.

And again:

'"My desire is to maintain friendly relations with foreign countries, and to carry out great reforms in my own. It is untrue that Japan has always remained inaccessible to foreigners. Two causes have contributed to the voluntary isolation of the empire: first, the usurpation of the Shoguns, who feared that contact with the outer world might place their power in jeopardy; secondly, the rising of the Christians.* The Mikado, once restored to his throne and to the plenitude of his power, has nothing to fear, like the Shoguns, from the curiosity of strangers. They are at liberty to examine his title. It is incontestable, and no one will be able to throw any doubt upon it. The success of the revolution of 1868, and the consent of the two great clans Satsuma and Chôshiu to the sacrifice of their privileges, are explained by the universal veneration enjoyed by the Mikado. It animates all hearts, and the usurpation which has existed during so many centuries has failed to eradicate it."

'We alluded also to the travels of the Japanese in Europe and in America. I ventured to observe to the Minister that it might perhaps be better to send out a few well-informed experienced men than so large a number of raw ignorant boys, incapable of appreciating all they see in Europe, and liable, moreover, to fall victims to the dangerous seductions of our large towns.

'Iwakura replied: "These are the words of wisdom; but nevertheless the young men bring back new ideas, and disseminate them throughout the land. In this manner their travels may be productive of good."

'He added, laughing heartily, like all Japanese: "We have the reputation of being liars. The real liars were the Shoguns, whose aim was to pass themselves off as real sovereigns."

'It is not to ourselves only that Iwakura has propounded his schemes of reform. He speaks with the same frankness to all whom he meets. "You are afraid," says he, "or some of you are afraid, that we are unequal to the magnitude of our undertaking, and that, if we fail, the foreigners will be the first to suffer. Take courage. In Europe, kings are chosen by their people; in Japan, the people are persuaded that the Emperor came down from heaven, and that mankind should be his slaves. So that the princes and the *samurais* have always regarded the Mikado as a master to whom they owe a blind allegiance.

'"This is the basis of our public law. My friends and I had long since meditated the abolition of the Daimios; but it was a most dangerous enterprise suddenly to deprive 260 grandees of their prerogatives. Nevertheless, we perceived that these princes caused a permanent obstruction to the reforms which we were determined to introduce into the country, and to the expansion which we desired to see in our relations abroad. Consequently, as every one knows, I went myself to

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* Alluding to the revolt of the Christian inhabitants of Arima and of Shimabara (to the east of Nagasaki), driven to despair by the cruelty of the governor in 1638.

confer with the Satsumas and the Chôshius, and I persuaded the chief men amongst them to agree to the immediate and entire abolition of the clans. The Tosas, invited to join us, acquiesced also. Now we are engaged in embodying 10,000 men as a guard, and in establishing an imperial army. Already have the three clans made over their troops to us. The others will be forced to follow their example; and by that means we shall be in a position to quell every effort to resist us.

'"The Imperial Government has fixed its seat at Yedo, and there will the various branches of the public service be concentrated. The duties and the taxes in all the different territories will be under its jurisdiction. Our revenue amounts to twelve millions of rios. The duties levied at the ports are insignificant. Our task is hard, but we shall succeed. The Shoguns lied; we shall speak the truth to all."' (*Hübner*, vol. i. p. 559.)

These are most curious declarations, from which it would seem that the usurpation of the Shoguns, which imposed on Lord Elgin at the time of the first Treaty, was the cause of the exclusion of foreigners; and that this sceptical people, who believe in nothing else, have an unqualified faith in the divine right of Mikados: so that a popular revolution against a powerful military aristocracy has been accomplished in the name of the principles of legitimacy, which have taken refuge in Japan. But this view of the causes of the revolution in Japan is not borne out by the evidence subsequently collected by Baron Hübner. The revolution was not made by the Mikado or his Ministers, for in 1868 they had none of the means requisite for such an undertaking. It was really made by the chiefs of the four great clans, Satsumas, Chôshius, Tosas, and Hizen, who first overthrew the power of the Taikoon and probably caused the last Taikoon to be assassinated; and then established a government of their own, under the name of the Mikado. They ostensibly made some sacrifices of their own independent power as nobles, but they possessed themselves of the supreme power in the State; and they have thus reduced the other nobles less powerful than themselves, and the whole community, into subjection to the law and authority of the central power, now in their hands. This view of the revolution will be established by further evidence, which we shall quote before we conclude; and it can hardly be reconciled with Iwakura's statement to the Baron. The divine authority of the Mikado would not have accomplished such a revolution if it had not been backed by a substantial and irresistible power.

It is not our intention to follow our traveller in his descriptions of the scenery and manners of Japan. They have been portrayed of late years by many a pen, though by none more

graphic than that of Baron Hübner. Considering the short period which has elapsed since Lord Elgin's memorable visit in 1858, and the restrictions still subsisting on foreign intercourse with the interior, it is surprising how familiar we have already become with Japanese life. Here again, the modern invention of photography has been our best friend. Every object has been reproduced with absolute fidelity, and M. Humbert's beautiful work 'Le Japon illustré' really leaves nothing to be desired in point of graphic representation of the people and the country, whilst the text of that volume, written whilst M. Humbert was Swiss Minister in Japan, contains a very valuable amount of historical information. We doubt if so complete a record exists of the dress, ornaments, and occupations of any race of men, unless it be in the vast ruins of Egyptian monuments from which modern science and ingenuity has reconstructed the domestic and social history of an extinct nation. But these superficial impressions are after all of secondary interest in comparison with the problems and contrasts which the internal condition of the Japanese presents. At one moment so simple, gay, contented, docile, and good-natured, at another so crafty, suspicious, and sanguinary—with so many of the charms and imperfections of childhood, and so many of the vices of old age—exquisite and original beyond all Eastern nations in the practice of the ornamental and industrial arts, yet apparently devoid of all that moral sense or soul of which the fine arts are but the expression—hospitable, courteous, and high-bred, yet at times exclusive and vindictive—devoid of the first principles of religious faith, without a thought of the origin or future destiny of man, but jealous and intolerant of the intrusion of any form of religion which tends to shake their fabric of absolute government based on a theocratic tradition. Such is the picture we gather from Baron Hübner's impression of the Japanese. It is precisely the description which might be anticipated of an ingenious, cultivated, and luxurious people, in whom the qualities which dignify man—belief, heroism, moral sympathy, self-sacrifice—have either not existed or have in the course of ages disappeared.* Yet amongst the people there is much gaiety and happiness, with small traces of poverty or distress; and it must be confessed that the statesmen who have set on foot, and thus far

* Throughout Japan children are taught to repeat a ditty called the 'Irova,' which is so composed as to familiarise them with the forty-eight letters of the language. It is the catechism of Japanese infancy, and consists of four lines to the following effect:—

successfully carried on, the present revolution, have shown qualities of courage, confidence, and power which would do honour to the most cultivated nations of the earth.

One of the principal objects Baron Hübner had in view was to obtain an audience of the Mikado—an honour which had never been conceded to any stranger as a personal favour but once, and that was Mr. Seward, late Secretary of State of the American Union. His embassies at the Tuileries and the Vatican, and his recent interview with Brigham Young, appear to have given him a taste for audiences. A long negotiation had preceded this memorable interview, which marked so great a change in the habits of the Japanese Court; but the Ministers of the day were not indisposed to accede to the Baron's wishes, and to receive with becoming solemnity an eminent servant of the august House of Hapsburg. The description of the ceremony is extremely curious:—

'This morning a chamberlain called upon us in a sort of phaeton, built at Hong-Kong, probably the only vehicle in their possession, for the use of carriages is unknown at the Imperial Court. The Mikado never goes out.*

'At noon, Mr. Adams, Mr. Satow, and myself left the legation, preceded and followed by the English orderlies on horseback, and by twenty Japanese horsemen. The *betos* ran by the side of the carriage. The distance from the suburb of Tanagama is about four miles. All along the route the cross-streets were blocked by ropes; sentinels were placed at short intervals. The guards presented arms. A dense crowd, curious but indifferent, thronged behind the ropes.

'At the outer gate of the palace we found some soldiers under arms, and so again at the second entrance and about the castle. These troops,

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'Smell and colour disappear.
In this world what can last?
To-day is vanishing into nothing:
It is the image of a dream, and is gone.'

What a picture do these lines convey to the mind of a polished and cultivated positivism, which sees little in the world and nothing beyond it!

* A few months later, by the advice of his reforming minister, the Emperor was seen by his astonished subjects in an open carriage. Last summer (1872) he drove through the streets of Yokohama in a hired vehicle. The Child of the Gods wore a fancy uniform, half sailor, half ambassador. Wheel-carriages were unknown in Yedo till after the revolution. The *noriman* and the *kangho*, palanquins and litters, were the only conveyance. But more recently the *shin-ri-sha*, a species of perambulator, has been introduced, and there are now 20,000 of them in Yedo. *Shin* means *man*, *riki*, force; and the last syllable is a corruption of the English word *car*. It is a man-force-car.

armed and partly clad like Europeans, looked well, though somewhat embarrassed by their disguise. On the other hand, the *yakunins* and other officers of the civil and military service, who wore the costume and the arms of the country, presented an imposing and splendid appearance. Having crossed the last bridge over the great moat of the palace, we dismounted, and were ushered into the private garden of the Mikado, which is rigorously closed to all mankind, with very few exceptions.

'This garden is a narrow, circular strip, surrounding on one side a part of the palace, and bounded on the other by the moat. But neither castle nor moat are visible. They are concealed by a double belt of bamboo and trees planted by Taiko-Sama—the red and gnarled boles of the pines, the delicate and starry leaves of the maples, evergreen oaks, cryptomerias, laurels, fruit trees chosen for the beauty of their flowers, were the sole ornaments of this enchanted spot. Of flower-beds not a trace. A single pathway crossed the thick, cool turf. The ground, artificially broken, imitated a mountainous region. Here and there little *chalets* were scattered about, not unlike the summer-houses seen in the gardens of the wealthy. After walking about five minutes, we were received by Sanjo, the first minister, by Iwakura, and by three confidential ministers, Kido, Okuma, Itagaki, the delegates of the clans Chôshiu, Hizen and Tosa, who, with Saigo, the delegate of the Satsumas, not then present, made the revolution of 1868.

'We were, therefore, in presence of the men who may be regarded as the regenerators or the destroyers of Japan. I have already described Iwakura and Sanjo; both look like what they are, great nobles. Okuma, a poor student in Nagasaki before the revolution, is become, with Kido, the great man of the day. The others, before reaching the position they now occupy, were mere *samurais* or *kôtos*, and their recent greatness has not polished their manners. But their physiognomy is interesting, even more interesting than that of their noble colleagues. It bears the stamp of intelligence and daring, and also of the confidence of the gambler, who, feeling himself in luck, is decided to risk his all. No doubt their finger-nails were neglected, and their gestures, rather *brusque* and awkward, want the graceful ease of Japanese high breeding. Yet they are the masters of the situation. On them for the most part depends the final issue of the struggle smouldering beneath the surface, between those who are profiting by the reform, and those who are paying the price of it. These four ministers, three of whom were there present, are the men who induced their clans to take up arms in 1868, and to lend their support to the radical reforms which are to change the face of the country.

'After a short conversation, we were informed that the Mikado was ready to receive us. We advanced, and accompanied by all these personages, who wore their full court dress, we reached the open door of the pavilion which bears the name "*Of the Cascade.*" In spite of my lively curiosity to see the Emperor, I was tempted to look round me, and to admire the bewitching beauty of the spot. The summer-house stood on the edge of a small circular terrace surrounded by hillocks and enormous trees. In front of it a few blocks of granite, grouped

with art and an exquisite sense of natural beauty, formed a rugged rockwork from which fell the copious stream which gives its name to the *kiosk*.

'We entered the building, and stood in the presence of the Son of the Gods. The chamber was about twenty-four feet long, and from sixteen to eighteen wide. The floor was covered with very fine matting; no furniture, except a daïs two feet high, occupied by the Mikado. On going in the room was dark, but by a fortunate accident, a sunbeam struggled through the blinds and the chinks in the paper screens threw a radiance on the person of the Emperor. At the official audiences, rarely granted, and always in the palace, a curtain partially withdrawn conceals the head of the sovereign from the indiscreet gaze of those who approach him. On this occasion no such precaution had been taken. He was sitting on his heels, cross-legged, with one hand upon the other, precisely in the attitude given to the statues of Buddha.*

'The Emperor is twenty years old, but looks thirty. His own name is Mutsuhito. I had some difficulty in learning it. Mr. Satow alone could tell it me. Among the people the sovereign is always called by his title of Mikado. The name he is to bear in history is assigned to him after death. The features of Mutsuhito bear all the marks of the Japanese race—a broad and rather flat nose, a sallow complexion, but keen and brilliant eyes in spite of the fixity prescribed by etiquette. I fancied I had often seen the same face in the streets of Yedo. His dress was perfectly plain; a dark blue tunic almost of a slate colour, and very full scarlet trousers. His hair was dressed in the style of the country; on his head he wore an enormous aigrette composed of bamboo and horsehair, which rose above the right ear vertically to at least two feet and a half, and shook violently with every movement of the head; this is the emblem of his exalted rank. Neither the Mikado nor his ministers wear jewels. Except while he spoke to us, his Majesty remained motionless as a statue.

'Behind the sovereign, an officer of rank carried the sword of the empire carefully concealed in its scabbard. Woe to him who should see it drawn! He would be a dead man. On the right of the throne, leaning against the screen, stood Sanjo and the three ministers; on the left Iwakura. Mr. Adams and myself, accompanied by Mr. Satow and by the interpreter of the court, occupied the centre of the room in front of the Emperor and a few steps from him. For some moments deep silence prevailed in this little summer-house, which contained the arbiters of the destiny of a great empire. We heard the buzz of the flies and the chirp of the grasshoppers.

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* Curiously enough, M. Humbert's work on Japan contains (vol. i. p. 193) a woodcut of the Mikado granting an audience, drawn by Emile Bayard from a plate by Siebold, which tallies precisely with Baron Hübner's description, except that the Sovereign is represented in white robes instead of a uniform. The Dutch accounts and representations of Japan, especially those of Kæmpfer and Siebold, have been verified in every particular.

'Mr. Adams, who had been requested by Iwakura to conduct the presentation, then said that in the absence of the Austrian Minister, who resided at Shanghaï, he had the honour to present me to his Majesty. The Mikado having answered him with a compliment, addressed to me personally his congratulations on my successful voyage across the ocean. I answered by some appropriate phrases.

'He then resumed the conversation: "I am told," said he, "that you have sustained in your own country the burden of high office, and have several times filled the post of ambassador to great states. I cannot exactly figure to myself the nature of your employments. If within the range of your experience there is anything that it would be useful for me to know, I beg you to communicate it without reserve to my confidential advisers."

'Conformably to etiquette, the Emperor in speaking muttered between his teeth inarticulate sounds, hard to be understood. Sanjo repeated them aloud, and the dragoman of the palace rendered them in English. Our answers were translated into Japanese by Mr. Satow. When the Emperor was speaking he turned towards us, looked us full in the face, and his features at once assumed a gracious and agreeable expression, but no sooner had he closed his mouth, than his face resumed its serious and unmeaning look.

'As we withdrew, the Emperor, still motionless, fixed his eyes upon us; neither at our approach nor at our departure did he salute us. The ministers followed us and we walked in the garden. They showed us a small model farm intended to give the sovereign a notion of the different methods in which his subjects cultivate the soil. I was allowed to climb the edge of the great moat, which commands a splendid view of a part of Yedo. A slight collation was then served in one of the pavilions. We admired the symmetry and elegant simplicity of the table.

'Just as we were about to rise, Sanjo, in obedience to the orders of his master, begged me to impart to him my views on Japan. I pleaded my ignorance, while I applauded the efforts of the new government to improve the condition of the country, and to introduce useful innovations. "The wisdom of the eminent men whom I see around this table," I added, "will guide them in this arduous task. They will take into account the manners and opinion of the country; they will understand that all that is good in Europe may not be so in Japan; they will avoid precipitate changes and will not proceed without the utmost circumspection."

'Thus ended our audience, the ministers conducting us to our carriage, and by three o'clock we had returned to the legation. In the evening the Mikado sent us boxes filled with preserves in strange forms and different kinds of confectionery. These boxes are of plain wood, for the imperial court, in obedience to ancient traditions, disdains painting and lacquer.

'I do not think I shall ever forget the scene of this morning; that fairy garden, those mysterious pavilions, those statesmen in full dress, pacing with us in the shrubbery; this oriental potentate who looks like an idol, and believes and feels himself a God, are things which surpass the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.' (*Hübner*, vol. ii. p. 9.)

From Yedo the Baron proceeded to Osaka and thence to Kiyoto, the former residence of the Mikado, when Yedo was still in the hands of the Shogouns. But the revolution which has changed everything in Japan has extinguished the Shogoun and transplanted the Mikado to the great city which is the true capital of the kingdom. Nevertheless, a sort of mysterious awe still hangs about the deserted palaces, once the abode of the descendant of the gods; and Kiyoto is still the seat of the best productions of Japanese art and industry, if it has ceased to be the abode of rank and fashion. It was on his first visit to the Mikado in Kiyoto that Sir Henry Parkes himself was attacked by armed ruffians on his way to court, and ran considerable personal danger, from which he escaped by his own coolness, dignity, and self-command. To explore the very sanctuary of the Mikado's court, even after he had left it, was an undertaking scarcely less unprecedented than to obtain an audience of the sovereign himself. But to our adventurous Baron nothing was refused. Orders had everywhere been given to receive him with the most marked distinction. The highest officers in the cities through which he passed were instructed to attend him, and the most effectual military measures were taken for his complete protection. His progress through the whole length of the city of Kiyoto was a triumphal procession. The population turned out and fell on their knees, not before these two audacious strangers, but before the illustrious officers, or Sanji, who commanded their escort. Thus they reached the outer wall of the palace—the wall of the 'Nine Gates,' from which it was supposed that they would be content to contemplate the edifice. But there are no bounds to European curiosity. The outer wall only excited the Baron's ardour; he dashed through one of the gateways, and to the inexpressible surprise of the Sanji penetrated, with or without leave, into the interior. Times are changed in Japan, if such an act could be attempted with impunity. At last, after innumerable difficulties and excuses, the party were admitted to the great Court of Honour by the gate of the officers of state. They even penetrated to the private apartments of the garden of the Mikado. Everything was now deserted. In spite of the care the Japanese lavish on their dwellings and their flower-beds, these were neglected. Even the mystic emblems of the Mikado's power, the sword, the chest,* and the mirror of

* The chest was bequeathed to the Mikados, with the mirror, by their divine ancestor, Izanaghi, to remind them of the collection of alms. It is preserved with the mirror in the Kami temples.

Empire, had been removed to Yedo. The Son of the Gods had left the sanctuary, perhaps for ever. Kiyoto is supposed to be the centre of the conservative and reactionary party in Japan; and no wonder, for the removal of the court has destroyed its importance and eclipsed its glory. Yet this small party visited it in every part without the slightest inconvenience, and Baron Hübner learned that two Europeans in the service of the Japanese Government had just taken up their abode there—the one an English engineer employed to lay down a railroad between Kiyoto and Osaka, the other a Prussian schoolmaster, who is to teach the children of the Rising Sun the rudiments of the German language!

Amidst these astonishing contrasts and transformations the question continually recurs, Will they succeed? will they last? Thus at the table of the British Consul at Nagasaki, Mr. Annesley, the Chi-chi, or governor, was harassed by the same eternal doubts and interrogations, to which he with undisturbed confidence replied:—

'Will all these innovations be accepted by those whom they concern? Will they give rise to resistance, perhaps to insurrection? Will the Daimios agree to the sacrifices required of them? Or will all these fine decrees remain in a state of dead letter? To all these questions the governor and his *daisanji* reply in precisely the same tone as did the high officers at Yedo, at Kiyôto, at Otsù, at Hiôgo. All will go well and without a hitch. The invariable conclusion is that in three years the reform will be accomplished. The Government of Yedo evidently knows how to take the initiative, and make itself obeyed by its instruments. But will the *Daimios* obey? Will they be eager to aid in this political and financial suicide, in accordance with the decrees promulgated in the name of the Mikado? That is the question upon which opinions differ. During my last journey into the interior, I heard it said that the great magnates were not dreaming of despoiling themselves. They will be as powerful, and even more so, than ever. They despise the orders from Yedo. The princes of Satsuma, Hizen, Chôshiu, and Tosa make believe, it is true, to sacrifice themselves in the cause of progress; but in reality they reckon on turning it to their own advantage, and sharing, with the chiefs of the capital, the spoils of those *Daimios* who may be simple enough to take the measures of reform in earnest. "The chiefs of the four clans, or rather the creators of those chiefs, who, with Iwakura, constitute the present Government," a man of some authority told me, "form an oligarchy, and hope to become masters of the country. Enormous sacrifices are required of the Daimios. The four princes make a pretence of complying, resolved in their own minds to lose nothing, but rather to benefit by the process. Time will show whether their machinations will succeed, or whether they will fall into the pit that they are digging for others."

'An incident which occurred here three weeks ago appears to lend

weight to the generally accepted opinion in the provinces, that up to the present time the Ministers of the Mikado have not dared to insist upon the chiefs of the great clans complying with the new decrees. The question arose on the laying of the cable which was to unite Nagasaki with Shanghaï. The company having applied to the Government for the necessary permission, received for answer that, as the proposed starting-point of the cable was on the territory of the Prince of Hizen, it was to him that all applications should be made. Now, Hizen is the head of one of the four great clans which caused the revolution of 1868, and which are carrying on reforms at the present time; so that it is evident that mysteries exist which it is impossible as yet to penetrate.

'On the other hand, many circumstances prove that the spirit of progress and reform gains ground from day to day. It has already been related how a Daimio demolished his castle to enlarge his arable land. Here it is considered as a good sign that many of the *Samurais* appear in public unarmed, or with only one sword; some from the fear of foregoing their rations of rice if they should not conform to the new regulations, others because they agree with the new opinions. However it may be, since these gentlemen have subsided into plain citizens there is less bloodshed, fewer murders, and greater security for Europeans. I must not pass over a saying of a personage of the country to one of the consuls: "We have exchanged the bow and the shield for the rifle and the cannon of the European, because we recognise their superiority. Perhaps the day may come when it will be the same with our religion." A remarkable observation; for it exhibits by these few words the shallowness of those reformers who are eager to sacrifice all to their notion of progress—customs, traditions, constitution, even their religion. They ignore the fact that every religion presupposes faith, and that faith springs only from the depths of the heart, and not from fluctuating calculations on sordid and worldly advantages. Nevertheless, this prophecy may perhaps be fulfilled. An intelligent member of the diplomatic body at Yokohama said to me: "Within fifty years Japan may become a Christian country." It is possible. Those innovators who lay violent hands on the idols of the people may create a void, and out of that void may arise, not for the first time, new aspirations and a desire for truth. But I find it difficult to believe that the paths of radicalism, contempt of law, a superficial imitation of European institutions, the tendency of universal levelling added to a despotic power, can ever convert Japan to Christianity.' (*Hübner*, vol. ii. p. 137.)

But in spite of all the pretensions of the Japanese Ministers to liberalism and toleration, it is not less certain that the native Christians of Japan are still victims of the persecuting laws passed against them in the seventeenth century, for these laws have not been abrogated, though they are sparingly applied. It has only recently transpired, that although no Christian missionary has set foot in Japan for nearly 250 years, and the con-

verts of St. Francis Xavier were the victims of a persecution of excessive severity, the Christian tradition was not annihilated. There are still Japanese Christians, who have preserved the faith of their fathers in the isles of Goto and some other places. Sir Henry Parkes was actually an unwilling witness of the brutal deportation of some 4,000 of them from Urakami, and all attempts to alleviate the fate of these unfortunate persons have failed till very recently on the ground that Christianity is a religion *politically* inconsistent with the absolute authority of the government and the laws. The subject was brought before the Foreign Office and the Japanese envoy in London by the Evangelical Alliance last year, and the fact that a considerable number of native Christians have been seized and transported from Urakami to different parts of the Empire, where many of them perished miserably, is not denied. Baron Hübner is of opinion that no active measures can be taken by the European envoys in Japan on behalf of the native Christians, because they certainly have no right, by treaty or otherwise, to interfere between the Mikado and his subjects, and they can only plead in the name of the common rights of humanity. It appears, however, that by a decree of March, 1872, the Christians who apostatised were allowed to return to their homes, and by the latest accounts received from Japan, that 1,900 of them have been liberated in the present year. The absolute veneration of the nation for the Mikado, as the descendant and representative of the Divinity on earth, is the fundamental and sole principle of authority and belief subsisting in the country, and it is in the name of that principle that the leaders of the reforming party have been enabled to effect these changes, to overthrow an ancient and powerful feudal system, to subdue provinces and nobles to a central government, and even to proscribe the traditionary religious observances of the people. They therefore argue that the introduction of a religion which preaches the equality of men and their common dependence upon an Almighty Power, is inconsistent with the authority the Mikado exercises and with the work his Ministers have begun in his name. Baron Hübner has discussed all these questions with the utmost candour, fairness, and sagacity. He doubts whether the regeneration of an empire can be accomplished by material means, or by the imitation of foreign culture, as long as nothing has been done to touch the heart or raise the moral condition of the people—as long as they know nothing of the law of charity, of duty, of sacrifice to the public good, and are chiefly governed by a conventional sense of honour. It was said long ago by Guicciardini that those who

begin a great political movement seldom foresee its direction or live to witness its termination. That will probably be the case in Japan. But meanwhile, even in this eventful age, there is no more curious subject of observation and speculation.

The revolution of 1868 was in reality accomplished by four of the great nobles or princes of the country, Satsuma, Hizen, Chôshiu, and Tosa. They succeeded in destroying and extinguishing the power of the Shagoun, which had long held themselves in check; they assumed the supreme authority of the State under the name of the Mikado; and they have used that authority to reduce all the lesser daimios to absolute subjection, by depriving them of their property, by compelling them to reside in Yedo, and by disarming their retainers, who are reduced to beggary. But in spite of these apparently vigorous measures, it is doubtful whether the new legislation of Yedo is obeyed in the country, and whether the Government really possesses the power it claims. The Mikado has no army and no real force but that which the great daimios may lend him. He is, in fact, a talisman, and no more, but he serves the purpose of those who keep him there.

'The revolution of 1868 either means nothing or it is the substitution of the rule of four princes under the supreme but nominal authority of the Mikado for that of the Shogoun. Yedo, the seat of the late Shogoun's power, was necessarily the seat of power of his successor: hence the talisman was removed from Kiyoto to Yedo. The new state of things then is, in fact, the domination of four feudal chiefs, collectively exercised, under the name of the Mikado, by ministers who are their own nominees. The young sovereign, the Mikado himself, is so far a party to the movement, that he is favourably disposed to innovations and approves the conduct of his ministers.' (*Hübner*, vol. ii. p. 215.)

No wonder, for the revolution has released his Majesty from the monotonous bondage of an Epicurean divinity, and converted him into a prince and a man. Divine honours contribute very little to human enjoyment. But in this state of things it is obvious that there are numerous causes of dissension. The four chiefs will not always agree. The Mikado will not always submit to them. The treaties with foreign States are about to be revised, and will raise fresh questions. A large number of fierce, lawless, and reckless retainers have been impoverished and disarmed by the recent changes, and must form a most dangerous class, if they cannot be incorporated into a regular army. Revolutions are costly; the Government is in want of money, and has seized the eccle-

siastical endowments; but that is a questionable expedient, which creates another host of enemies, the priests and bonzes, who have been turned adrift and told to shift for themselves. Have they no hold on the people? These are serious considerations; and unless the Japanese nation differs from any other recorded in history, we confess we cannot share the confident expectation of Iwakura and his colleagues that the whole revolution will be successfully terminated in three years—indeed, nearly five years have almost elapsed since it began; and we incline rather to the opinion, which Baron Hübner seems to entertain, that events of a very extraordinary and perhaps afflicting nature may still be expected to occur in Japan. Certainly no writer has done so much as this distinguished traveller to give us a vivid and correct impression of the present state of that country.

ART. IV.—1. *First and Second Reports of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into Friendly and Benefit Building Societies. Minutes of Evidence:* 1871–1872.

2. *Reports of Her Majesty's Diplomatic and Consular Agents abroad respecting the Condition of the Industrial Classes, &c., in Foreign Countries.* 1870–1872.

'GOOD husbandry is no English virtue. It may have been 'brought over, and in some places where it has been 'planted it has thriven well enough; but it is a foreign spe-'cies—it neither loves nor is beloved by any Englishman.' Lord Derby recently quoted this passage from Defoe (in a speech as chairman of the first annual meeting of the 'Pro-'vident Knowledge Society'), to show that a disinclination to save is an old hereditary sin of the English people. His lordship declared himself 'a great believer in the permanence of 'national character,' and hinted that English deficiencies in saving may be the result of 'traits of character inherent in 'and inseparable from the nature of a progressive and energetic 'people.' It is tempting, no doubt, to make the national character the scapegoat of national sins, but in this instance it would probably be nearer the truth to lay the blame on the strength of the temptations of national position and circumstances, rather than on any inherent and inherited tendencies to sin in a particular way.

It is said, and we believe with truth, that more than two-

thirds of the English people are dependent on wages. Probably in no other country in the world is the proportion of the people dependent on wages so large. And it would seem that at no other period of English history has so large a proportion of the English people been dependent on wages as at the present time. Whether rightly or wrongly, such is the great economic fact which practical statesmanship has to deal with in England. It is the product of her past economic history. The fact seems to be that very early in the course of the economic development of the English people, a remarkably rapid and continuous extension of commercial enterprise became united in very unusual * combination with manufacturing industry. The permanence of this unusual combination was favoured by natural advantages. The maritime position of England favoured her commerce. The growth on English soil (home or colonial) of the raw material needed for her looms, joined to the possession of coal and iron fields, naturally fed her manufactures. Mechanical skill and inventiveness became hereditary in her people. The growth and steady accumulation of capital generation after generation, and century after century, was the natural result. This growth of capital in its turn led inevitably to an earlier and more general application than in other countries of the principle of division of labour. And thus has come to pass (rightly or wrongly) the fact that so large a number of the English people are dependent on wages. Whether this process ought to have been checked by legislation may be open to question. We do not mean to discuss it here. But if we may trust present appearances, a practical proof seems to be coming to hand of the wisdom, in this instance as in so many others, of leaving economic laws to work out their own result —of setting them free, and letting them work, rather than by artificial legislation seeking to restrict their working for the protection of special interests and classes. The recent Reports of British consular agents in foreign countries, and, we may add, the still more recently published experience of the late

* The annual value per head of the population of the imports and exports of England, Holland, Belgium, and Switzerland is nearly double that of any other European nation. These four nations were (leaving out of sight the cities on the Mediterranean) the four chief commercial nations of Europe in the fourteenth century. For five hundred years past, Holland has been mainly a *commercial* as distinguished from a manufacturing nation: Belgium and Switzerland have been mainly *manufacturing* as distinguished from commercial nations: England has been marked throughout the same period by the combination of *both commercial and manufacturing* enterprise.

Mr. Brassey, seem to bear conclusive testimony to the fact that English wages (unless it be those of the lowest half-million of agricultural labourers, whose lot is so exceptionally poor) are, on an average, higher in proportion to the cost of the necessaries of life than the wages of similar classes of workmen in any other country,* excepting only the countries across the ocean where English is spoken. And this is an exception which does but prove the rule, for the people of the United States and of the English colonies are, economically considered, parts of the great British people. They live in lands which, historically and economically also, are in truth extensions of England. Their wages are, therefore, in some sense *English* wages. And one reason why wages in England are relatively high is undoubtedly the fact that the English workman, owing to the early commercial development already alluded to, has within his reach these extensions of England where his own language is spoken, his own people dwell, and wages are higher than they can be in an old country.

These facts certainly, so far as they go, may well tend to reconcile the working classes of England to a condition of things which at first sight may seem to be of but doubtful advantage.

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* Mr. Forster in his admirable speech at Bradford, in September last, is reported to have said, 'There is no country in the world, except 'the United States, in which wages are so high in proportion to the 'price of necessaries as they are in England; there is no country at all, 'including the United States, in which the hours [of labour] are so 'short.' It is not clear that it is needful to make an exception, even as regards the English agricultural labourers, if the Northumbrian labourer with 18*s.* a week as well as the Dorsetshire labourer with his 8*s.* be taken into account. In countries where peasant-proprietorship prevails, no less than in England, the class of landless agricultural labourers are badly paid.

M. E. De Laveleye in his Essay contributed to the 'Systems of Land 'Tenure,' published by the Cobden Club in 1870, pp. 264–5, describes the low wages of the Flemish agricultural labourer in terms which would almost apply to the Dorsetshire labourer. And Mr. Pakenham, in his Report on Belgium (Consular Reports, 1871), draws a picture darker still. The condition of the 600,000 strictly agricultural labourers (393,000 of whom are males) in the Flemish provinces, according to his report, can hardly be better than that of the lowest half million of the English peasantry. But England has this advantage. It is easier for an English peasant to emigrate to a country where English is spoken 2,000 miles across the ocean, than for a Flemish peasant to move a few leagues into a Walloon district of his country where wages are nearly double his own, but where another *language* than his own is spoken!

They at least raise a reasonable doubt whether, after all, an economic condition in which so many millions of the people are dependent on wages is in itself one to be altogether deplored.

We are not however disposed to be reconciled to the present condition of the English working classes, simply because we do not recognise, as some do, in the fact of their being dependent on wages the great blot on English economic history. The *real* blot seems to us to lie in another fact, to which we cannot be blind. It is that so small a proportion of the English wage-receiving class—so much smaller a proportion of the whole people than in other countries—are *possessed of capital.* It is that there exists so much more numerous a 'Proletariat' in England than in other European countries, not, at all events, (as Mr. Carlyle would say) 'abler looking' than she is.

The fact that in other countries—in France, in Belgium, in Germany, in Switzerland, and almost every other European country—so large a number of the people are possessors of small quantities of land is, without reference to the question of the particular mode of investment, at least a palpable proof of the wide diffusion of capital amongst the people of these countries. For the little plots of the peasant-proprietors, and the stock and produce, and sometimes houses upon them or held in connexion with them, are, in fact, investments of capital, saved and transmitted by former generations to their present holders. The peasant who is such a proprietor starts upon life backed up by so much saved capital as the value of his interest may be. His capital, being invested in land, may pay him but a poor rate of interest, no doubt; it may not seem to lessen much the necessity to labour, or to shorten materially the hours of his work; but it is there, for whatever it is worth, between him and beggary. More than this, it represents a hereditary habit of saving. It is, so to speak, a *nest-egg*, tempting him on to save more and more, and so bringing him within the operation of the law that 'to him that hath 'shall be given.'

That our English wage-receiving classes are not proprietors of land may economically be right or wrong. But it is undoubtedly economically wrong that so few of them are possessed of capital. Land is not the only investment. Thousands of working men were a generation ago proprietors of looms, and probably in former days the proprietor of an English loom was often better off, and with apparently better chances for the future, than many a French proprietor of land. But, unfortunately, while in the course of English economic history the

growth of capital and the application of the great economic principle of division of labour have tended to make small investments of capital, both in land and looms, *un*economical, and so peasant-proprietorship in them has disappeared to make room for large farms and still larger mills, it has also come to pass that without the same economic reasons, from no economic causes whatever, but, if we may so say, from altogether *un*economic ones, the working classes have not only lost their old-fashioned investments, but, by far too generally also, the hereditary habit of thrift, the transmitted nest-egg of capital, and the stimulus which such a nest-egg affords to continued saving. The largest field for investment in England other than land is the public funds. The 800,000,000*l.* of public funds are owned by only about 270,000 holders, and only 130,000 of these are holders of amounts under 300*l.* There are, practically, therefore, no peasant-proprietors of English funds. How different a state of things would be revealed by the statistics of the French Rentes! Or take again another—the next largest investment. 550,000,000*l.* sterling have been invested in English railways almost during the lifetime of this generation of Englishmen. A very large proportion of this amount has in one way or other passed through the hands of the working classes in the shape of wages.* But amongst the proprietors of the 550,000,000*l.* of railway stock there are comparatively few peasant-proprietors. Very few millions of it belong directly or indirectly to the working classes of England, by the sweat of whose brow the railways were made.

When, therefore, we are told that the vice in English society is the absence of peasant-proprietors of land, and that the remedy for the evils of the present condition of the working classes is such an agrarian revolution as would restore the land to them, we reply that the vice seems to us to be much broader and deeper than this—that the sore lies too wide and too deep for such quack medicines to cure it. There are about a million families now employed in tilling the land of England. Divide the land into little freehold allotments, and, as they have not capital to buy the allotments, give them the freehold: they would still want the capital needful to farm them.

* The notion that a very large slice of the 550,000,000*l.* went into the pocket of the contractors is proved to be fallacious, by the curious fact that the profits of the late Mr. Brassey only amounted to about 3 per cent. on the total of the contracts undertaken in his lifetime. 'He laid 'out 78,000,000*l.* of other people's money, and upon that outlay re-'tained about 2,500,000*l.* The rest of his fortune consisted of ac-'cumulations.' (*Helps' Life of Mr. Brassey*, p. 158.)

They have been divorced from *capital* as well as from land. And this want of capital is a want not only of the million of landless peasantry, but also (with by far too few exceptions) of the much more numerous classes—shall we say four million families—engaged in other branches of labour. When we are told that land is less subdivided in England than in other countries, the answer is that capital is comparatively as little subdivided as land. The tendency to the concentration of property in few hands is not, therefore, the result of any peculiar laws relating to land or of the difficulties of transfer of land, for the same fact exists in consols and railway stock. It must be attributable to some more general cause.

The working classes have learned by experience the disadvantage at which they are placed for want of capital. They are kept by it ever on the verge of disaster. They have no reserves to fall back upon when temporary dislocations of trade throw them out of work, or at best on the mercy of the capitalist. And they have long ago discovered that the only way of meeting the difficulties of their lot is by combinations, trades' unions, and strikes. It is well that they have these remedies —poor as they are—in default of other and better ones, else their lot would be forlorn indeed. But the possession of capital would give them a better remedy—would end the war between capital and labour in a more natural way, and place them in a position to claim and to get the highest wages which under the laws of political economy it is possible for them to receive, viz., the intrinsic value of their work. For while high wages will not necessarily make them capitalists—a fact proved every day in places and trades where the highest wages are received—the possession of capital would at least tend to keep up wages to the maximum point.

What practical difference the saving of capital by the working classes during successive generations would have made in their lot it is impossible exactly to say, but this assertion may at least be hazarded as almost certainly true, that it would not have stopped, but have accelerated, the growth of capital, the division of labour, and the rise in its value. The problems involved in co-operative and joint-stock enterprises would probably have been solved earlier in the nation's history, and solved more satisfactorily to all parties concerned, than they can be for generations to come. But as it is, these problems have yet to be solved, and the solvent of them must to a great extent lie in the growth of capital in the hands of the working classes.

Now there is but one way in which capital can be made to

grow in the hands of the working classes—viz., *by saving*. The great wealth of our millionaires is the result of savings, and mostly of the savings of one or two generations. There is no mystery about the creation of capital. All wealth is crystallised labour. However fast wealth is produced, and however high wages may be, only that portion which is saved and laid by becomes capital. If the working-classes are without capital, it is because, owing in a great degree to the circumstances already alluded to, they and their fathers have hitherto found the temptations to spend greater than the inducements to save.

Bearing these considerations in mind, it must be confessed that there was considerable point in the advice given to the Proletariat by the writer of a remarkable article in 'The 'Quarterly Review,' who urged that they were upon the wrong scent in looking to the State to set them right in their social position, when, as he urged, they have the matter in their own hands. 'Your aggregate income' (he virtually said to the working classes), 'is about 300,000,000*l.*; 90,000,000*l.* 'of this is wasted in excessive drink and tobacco, in buying at 'small retail instead of wholesale stores, in unskilful or careless 'marketing, house-keeping, and cooking, and in the mulcts of 'trades' unions. Save this 90,000,000*l.* a year, or 30 per cent. 'of your incomes, and every social problem that now harasses 'you, and gravels the statesman and philanthropist alike, 'would *ipso facto* be solved, or be placed in the way of a 'speedy and certain solution. The Legislature should doubtless do its part likewise, by regulating the liquor trade, by 'protecting both masters and workmen from tyranny and 'violence of trades' unions, by granting liberal facilities for 'providing decent and comfortable dwellings for the poor, by the 'sanification of existing ones, and finally by securing to the 'working classes a practical education—and it ought to do this 'without delay and without interruption. All this should be 'done by way of facilitation and encouragement, and then, ere 'a generation passed away, the artisan classes would be sober, 'educated, well housed, happy, and *capitalists*. The problem 'would be solved—there would no longer be a proletariat!'

But while this advice of the Quarterly Reviewer was plausible, and at first sight much to the point, it rather stated than solved the problem. That 90,000,000*l.* a year are worse than wasted by the working classes may be true enough. That the same amount saved would make them capitalists is equally true. But between wasting and saving such a sum there is, in practice, a gulf, which is not to be taken at a leap. Take, for

instance, the one item—30,000,000*l.* a year—a third of the whole amount—wasted in excess of drink and tobacco. That 30,000,000*l.* is worse than thrown away—spent in poison, it may be—but it has been robbed from the necessary family allowance of beef and bread. And thus when the waste is stopped, a large part of it must be restored to the channel in which it ought to have gone. Because it is wicked to rob the necessary bread-fund of the family in order to waste a given amount in drink and tobacco, it does not follow that it would be righteous to rob the same bread fund of the same amount for the sake of saving it as capital. Both the starving family and the drunkard himself will need more beef and bread when the waste in poison is stopped. Hence, in practice, only a greater or smaller fraction of this 30,000,000*l.* can fairly be *saved* out of it for investment as capital.

And, again, there is a mighty *if* in the whole calculation which interferes sadly with the probability of the bright picture being realised. *If* the proletariat would but save 30 per cent. of their income, or whatever fraction of it can be saved, all would be well, therefore (beyond the few reforms alluded to) the working classes have the matter in their own hands—*laisser faire!* This will not do. The very question is, 'How 'can the working classes be got to save?' and before statesmen fold their arms it becomes them to ask, 'Is the State doing 'anything which damps and discourages their saving?' 'Is 'there anything which the State can do to place the means of 'saving within their reach?' These are the questions to which it is desired here to call attention, and, if possible, to find an adequate answer.

The history of what the State has done is very instructive, but not reassuring. The State was awakened to the necessity of doing something by the alarming increase of pauperism, which startled statesmen during the closing decades of the last century. From 1750 to 1800 the population of England and Wales had increased from about 8,000,000 to about 9,000,000 —i.e. about 10 per cent. The amount expended in poor-law relief in the same period had increased from about 750,000*l.* to 4,000,000*l.*—i.e. five fold! In 1793 the first Act 'for the 'encouragement of Friendly Societies' was passed, and its preamble gave as the reason for passing it, that the encouragement of such societies was likely to be attended with very beneficial results, 'by promoting the happiness of indivi-'duals, and at the same time *diminishing the public burdens.*' The encouragement given by the State consisted of exemptions

from fees and stamps, facilities in recovering debts and settling disputes, and exemption of members from removal under the poor law until they became actually chargeable to the parish. The next Act of any consequence was that of 1819. Another Act had become needed. Since the passing of the former Act the population had increased from 9,000,000 to 11,500,000, but the amount annually expended in poor-law relief had risen to more than 7,500,000*l.*—within half a million of the amount annually expended now with nearly a doubled population. In other words, while since 1750 the population had increased by one-half, the amount of poor-law relief had increased tenfold, or twenty times as fast as population.

The following is the preamble of the Act of 1819 *:—

'Whereas the habitual reliance of poor persons upon parochial relief rather than upon their own industry, tends to the moral deterioration of the people and to the accumulation of heavy burdens upon parishes, and it is desirable, with a view as well to the reduction of the assessment made for relief of the poor, as to the improvement of the habits of the people, that encouragement should be afforded to persons desirous of making provision for themselves or their families out of the fruits of their own industry . . . and it is desirable *to protect such persons against the effects of fraud or miscalculation*, &c.'

The prominent object of the State was undoubtedly to lessen the poor rates by inducing the working classes to become dependent on their *own* class by mutual insurance, instead of upon the rates levied on real property, and the practical way in which this was promoted was by the encouragement of benefit clubs—a mode of investment of savings peculiarly liable to *fraud* and *miscalculation*.

Now laudable as the policy of the State may have seemed from the point of view of the ratepayers, we wish to look at it here from the point of view of the working classes; and to follow the action of the State as it sought, in the words of the Act of 1819, 'to protect' the members of the clubs 'from the 'effect of fraud and miscalculation.'

And first as to *miscalculation*. Not only the rules but the tables of these clubs were to be submitted to the justices, and no tables or rules connected with calculations were to be confirmed by them until they had been approved by two persons at least, known to be professional actuaries or persons skilled in calculations, as fit and proper, according to the most correct calculations of which the nature of the case would admit. In 1829 the necessity for the sanction of actuaries was abo-

* 59 Geo. iii. c. 128.

lished, not because it was not needed, but because it was ineffectual. The statute of that year recited, that the existing data for the calculations of tables had been found imperfect and inefficient, and it enacted that quinquennial returns should be made by the clubs, so that correct data might be secured for the future. But, strange to say, the poor justices, who, with the aid of actuaries, had not succeeded in the past, were now in the future to be thrown upon their own guesses as to what payments were needful for insurance against sickness and death. They were henceforth to '*satisfy themselves* that the 'tables of payments and benefits proposed to be used were 'such as might be adopted with safety to all parties concerned.' In other words, the State in continuing to patronise the clubs still undertook to guard them against miscalculations, while it acknowledged that their tables were at best very precarious. At length, in 1834, after further experience, the State backed out of all responsibility for the calculations, and relieved the justices from a duty which they were totally unable to discharge.

Now this legislation, with all its vacillation, disappointment, and ultimate retractation, was undoubtedly good-intentioned; but it was from the working man's point of view singularly unfortunate. The patronage of the State had caused an undue popular reliance upon clubs, the majority of which, owing to flaws in the data on which the tables were based, were necessarily and inherently rotten. The certificates of actuaries and the confirmation of their tables by justices, could not, from the nature of the case, secure their solvency. Instead of withdrawing its patronage, the State simply withdrew these precautions, and so, while technically freeing itself from responsibility in case of the insolvency of the clubs, it practically surrendered them to insolvency as their inevitable destiny.

That this uncertainty in the calculations was almost certain to produce insolvency may be seen at once, when it is realised that the provision by insurance for old age and death depends upon the regular payment and accumulation at compound interest of weekly or monthly payments during early and middle life. Every deficient *penny* per week in a member's payments continued at compound interest during the forty years, between twenty and sixty, must thus amount at the end of that period to a deficiency in the funds of 15*l.* or 16*l.* for that member alone. So precarious is the system of benefit clubs as a provision for old age, that if (without anyone's fault) fifty years ago, the weekly payments were fixed by the tables a few pence too low (as they almost universally were), a society with

thousands of pounds safely invested, having husbanded all its moneys with perfect honesty and made no losses, may yet find itself to-day, when its accounts are investigated by an actuary, insolvent and able to pay only a few shillings in the pound of its future liabilities. And when to the chances of the payments being a few pence too low are added the chances of the actual expenditure in dinners and salaries being a few pence too high, it will be seen at once how exceedingly precarious a mode of providing for sickness and old age the general run of clubs must inevitably be at best, leaving out of view all chances of fraud, speculation, or gross mismanagement. Could there have been a greater failure on the part of the State in the attempt to secure the working classes from the effects of miscalculations in the tables of the clubs?

And now as to the State protection of the clubs from *fraud.* The chief chance of losses by fraud was found to be connected with the keeping and investment of the funds. By the statute of 1819, the State offered to take care of any funds of the clubs, giving Government security for their safety; and in order to tempt them to accept the offer, the rate of interest was fixed at a little more than 4½ per cent. In 1828 the interest was lowered for all future clubs to a little above 3¾ per cent. In 1850 the rate for future societies was reduced to little more than 3 per cent., at which it now remains. In 1855 it was enacted, that the funds from fresh members who had entered or should enter even the old societies after 1850 should only receive the last and lowest rate.

The reasons for these reductions in the rate were obvious. The higher rates have, it is calculated, involved a loss to the State of not far short of 1,000,000*l.* sterling, and had they been continued, the tax upon the country would have been far more serious. No doubt the reduction of the rates was necessary from the point of view of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but it was singularly unfortunate from the working men's point of view. For by reducing the rate of interest, after offering a higher rate for a considerable period, the State, however unintentionally, greatly increased the chances of the insolvency of the clubs. It is true that notice was given, and an increase ought at once to have been made in the scale of payments for all future members of the clubs. But, as we have seen, the amount of the payments was at best a guess—a matter of rule of thumb. A certain rate, from long usage, had become general—a sort of pattern rate. One club copied another. Old clubs went on and new ones were started without any clear realisation on the part of those who managed them of what difference in the long

run the reduction of the rate from 4½ to 3 per cent. would make in their solvency; whereas, in fact, in a calculation dealing with lifetimes, and thus embracing periods of forty or fifty or even sixty years, the difference in the accumulations of weekly and monthly payments at the higher and the lower rate was really immense. The same sum which commenced at 20 and accumulated at 4½ per cent. would amount to a given sum at fifty-nine, at 4 per cent. would not produce the same sum till sixty-one, and at 3 per cent. not till sixty-five. But illiterate members of clubs could not be expected to see this. They expected the same benefits for the same payments at the same ages as before. The solvency of the clubs was left in most cases to the chapter of accidents. And thus the action of the State, having for its object the protection of clubs from fraud and really succeeding in securing the safety of the funds placed under its charge, unintentionally tended in another way to increase the chances of their general insolvency.

In a word, well-intentioned State patronage of benefit clubs for a century has diverted the savings of the working classes to an enormous extent from safer and better investments into one which from its necessary conditions is almost the most precarious of all—so precarious that it is said that 50 or 70 per cent. or even more of the clubs are hopelessly insolvent. Those which are suspected to be rotten and insolvent are at least much more numerous than those which are known to be solvent and sound.

In ten parishes comprised in one division of a Hertfordshire Union, whose guardians made the inquiry, it was found that out of 130 adult males receiving parochial relief at the end of 1871, eight only were members of clubs; seventy more had been in clubs (making more than half of the whole number), but of these seventy, sixty-six ceased to be members of the clubs by their breaking up, and only four had otherwise withdrawn from them! This is the story of the State patronage of benefit clubs—a story of good intentions, leading to mistaken and vacillating action, and ending in failure and disaster.

This break-down of the benefit club system has become so complete and notorious, that a commission of inquiry is now sitting upon the subject. The whole of the evidence is not yet published, but it has already gone far enough to place some leading points in a clear light:—

(1.) It has become manifest that the attempt to provide adequate allowance in sickness or a fixed annuity *during old age*—say after sixty-five—by means of benefit

clubs has failed. In very few cases has it been realised in practice; and when attempted on sound principles, it has been found to be so expensive as to make it a bad investment in a financial point of view.

(2.) If provision for old age in the shape of annuities and pensions be a good object in itself, it can now be provided, with absolute Government security, through the Annuity Department of the Post-office.

(3.) Were sick clubs established confined to securing adequate allowances during sickness—say *up to the age of sixty*, and no longer (with the addition, perhaps, of burial money in case of death under that age)—not only might they be made perfectly safe, but the payments might be, of course, much smaller than those required in a club providing for old age also. Let such clubs be as far as possible confined within a small area, and as much as possible to a circle within which the members are well known to one another, so as to prevent imposition; and then to members entering in early life, say under thirty, the payment of 3*d.* per week would probably secure from 10*s.* to 15*s.* per week during sickness, and 5*l.* burial fee in case of death up to the age of sixty.*

But sick clubs (in this restricted sense) standing alone would leave provision for old age to be otherwise made. They would only fulfil the proper function of co-operative insurance against sickness *up to* old age. They would be an aid to, not a substitute for, saving. They would secure a man from contingent disaster *while he was saving*, and so prevent his savings being dissipated by temporary ill-health or accident.

There remains, therefore, the question how the provision for old age ought to be made.

We have already insisted that the attempt to provide sickness allowances or pensions in old age through the agency of

* Very useful and simple clubs for this restricted object may be constructed on the principle of co-operative insurance, either with the same payment for all members who enter under a certain age or with graduated payments. And such a club may be so constituted as to divide its surplus between its members at the end of every year, keeping a very small sum in hand to equalise the averages of good and bad years. It never could be insolvent for more than a month or two at most, because each fresh year would start with a clean balance-sheet; and if from special circumstances 4*d.* instead of 3*d.* was needed, the payment could easily be raised for a while to meet emergencies, or lowered if found to be more than was needed.

the ordinary class of benefit clubs is disastrous, and must end in disappointment; and that if made at all, it had much better be made under Government security through the medium of the Post-office. But we wish to go one step farther, and to ask whether, after all, this kind of provision be in itself a good one, regarded as a general mode of saving, for adoption by the working classes? Is the benefit club or pension system in principle and in practice a mode of providing for old age on which an independent, honest working-man ought to be encouraged to rely?

There is at least this vice in it: that it is a mode of saving which does not create; and, what is more, *never had for its object the creation of capital in the hands of the working classes.* By the public and philanthropic patronage of the club or pension system of providing for old age these classes have practically been taught to do that which would keep them 'off the parish,' and so save the pockets of the ratepayers. We have seen that this object was at least present to the mind of the Legislature when the first Acts in encouragement of clubs were passed. To this their preambles bear witness; and they contain evidence also which throws some light on the causes of the rapid spread and popularity of clubs amongst the poor. The fear of forced removal from the parish under the Poor Law, added to the constant dread of the 'Bastille'—the hell on earth of the pauper—held *in terrorem* over the poor, no doubt frightened them into the clubs. The 'good-'fellowship' at public-houses was at the same time a gilding to the pill. The gain to the ratepayers was obvious and tangible. In every town and village and hamlet there were men drawing their weekly allowance from their clubs instead of the rates. Hence the ratepayers and owners of property, upon whom the burden of the rates ultimately fell, praised and patronised the clubs; and as the public-house was the usual place in which their members enjoyed their 'good-'fellowship,' of course the publicans praised and patronised them too. Lastly, as they did not create, and never had for their object the creation of capital in the hands of the working-classes, and so tended, instead of making them more independent, simply to make their dependent lot a little more endurable, even the most old-fashioned Tory squires saw nothing wrong in the clubs, but joined in the chorus of approbation and praise.

But, looking at the system from the point of view of the working classes, instead of the ratepayers, it is impossible to regard it as satisfactory. A member of a benefit club may

have been saving for years, but in case of his death, whether at thirty, forty, or sixty, it is as though he had not saved at all. Beyond the mere burial fee spent on the day of his funeral his family are left as destitute as if he had not saved at all. Is it, indeed, a very laudable and meritorious thing for a man to throw his savings into such a shape that, whilst affording to himself a precarious security against having to end his days in the workhouse, his family are left to the tender mercies of the Poor Law after his death? Would it be thought a sound and right mode of saving for the richer classes? And if not, why is it for the poor? While rich men have their settlements and entails and life insurances to keep their family property together, poor men are forsooth so to invest their savings that they may die with them! Could a scheme be devised more adapted to the purpose it has so fatally secured, viz., the perpetuation from generation to generation of a 'proletariat'?

Again, if the system be tried by the test of how far it places the working man in an independent position in case of his being thrown out of work, or in connexion with disputes between capital and labour, or if perhaps it should be desirable for him to emigrate, or, lastly, in enabling him to take advantage of opportunities for bettering his position and rising in the world, the conclusion is the same. However much he may have saved, it is, in all these cases, just as though he had not saved anything. If thrown out of work his club does not help him. If he considers himself entitled to higher wages he cannot, without combining with others in an organised strike, press his demand, because he has no capital to fall back upon. If he wishes to emigrate, not only has he no money saved which is available to pay his passage, but also by emigrating he will lose all his savings, he must, in most cases, leave behind him the provision for his old age for which he may have been subscribing to his club for years. Lastly, if the chance should offer of his becoming his own master, and a little capital needs to be invested in a workshop materials or tools, the money he may have been putting for years into a club is wholly out of his reach. Valuable, therefore, as might be sick clubs, restricted to the special and most useful object of insurance against the risks of sickness *while people are saving*, the system of benefit clubs, *as a mode of saving*, stands condemned on all hands: (1), as notoriously and almost necessarily insecure; (2), as uneconomical; (3), as vicious in principle, being a system of saving whereby no capital is created in the hands of the working classes. It is a system which, if relied on by the working classes in the future to the same extent as it has been in the

past, must tend to perpetuate a proletariat, and to keep the working classes in that state of famine as to capital which has been already pointed out as the great blot on their economic condition.

We now pass to another branch of legislation in aid of the savings of the people which has brighter results to show.

The first Act for encouraging *Savings' Banks* was passed in 1817, and it was followed by others. The chief mode of encouraging them adopted by the State, as in the case of Friendly Societies, was that of offering on moneys placed with the National Debt Commissioners higher rates than the average market-rate on deposits at short notice. This, of course, led to large losses to the State, in consequence of which the rate of interest was lowered in 1844 to 2*d.* per diem or 3 per cent. Under this stimulus of high rates the amount of deposits had steadily increased. In 1845, 865,389 English depositors had accumulated nearly 26 millions sterling, while the figures for the whole kingdom were one million depositors and more than 30 millions deposited.

We need not enter into the causes which led to the establishment of the Post Office Savings' Banks. They were founded on the supposition which, to a great extent, has been realised, that 2½ per cent. interest with Government security, both for good management and the safety of deposits, would be preferable to 3 per cent. with the possibility of mismanagement and defalcation on the part of private managers. Suffice it to say that the use made of the savings' banks by the public has thoroughly proved that a want existed which they have supplied. The fact that the total amount of deposits in the savings' banks has reached nearly 56,000,000*l.*, (⅔ being in the old savings' banks and ⅓ in the Post Office Savings' banks) is a result which, so far as it goes, is highly encouraging. For once—in the matter of savings' banks—England compares well with France. The amount of deposits in savings' banks in France is said to be about 21,000,000*l.*

It must be admitted that the establishment of Post Office Savings' Banks in every little place where there is a money-order office has been a great boon to the people. As exceptional institutions to meet an exceptional need they have been a great success. In no other way could the need, which is greatest in the smallest places, be supplied all over the country. But the State has been obliged in opening the Post Office Savings' Banks to offer a low rate of interest, and to limit strictly the amounts of deposits to small sums. The State action in the matter of savings' banks must inevitably be thus limited,

because, economically speaking, there is a radical difference between the fair market-rate of interest upon a permanent investment and that which can be made upon a deposit of money at a short notice with a bank. If it would not be safe for the Bank of England to give a high fixed rate for deposits at short notice it cannot be so in the long run to the State. If the State chooses to be the banker of the working classes it must accommodate its action to the sound laws of banking.

This brings us to the point—that a savings' bank ought not, after all, to be regarded as a substitute for *permanent investments*—that if the working classes of England use savings' banks for their legitimate purposes, viz., the safe keeping of floating balances or that small sum of capital which they may think it wise to keep uninvested as a reserve, they may be a great boon to them; but that if they become the resort of the working classes for permanent investment the system will become unsound and uneconomical. Either the State will have to pay more than it can afford to pay upon banking deposits; or the working classes will receive upon their investments a lower rate with Government security than the market rate on Consols.

Mr. Lowe, a few years ago made, as we cannot but conceive, a very vicious attempt to extend considerably the limits which deposits at the Post Office Savings' Banks, by any one depositor, must not exceed. He brought, as might have been predicted, a hornet's nest of bankers about his ears and had to abandon his scheme. The question was simply this: If the savings' banks are intended for the floating balances and reserves only of the working classes, the limits were already large enough for all practical purposes; to extend them would be to compete with other banks in their own sphere for a higher class of business: whereas, if on the other hand the savings' banks were intended to receive the permanent investments of the working classes, to offer them only 2½ per cent. was to offer them ¾ per cent. less interest than upon the security of the same Government richer people were getting on Consols. It ought to be clearly understood, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer no less than the public, that the function of Post Office Savings' Banks is merely to bring down the system of banking within reach of the working classes, not to provide them with a mode of permanent investment on a false economical principle and, therefore, at a lower rate of interest than an investment on Government security ought in the open market to receive.

Thus there remains still the question, what can the State do,

consistently with sound principles of economy and finance, without departing from the true functions of government, to aid the people in the *investment* of their savings? There is at least one thing it can do. It can give to the working classes precisely the same rate of interest with Government security as it gives the richer classes upon permanent investments by placing its own public funds fairly within their reach through the Post Office. And it can do this by acting simply as broker for the working classes without incurring one tenth part of the risk which is involved in acting as their bankers.

The deposit of money by the working classes to be returned in *money* to them on demand involves that the State should keep large floating balances uninvested to meet current demands. Recent experience has shown how apt such balances are to lie too long uninvested, and in the meantime to be temporarily, with the best intentions, misapplied. There would be no such danger in connexion with Consols. The price of 1*l.* of Consols would be telegraphed from day to day to the various post-offices and posted up in their windows. '*The price of* 1*l. of Consols to-day is* 18*s.* 6*d.*' By each night's post the purchases and sales all over England would be advised to the head office in London. The *difference* between the total purchased and the total sold would be the amount which had to be sold or purchased by the Postmaster-General on the next day on the Post Office account. The purchases and sales of the working classes would be matters of account in the books of the Post Office Consols department, and the whole amount under investment through the Post Office would stand in the name of the Postmaster-General in the books of the Bank of England. In the same way the dividends on the total sum would be handed over to the Postmaster-General, and distributed by him to the several holders. The Act of Parliament conferring on the Postmaster-General the necessary powers to carry out the object would, of course, have to fix the limits within which transactions were to be restricted.* It would not do to let the State unduly interfere with the trade of ordinary *brokers*, any more than it would have done to have allowed the Post Office Savings' Banks to interfere (as Mr. Lowe, had he been allowed to increase the limits as he proposed, would have made them) with the trade of ordinary

* A brokerage of one penny in the pound would probably pay expenses, and be a self-acting check upon the undue use of the Post Office for too large sums. The ordinary brokerage on 100*l.* is only 2*s.* 6*d.*

bankers. It cannot be too clearly recognised that the justification for the State's meddling in these matters is limited by *the need for it.* There was a need for Post Office Savings' Banks. There *is* a need for the State to place its Consols within the reach of small investors at the Post Office.

As matters stand now Consols are not within reach of the working classes. Dealings in Consols, through brokers, by powers of attorney and transfers with the addition of stamps and fees, are so surrounded with practical difficulties—so tied up with red tape—that they are practically out of the reach of the working classes, for small amounts, even in London. In very few country places are there any brokers at all, and unless a working man has access to a banker he can hardly make a small investment in Consols. Whereas if Consols were placed within easy reach at the post office of every little town, the working classes could invest their money in Consols and get 3¼ per cent. with Government security as easily as they can now get 2½ in the Post Office Savings' Banks.

A notion is current that to the working man the rate of interest is of but small moment; that the great thing is to get him to save in weekly or monthly sums, and that it is the multiplication of these more than the rate of interest which affects the amount of his savings. This is a great mistake. The difference between the rate offered by the Post Office Savings' Banks and that obtained upon Consols at their average price is equal to 5 or 6 years in a man's life. That is to say: if 51 annual payments of 1*l.* each will amount at 2½ per cent. compound interest to 100*l.* only 45 annual payments of the same amount will be needed to produce the same sum at 3¼ per cent. We may add that a 4 per cent. investment would reduce the requisite number of annual payments to 41, and a 5 per cent. investment to 37. To put the case in a still more practical form, few working men (other than agricultural labourers) earning fair average wages, were they thrifty and economical, could not lay by 2*s.* per week or 5*l.* per year. The large class of mechanics might, at all events, do this and more with ease. At 3¼ per cent. this amount of saving, if begun at 20, would reach 400*l.* at 60; whereas at 2½ it would not reach that sum till 65. At 4 per cent. it would reach it at 57, and at 5 per cent. at 53.

We put the case in this way for two reasons: (1), because it brings out the fact that if the working classes could be induced to save in the form of invested capital instead of throwing their earnings into benefit clubs they would soon accumulate substantial sums of capital in their hands; and,

(2), because it shows that the rate of interest is, after all, of the essence of the question, looking to the duration of that period of human life in which a man may expect to be able to work, and the age at which cessation from labour becomes a relief. If a young man starting in life is to save simply to relieve himself from toil during the uncertain years of extreme old age—if it be only during the last few years of his life that he may expect to reap benefit from a long life's savings—the hope will naturally be too remote and the motive too weak to sustain his energy and persistence in saving. Suppose that he expects to live to 70, it matters not little but *much* to him whether his earnings are to set him free from toil at 60 or 65, i.e., during the last *five* or the last *ten* years of his life. It would hardly be saying too much that the difference between the Post Office Savings' Bank rate and the rate on Consols, saved by the working classes, would double the length of the period during which they might expect to be relieved from the necessity of daily toil. To place Consols within their reach through the Post Office would, therefore, it can hardly be doubted, materially promote the savings of the people.*

In pressing the advantages and justice of placing Consols within reach of the investments of the people we are not blinding our eyes to the fact that their richer neighbours are not content with 3¼ per cent., nor are we advocating a policy of excessive caution on the working classes. They ought not long to be content with an investment at 3¼ per cent. Nor will they. Having learned by investing in Consols what an investment (as distinct from a deposit at a bank) is, they both ought and would be likely to seek for better-paying investments. There is, perhaps, little that the State can do to place better-paying investments within their reach. But without transgressing the proper limits of State action, the State can do something if the object in view be steadily borne in mind.

* Mr. Monsell, in reply to a question put by Mr. Hughes last session, expressed his readiness to entertain the project, and his conviction that it might easily be carried out. His fear seemed to be lest bankers should oppose it, as they did Mr. Lowe's attempt to increase the limit of investments in the Post Office Savings' Banks. Bankers opposed the latter, as we have shown, with very good reason, but we are at a loss to conceive with what reason they could oppose an attempt to place Consols within reach of small investors, as they are now within reach of richer ones. Anything which facilitates the small beginnings of saving and investment, and so promotes the growth of habits of thrift and business, must eventually tend to increase the prosperity of bankers and brokers and everybody else.

One of the most serious problems for future legislation to solve is that involved in the ever-increasing difficulty of inducing the smaller ratepayers of a parish to vote for any reform, sanitary, educational, or other, which involves a present outlay and increase of the rates, even though its eventual result may be a permanent reduction of the rates. The funds required for these local purposes are generally borrowed in large sums from some London insurance company or the Board of Trade. Thus the payments out of the rates for interest and instalments of repayment go out of the locality, and the rates levied to pay them have the appearance of local taxation to pay foreign creditors. This makes them more unpopular than they otherwise might be. Whereas, were these local loans placed within reach of small local investors, in small sums, with easy modes of subscription, transfer, and succession in local books, paying as they would do a higher rate of interest than Consols, the savings of the smaller ratepayers, and even of the working classes, might be tempted into them. And thus local loans, and the very taxation to pay interest upon them, would lose some of their unpopularity and odiousness in the same way as the wide diffusion of interest in the French Rentes has done much to make bearable the increased taxation of France.

Nor is the proper province of the State limited altogether to the regulation of matters connected with its own national or local loans and taxation. Co-operation on the part of many investors in great undertakings has been made possible by legislation with regard to joint-stock companies. And there are classes of the latter which exist, not only for the sake of gain to investors, but for the additional object of securing great public advantages. By reason of this public element in their object they are wont to obtain parliamentary and exceptional powers of a compulsory nature, overriding private rights when they stand in the way of the public good. A wise State would, probably, in the concession of these powers to public companies, secure that their capital should be divided into shares small enough to place them within reach of small investors as well as large ones, and by regulating the cost of transfers and the amount of fees and stamps, secure that these shares could be easily dealt with in small amounts. The capital over which the State may be said to have, for this purpose, a right of control is of enormous amount. It has already been stated that the capital of railways alone exceeds 550,000,000*l.*, and we may add that the interest paid upon this enormous amount averages more than 4½ per cent. We believe that

most English railway companies will register, on application, any amount, however small, of their stock; but the extent to which stamps and fees, and the difficulties of transfer interfere with small investments, may be illustrated by the fact that the cost of investment of *5l.* in the stock of any of the leading railway companies would be *7s. 6d.*, or about a year and a half's interest!

While thus there need be no lack of investments for the working classes, if they could but be brought within their reach, and while we have urged that the State may rightly do something at least to secure this object, we do not lose sight of the fact that probably far more may be done by the working classes themselves to bring them within their own reach through the principle of *co-operation*. Co-operative societies have already in many signal instances succeeded in opening a door for the employment of the savings of the working classes in commercial and manufacturing enterprise. Between two and three millions sterling are already invested in these societies, and the system is doubtless still in its infancy. We do not here enter at large upon the subject of co-operative societies because it is too important a subject to be discussed in a paragraph. We may venture, however, upon one remark. There is surely a sphere open to the principle of co-operation in the matter of *investment* as well as of production.

The best example of this hitherto on a large scale is that of Building Societies. When building societies have kept simply and strictly to their own legitimate sphere as co-operative societies they have been eminently successful. The evidence recently given before the Commission goes to show that when they have missed their way it has been owing to their taking money on deposit at high rates, and thus becoming borrowers, and almost bankers. Notwithstanding failures from these causes, there can be little doubt that building societies have done more to promote saving of capital by the working classes than any other agency. That the same principle of co-operation might well be applied in securing investments in other kinds of securities seems obvious. Once let the working classes learn by experience what *investments* are, and as intelligence, education, and thrift make headway amongst them, there need be no limit to their share in the soundest and best-paying joint-stock enterprises in the Kingdom.

It is not, perhaps, realised by persons who wish to help the working classes in their savings how easily, by means of co-operation, any sound investment may be placed within their reach. A few well-to-do persons might place, say 1000*l.* of

the debenture stock or preference shares of a first class railway in their joint names as trustees of a co-operative investment society, and offer to sell it to small investors at the market-price of the day. In the ledger of the society they would at first be entered as owners of the whole amount. As fast as investors came in they would buy from the trustees at the market-price of the day small portions of the stock, until by degrees the whole 1000*l.* was purchased and transferred into the purchasers' names in the ledger. In the meantime the dividends would be divided among the owners according to the amounts of stock standing in their names. With the exception of the small inconvenience of receiving the purchase-money in instalments, the whole transaction would be one of perfect safety to the original owners of the 1000*l.* stock, and at any time they could wind up, if needful, and get rid of further responsibility by having the amounts sold transferred into the names of the purchasers in the books of the railway company, retaining the unsold remainder, if any, for themselves. There would be none of the risk attending a bank. The investors would have invested in railway stock paying 4 per cent. or 4¼ per cent. instead of depositing their money at a savings' bank at 2½ per cent. or 3 per cent.

In larger places, where there might be more intelligence and business knowledge, any 100 working men, by throwing their savings together, might soon on the same principle (without the aid of others) make co-operative investments in any security they like, and in a few years' time, when the amounts of their individual investments reached a sufficient sum, have their shares transferred into their own names.

We have dwelt thus long upon modes of investment because of the importance of the subject. In conclusion we will turn for a few moments to the question how far out of their present wages the different classes of workmen can rightly save.

And, first, as to the periods of life in which saving is most easy.

(1.) They can and ought to save considerable sums *before they are married.* It is well known to how large an extent some domestic servants make use of savings' banks. The combined savings of a man and his wife, before marriage, invested safely at the time of their marriage at compound interest, would amount to a considerable sum before old age came upon them.

(2.) During the first year or two of married life, when a thrifty wife brings earnings as well as her husband, and as yet their expenses are exceptionally small, the

family capital of a thrifty household would often be materially increased.

(3.) These early savings at compound interest would do much to make up for the diminished savings of the next period of life, when the greatest strain comes upon the household purse of a large family.

(4.) By the time the youngest child is about seven years old, saving again becomes much easier to the working man.*

And now as to the *amount* of saving. Of course the possibilities must vary with the amount of the wages of different classes.

Let us begin at the lowest and least able. Take the case of the million agricultural labourers. To them saving, however little, undoubtedly means self-denial. There are some classes of them in some counties to whom to speak of saving seems at present like mockery. But at least the upper half million of them might save, one might conjecture, with due thrift and care, from 6*d.* to 1*s.* per week. Commenced at twenty, such a rate of saving means, at compound interest in Consols, from 100*l.* to 200*l.* at sixty. The common day labourer in other trades might probably do likewise with the same amount of self-denial. Next take the case of the mechanic and master-workman, with at least 1*l.* per week of wages. 2*s.* a week would surely be a not impossible average for him, and that would amount to 400*l.* at sixty. The higher classes of workmen earning 30*s.* or 2*l.* or more of weekly wages might do better still. To these 1,000*l.* or 2,000*l.* would not be impossible sums, with ordinary thrift and steadiness of purpose. These figures assume compound interest at 3½ per cent. only. But as we have before observed, as education and experience teach the working classes what investment is, higher rates will undoubtedly be fairly within their reach.

* The following statistics from Saxony are valuable as throwing light upon these points, and they are especially valuable as coming from a country where wages are lower than in England, and where compulsory education has been carried out with the greatest success, only 4 per 1000 of the adult males being unable to read and write:—

'The best depositors were married workmen on small wages and with the largest families, where the youngest was about seven, and most of the children boys. Of this class 70 per cent. were depositors (in the Savings' Banks), from 4 to 5 per cent. possessing houses. After these came the better paid class, earning from 15*s.* to 1*l.* 1*s.* a week. Of these 30 per cent. were depositors, 40 per cent. neither saved nor pawned, and 30 per cent. made use of the pawnbroker's shop.' (*Reports of Consular Agents abroad*, 1870, p. 201.)

There must, indeed, be many cases in which, by unusual sickness and misfortune, saving will be made impossible, or the savings of former years necessarily dissipated. The ills of life, its misfortunes and its trials, must be borne. And when it comes without a man's own fault, poverty, if nobly borne, is not the worst of ills. But as we have before shown, when speaking of benefit clubs, the ordinary risks of sickness during early and middle life may be met at a cost of about 3*d.* per week by mutual insurance, if only the objects of clubs be limited to this simple purpose, and not extended to making precarious provision against sickness in old age also. In general, therefore, it is possible to save the nest-egg of savings from destruction during sickness in middle life without much difficulty, and at small cost. And if they be not dissipated during ordinary sickness in middle life, there is at least some hope that in many cases the savings of a lifetime will not be dissipated even during old age. If a man be possessed of a fair amount of capital invested (whether in railway shares, Consols, or a house and garden of his own), what will become of it in his old age? Expenses decrease as children become independent, and if a parent have done his duty by his children, and be in a position to leave a valuable succession to them, the chances must at least be largely increased of their affording him in his old age that dutiful support which under the present system is so often denied. Better by far than a precarious pension from a benefit club will in such a case be the aid of grown-up children rallying round the patriarch in his old age. And who can tell the extent to which, in the course of time, the solidarity of families might become strengthened and deepened through the possession of capital, not exhausted and dying with each generation, but preserved and handed down as a family inheritance from one to another? The possession of capital has done something, at least, to keep richer families together, and why should it not do the same in degree amongst the less wealthy classes? We believe that it would.

It is thus, in indirect as well as direct ways, that the possession of capital as the result of a lifetime of intelligent thrift becomes the key to so many economic problems, which (without it), to use the strong words of the Quarterly Reviewer before quoted, 'gravel our statesmen.' Not that a miserly greed for gold is a virtue, or that England would be a better country to live in if the 'sovereign' came to be the first thought of the Englishman, as the 'dollar' is libellously said to be of our American kinsmen. There is all the difference

between thrift and greed. A nation of capitalists is not necessarily a nation of misers.

The miser's motive is meanly sordid and selfish. But the thrift which husbands capital is not likely to be engendered by a merely selfish and sordid motive. It is a product far more of the domestic than of the selfish instincts of mankind. A man's mere selfishness is not often found in practice to be sufficiently far-sighted to keep up the long effort of present self-denial for a distant gain. It is the domestic instinct—the love of home and family, and an honest place in society—which furnishes the strongest motive, and hence it is in practice that amongst the working classes there is little danger of saving becoming a vice. It means the curbing of vices, and not their indulgence.

It is not, therefore, a mammon-gospel that we are preaching when we urge upon the working classes of this country that the blot in their economic condition is, not that they are dependent on wages, but that, being so dependent, they are not capitalists. If it be true that this country is the wealthiest country upon earth, they ought to be possessed of some proper share of her wealth. If wages are higher to-day than they ever were in this country, and than they are now in any other country except the extensions of England across the ocean (which are open to English-speaking people in a sense in which they are open to no other), then the English people have in an altogether exceptional degree the power to become possessed of capital. If, lastly, it be true, as we sometimes as a nation boast, that as compared with other countries the homes of England are the happiest, and the domestic instincts of her people the strongest, then English working men ought to have a motive strong enough to sustain them in that steady course of virtue and self-denial which an honest husbandry of capital involves.

We have endeavoured to show that the State may do something to help them in this husbandry of capital. It may not be much, but that is no reason why it should be left undone. At the same time we do not forget that whether they make use of any proffered help is, after all, very much dependent on the success of that far greater work which the State has undertaken for their benefit—that *education* of the people, the great object of which is to help them to help themselves.

ART. V.—*Life of Sir Henry Lawrence.* By the late Major-General Sir HERBERT B. EDWARDES, K.C.B., and HERMAN MERIVALE, C.B. 2 vols. London: 1872.

BETWEEN 1821 and 1834 five brothers—sons of an officer who had greatly distinguished himself in the Royal Army, but had reaped very little beyond barren laurels—entered, as cadets, the service of the East India Company. Their father had gone to India as an adventurer 'in the year '1783, being then in the seventeenth year of his age,' and 'began his military career as a volunteer in H.M.'s 30th 'Regiment.' After fruitless attempts to obtain an ensigncy free of purchase, he was at last compelled to buy it, and was the only survivor of four subalterns who volunteered to lead the 'forlorn hope' at the storming of Seringapatam, where he received two wounds, from the effects of one of which he never thoroughly recovered. He served, however, for many years, and commanded the garrison of Ostend in June 1815, after vainly entreating the Duke of Wellington to permit him to come to the front with a body of picked men. It was not likely that the sons of such a father—whose mother, too, was collaterally descended from John Knox,—should be laggards in the race of life. All the five brothers rendered excellent service to the East India Company in their several spheres of duty, and two eminently distinguished themselves. John, the younger of this pair, after holding the Punjâb through the Mutiny with a grasp that never relaxed, was selected at a later period to fill the highest and most responsible post to which a British subject can aspire. Henry, the subject of the work which we propose to review, was nominated—though he did not live to know it—to succeed to the same high office, in the event of the 'death, resignation, or coming away' of Lord Canning. In the long and glorious roll of English history such honours, we believe, were never before won by two brothers, springing from parents ennobled only by courage and virtue, and who owed their own distinction solely to their personal deserts. Lord Lawrence happily survives to enjoy the honours which he has so well won. It is our task to trace the career of Henry Lawrence, from the practical commencement of his education at Addiscombe to the sad day when, a few hours before his death, he dictated his epitaph: 'Here lies Henry Lawrence, 'who tried to do his duty.' We shall attempt to tell how well he succeeded in that noble endeavour, to which his whole life was earnestly devoted, and what a legacy of enduring con-

stancy he left, not only to those who succeeded him in the heroic defence of Lucknow, but to his countrymen in all future time, and under every circumstance of almost overwhelming difficulty and danger.

Most unwillingly we are compelled to pass over the time which Henry Lawrence spent at Dumdum, where, under the care of the Rev. George Craufurd, an exemplary clergyman, and associating with young officers of strong religious convictions, he appears to have received the earliest impressions of the faith which developed itself in so marked a manner in his after life. But Lawrence was not allowed to remain long at Dumdum. The first Burmese war broke out, and he was ordered to the front in Arracan. There the whole force was decimated by fever.

'The sickness and mortality in Arracan, between the middle of June 1825 and January 1, 1826,' says Sir Herbert Edwardes, 'was unprecedently great. Out of about two hundred European officers, seventy had died, and several, who went away sick, never recovered. Upwards of one third of the force (European and native) died. In a month General Morrison had no longer an army.'

Thus ended Lawrence's first campaign. He was sent back to Calcutta, and was most kindly received there by his friend Mr. Craufurd; but a change of climate was absolutely necessary, and he was sent home on medical certificate. And, although he advisedly returned to England by way of China, for the benefit of the longer sea-voyage, how ill he was on his arrival at home is vouched for by an entry in his mother's journal: 'Returned from Arracan, after the Burmese war, my 'dearly beloved Henry Montgomery, not twenty-one years 'old, but reduced by sickness and suffering to more than double 'that age.' His sojourn in England, extending to two and a half years, gradually restored his health, although, as we have said, the marshes of Arracan had permanently injured his constitution. He did not waste his holiday in idleness; indeed his nature was such that the 'improba Siren, desidia,' had no power over him. He fully and carefully employed his time, and specially 'in the autumn of 1828, he and his brother-officer, 'Lieutenant Fordyce, (also on sick leave with Arracan fever) 'got permission to join the Trigonometrical Survey in the north 'of Ireland, in which he acquired that practical experience of 'the science which enabled him, a few years afterwards, to 'revolutionise the revenue survey system in India. He always 'spoke with warmth of the kindness of the Royal Engineer 'officers in this Irish survey, and their readiness to give him 'professional information.'

We must not neglect to mention that during this visit to England, Lawrence became deeply attached to Miss Honoria Marshall, whom he first met in Ireland, at the house of her aunt, the widow of Admiral Heath, and afterwards in England. But he never told his love, at that time, to the object of it; mainly, we cannot doubt, from his conviction that he was not, as a subaltern of artillery, and one who felt strongly his obligation to assist his parents in their old age, in a position to support a wife in the comfort which he regarded as her due. 'The 'truth was,' says his biographer, 'that in those days he had 'two objects, both of which require seclusion; the first being 'to put by money for his mother's use in her last years; and 'the other, partly growing out of the first, to improve himself 'in every way, and fit himself for staff employ. Life was a 'real earnest thing for him. He had no taste for anything 'that was frivolous; and soberly, seriously, thoughtfully, he 'strengthened himself for a coming work.' That work was about to open to him. In the year 1832 his brother George had been sent to Simla. Lord William Bentinck, the Governor-General, was there at the time, and George was emboldened by his love for Henry to ask a boon at the hands of the chief dispenser of patronage. 'Accordingly he sought 'and obtained an interview. "Well, what have you come '"for?" asked Lord William. "Nothing for myself," an-'swered George. "What then?" said his Lordship; "I can '"tell you you're the first man I have met in India who '"wanted nothing." George then explained that he wanted 'his Lordship to appoint Henry to the Revenue Survey.' And this brotherly intercession prevailed, for Lord William Bentinck was just the man to appreciate the feeling which dictated it, and to enjoy the opportunity of giving vent to the characteristic sarcasm which we have quoted. Having ascertained, no doubt by inquiries, Lawrence's character and qualification, the Governor-General appointed him in the following February to the Revenue Survey in the North-western Provinces.

In that survey he did excellent service, and demonstrated how greatly he had benefited by the instruction received from the kindly officers of Engineers to whom he had attached himself in Ireland. But we cannot afford to dwell upon this part of his career. It was at this period, however, that he formed that connexion which constituted his happiness for many years of his life, strengthened his religious convictions, and gave him a helpmate of whom it is not too much to say—though it is very much—that she was worthy to be the wife of Henry

Lawrence, to be his counsellor and adviser, to bear such share as a woman might of his arduous toils, and, no doubt, to sweeten, as a woman only could, the bitter disappointment which befell him towards the close of his career. Miss Marshall resolved to meet him in Calcutta. Her lover hurried down to join his bride, and within a few days they were on their way up the Ganges to his camp in the district of Goruckpore, where she soon learned how much happiness may be enjoyed under the canvas of a tent, and how sweet it is 'to rough it' with a companion whom one loves.

We premise a few lines in which his character, at this time, is depicted by his friend and disciple, Herbert Edwardes, before we turn to regard him in a new sphere of active life. 'Time had subdued nothing in him. There he was in the 'vigour of early manhood, self-taught, self-disciplined, self-'devoted, self-reliant, fiery of soul to do the public work, hot 'of temper with reprobates and idlers, as hot to reward the 'diligent; impatient of contradiction, ignorant of the impos-'sible, scorning compromise, resolute to do the thing or die; 'rough-hewn, and angular, and strong.'

Passing, then, over an interval in which Lawrence endured much sorrow and trouble in separation from his wife, on rejoining his troop in the Horse Artillery, at the first threatening of war in Affghanistan, we find that he received in January 1839, his first civil appointment, under Mr., now Sir George Clerk, the political agent on the Sikh frontier, as an assistant in charge of Ferozepore. His friend, Sir Frederick Currie, through whose good offices he obtained that appointment, for the sake of which he made a considerable sacrifice of his salary as a surveyor, wrote to him on that occasion—'Now I have helped to put your foot into the stirrup; 'it rests with you to put yourself into the saddle;' and well he executed that feat. At Ferozepore, as everywhere else where he was employed, he did admirable service. The district of which he took charge

'was a chip,' says Colonel Edwardes, 'of about 100 square miles off the great plain of Sirhind, which stands (as its name implies) at the head of Hindostan, between nature's barriers, the mountains of the Himalayas and the desert of Bikaneer. Sirhind was for centuries the battle-field of invading Mahomedans, resisting Hindoos, and insurgent Sikhs; and ruined towns and walls still strew the country, like the bones of its better days. It is held in parcels by many chiefs, mostly Sikhs, but some Mahomedan, who tore it piecemeal in the last scramble of the native races. Runjeet Singh, who began life with a horse and a spear, gradually rose through the ranks of border robbery to be chief

of the chiefs of his countrymen Trans-Sutlej, and, at last, monarch of the Punjâb. He would fain have swallowed up also his compatriot chiefs Cis-Sutlej, and in 1808 marched open-mouthed into Sirhind; but the British power stepped in, recognised his past conquests on both sides of the Sutlej, but restricted him for the future to the North, and took the Southern or Cis-Sutlej States under its own protection.'

Ferozepore was 'thinly peopled by cattle-keeping and cattle-'stealing races.' The political agent had calculated that the raids on this border alone 'cost 500 lives yearly;' and Lawrence in one of his Reports stated that 'the petty aggressions 'and occasional exactions of the present day are but child's 'play compared with the wholesale devastations of a few years 'ago, when no man dug his well without erecting his tower of 'defence beside it, and no traveller or trader thought of moving 'with less than a score of men to protect him.' Every village had its wall, and no man ploughed without his matchlock lying in the furrow beside him. Lawrence set to work with his wonted energy. He rebuilt the town, surrounded it with a wall, patched up the broken-down fort, erected long streets of shops, and encouraged people to dwell and trade in them. But the war going on in Cabul brought more work on him than his district. Ferozepore was on the highway between Hindostan and Affghanistan. Troops were constantly passing up and down, and all manner of duties, great and small, devolved upon Lawrence, including that of post-master; and he and his wife often sat from six to ten hours 'sorting the heaps of letters that 'went to and fro.' But his prescient mind looked forward to higher duties than the charge of a petty district, even though he had to minister to the wants of an army in Affghanistan, would entail upon him. Runjeet Singh died within six months after Lawrence took charge of Ferozepore, and the affairs of the Punjâb, which his wise head and strong hand had alone kept straight, soon fell into disorder. The chiefs were turbulent and intriguing. The leading men in the army were ambitious, and having been brought into a high state of discipline and efficiency by the French officers whom Runjeet had retained in his service, longed to measure swords with the British. Lawrence watched this turmoil with an observant eye, and devoted much attention to the politics of the court of Lahore, and to the characters of the chief actors in the shifting scenes enacted on that stage. From his post of vantage at Ferozepore, within a short distance of the Sikh capital, and with his habits of free intercourse with all classes of the native population, it was not a difficult task for a man of his acuteness, and one thoroughly conversant with the language and habits of the people, to learn

how the game of politics was being played at Lahore, who pulled the strings, and who were the puppets. He thus became intimately acquainted with the idiosyncrasies—the comparative strength and weakness—of men whom he had never then seen; and ever active and restless with his pen, as well as in bodily exertion, he wrote and published at that time in a local newspaper a little romance, entitled the 'Life of an 'Adventurer in the Punjâb,' in which he embodied a mass of valuable information in regard to the habits and manners, the lawlessness and the amenability to discipline, the good and bad qualities of the people whom he was afterwards destined to rule. This knowledge thus acquired was of infinite value to him in later days.

These quiet studies of men and things were doomed to be rudely interrupted. The terrible disasters which led in a brief space of time to the almost entire destruction of our army in Affghanistan fell upon us. Our military leaders were paralysed. The main store of provisions was outside of our fortified cantonment, and the Affghans were allowed to plunder it with impunity. Then came capitulation, an attempt at retreat to Peshawur, and massacre upon the way. With the exception of our garrison at Jellalabad, and a few captives in the hands of the Affghans, our whole army was virtually destroyed. The story of what befell us is well told by Sir Herbert Edwardes.

'Early in 1842, after three years' fighting—not fighting and diplomacy—the war in Affghanistan had come to this:—The British army of occupation at Cabul had been driven out like sheep, and slaughtered between the capital and Jellalabad. The British general and a handful of officers, ladies and children, were prisoners in the hands of the Affghans. . . . Our puppet, Shah Shoojah, was still allowed to live, and sit on the throne for three months, till it was convenient to supplant him, when he was killed from an ambush, and thrown into a ditch by his subjects. Ghuznee—that celebrated fortress, of which the storm, in July 1839, had been declared by Sir John Keane "one of the most "brilliant acts it had ever been his lot to witness during his service of "forty-five years," and which mainly gave that general a peerage and a pension of 2,000*l.* a year for two generations—was given up in March as tamely as Cabul was evacuated in January.

'The heroism of a boy-subaltern could duly flash scorn on the surrender. Three posts alone were still held as Englishmen should hold them, Khilât-i-Ghilzye, Candahar, and Jellalabad. The fort of Khilâti-i-Ghilzye, which sentinels the road between Ghuznee and Candahar, with a garrison of 900 Sepoys and 50 Europeans, commanded by Captain J. Halket-Craigie, and "political"-ed by Lieutenant Leech, held out all winter, and repulsed an assault of 6,000 Affghans on May

21. Five days later these determined men were relieved by a brigade from Candahar, and withdrew, after dismantling the fort.

'Candahar, the castle-gate of Affghanistan on the side of Sindh, was happily in the keeping of as resolute, self-reliant, and obstinate a soldier as the Indian army ever produced—Major-General Nott. With him, in charge of the political affairs, was the gifted Henry Rawlinson, then unknown to fame, but recognised by all in the Candahar force as a man of both mind and courage, whose counsels and sword were alike forward for the honour of his country. Nott had under his command a good division of troops of all arms, chiefly natives; and whenever the Affghan tribes gathered to attack him he marched promptly out, thrashed them, and marched back again! When the letter of General Elphinstone and Major Pottinger, dated Cabul, December 25, 1841, ordering Nott to evacuate Candahar, reached him at length on February 21, 1842, he simply declined to obey it, on the manly ground that the writers were not free agents. In short, he maintained his post, and the honour of England, against all comers, disasters, and discouragements, and sternly awaited the orders of his Government.

'With equal fortune Jellalabad, the castle-gate of Affghanistan on the side of Peshawur, which opens or shuts the Khyber Pass, as Candahar does the Bolan, had fallen into the keeping of Sir Robert Sale and a noble staff of officers. . . . From that 13th November, 1842, the story of the defence of Jellalabad is one that Englishmen in India, and the native soldiery alike, delight to dwell upon. Every adverse condition of the garrison at Cabul was present here—a warlike people in insurrection, indefensible defences, and supplies cut off. At Cabul there was more show, but there was also more of the sinews of war, treasure, guns, and abundant magazines. The real difference was this: at Cabul there was a decrepit general, an insubordinate second in command, divided counsels, and, of course, panic-stricken troops, both white and black, who would not fight: while at Jellalabad was a general, not very scientific truly, nor, like Nott at Candahar, able to bear responsibility alone, but vigorous and effective, with all the fire, if not the youthful spring, which leaped the stockade in Burmah eighteen years before, at the head of his company, of whom the men of the 13th, when hard-pressed in fight, were wont to say, "Bob got us in, and Bob will get us out!"'

We cannot pause to tell in detail how Pollock forced the Kyber pass and relieved the noble garrison of Jellalabad. The story is a painful one—painful as telling of our humiliation, and of the want of heart and energy in high places to bear up against the terrible catastrophe that had befallen us; but spirit-stirring also as showing how those who were not panic-stricken, Clerk and Lawrence, from the very commencement of the attempt to retrieve our disasters, and Pollock with the gallant men who served under him, from the time that he assumed the command of the expedition, faced and braved all the dangers of the onward move, and, worse than these, the cold discouragement with which that move was regarded at

head-quarters. Nor was the general's reception at the Indus more inspiriting. 'At 5 P.M., on the 1st of February, Pollock 'reached Lawrence's tent at Attock, and a hundred savages 'were in a moment standing opposite the tent looking at him, 'measuring him, doubtless, against the Kyber pass.' There never was 'a man of war from his youth' with a more quiet and peaceful aspect. But he was emphatically the right man in the right place, and by no man was an arduous task better executed. George Clerk wrote: 'All along the frontier praises 'are loud of your exertions, alacrity, and spirit. The whole of 'this I know and reckoned on, and hence I sent you, as Govern-'ment knew. But it is gratifying to me to observe that you are 'everywhere thought of in the way which I know is so much 'deserved.' To his wife Lawrence wrote, 'Clerk says that 'the wounded officers arrived at Lahore are loud in their 'praises, etc., of my kindness.'

Lord Ellenborough, though far from kind to military politicals in general, was truly kind to Lawrence. He conferred a great boon on him by sending him to Nepal as Resident. Here at last, after so many toils and wanderings, Lawrence found a haven of rest in a fine climate. The jealous Court had allowed his wife to join him, and greatly they enjoyed the beautiful scenery of the lovely valley, its green plains, its luxuriant vegetation, and the snow-clad mountains which bounded it. The people who inhabited this favoured spot appeared to differ essentially in their characteristics. Those remote from the Court and its intrigues dwelt in peace, and enjoyed a high degree of prosperity. At the Court, 'kings, queens, heirs-'apparent, ministers, contended for power with a mixture of 'treachery, childishness, and ferocity that could be bred only 'in the same jungle with the tiger who crouches, springs, 'gambols, devours.'

Lawrence received wise advice for the regulation of his conduct both from his friend Mr. Thomason and from his old master, Sir George Clerk, then on his way to England. And greatly he stood in need of such counsel. The Court was convulsed with intrigues. Bheem Sen, the most eminent of the chiefs, and a true patriot of the savage type, who had been the guardian of two successive minor kings, had been deposed from his post of power and thrown into prison; and very soon the ex-minister 'was found dead in his cell, with his throat fright-'fully mangled. His body, by the order of the Rajah, was 'placed on the banks of the Bhagmuttee, and denied all fune-'real rites, a guard being placed over it by night and by day, 'to watch that none approached it but jackals and vultures.'

His nephew, Matabar Sing, had taken refuge, when his uncle fell from power, as that uncle had taken refuge before him, in British territory. He was a man of talents and courage, 'altogether,' says Sir Herbert Edwardes, 'a man to be either 'conciliated or destroyed;' and the Rajah wiled him back to Nepal, with the full intention apparently of murdering him, as he had murdered his uncle, if he could not secure him as a partisan against the factions of the Queen and the heir-apparent. He reached the capital eight months before Henry Lawrence, to whom he confessed that he had come with the full intention of siding with the Queen; but finding that all real power in her party was wielded by her paramour—one Guggun Sing—he determined to take part with the heir-apparent.

Of course his first object, according to the custom of the country, was to avenge his uncle's murder, and nine of his enemies were put to death accordingly, after a mock trial, one of the charges against them being that they had tried to persuade the King to wage war against the British Government. After this Matabar Sing and the heir-apparent marched out, with the whole army, on the way to the British frontier, against the warnings of Lawrence; but they stopped short on the way, and at the extreme point of the advance nineteen officers, who the Prime Minister declared had instigated an attempt on his life, were beheaded. It would seem that the heir-apparent was recognised as sovereign by the troops. Then they returned to Khatmandoo, 'the King,' says Lawrence, 'looking sheepish, and his son and his partisans very 'happy. I was urged,' he adds, 'to meet the triumphant pro-'cession at Thankote, but refused, saying that I had nothing 'to do with making or unmaking Rajahs.' For five months from that date Matabar Sing remained in full power, 'daily 'receiving some mark of favour, dresses of honour, titles, and 'solemn pledges of safety.' But at midnight, on May 17, he was sent for to the palace 'on urgent business,' and was assassinated in the presence of the King, and, some say, in that also of the Queen, whose paramour was active in the murder. The body was tied up in a blanket and thrown out of the window of the palace (four stories high) into the court below, where a party was ready to receive it—a circumstance which goes far to prove that this treachery was premeditated. Jung Behatudur, who has been Prime Minister of Nepal for many years, and who undertook a voyage to England, to see if we were really so strong at home as we were reported to be, was the nephew of the murdered man; and although the sons of the

victim took refuge, according to custom, on the safe side of the British frontier, he was seen, says Sir Herbert Edwardes, 'riding in a buggy with the two murderers of his uncle.' We do not doubt, however, that in due time he paid his debt to them. He is not the man to forget such obligations.

'If the Rajah thought,' says Lawrence, 'that by killing Matabar Sing he would recover his own authority, he has already found his mistake. His son's partisans are for the time put down, only that his queen's should take their place. The murderer, Guggun Sing, a follower and supposed lover of the queen, now holds *his* durbars as Matabar Sing did ten days ago.'

Again:—

'The Rajah is a very despicable person. So much blood has been shed in Nepal that it must now continue to flow. There are so many sanguinary proceedings to avenge that I see no chance of domestic peace; but I do not therefore augur danger to the British Government. There is not a soldier in Nepal, scarcely a single man that has seen a shot fired; and not one that could head an army.

'The chiefs are a very poor set, effeminate, debauched creatures, wanting in all respectable qualities. Matabar Sing was a hero,—was a prince,—compared with the best of them.'

The dutiful heir-apparent abuses, not his step-mother only, but the King, his father, also, whom he thus addresses in open durbar: '*You* killed Matabar Sing indeed! You would 'not dare to kill a rat!' His Majesty is frightened by the ghost of the murdered man, who appeared in the very chamber where the deed of blood was done, and was with difficulty laid by incantations, and by means of an image made of boiled rice, over which the Brahmins read forms of exorcism. These scenes of blood and superstition were enacted while Lawrence was in office at Khatmandoo, though he studiously kept aloof from the actors, high and low; and he winds up a letter which he appears to have written to Lord Auckland in May 1855, in the following commendation of the conduct of these bloodthirsty rulers and courtiers towards the general body of the people: 'It is only justice to them to 'say that, bad as is their foreign and Durbar policy, they are 'the best masters I have seen in India. Neither in the Terai 'nor in the Hills have I witnessed a single act of oppression 'since I arrived, a year and a half ago; and a happier 'peasantry I have nowhere seen.'

We must not pass away from this stage of Henry Lawrence's career without taking special notice of a trait of character which he had then for the first time the means of exhibiting otherwise than upon the narrowest scale, and of

a work of pre-eminent benevolence, combined with equal usefulness, to which he earnestly devoted himself at this period. We allude, in the first case, to his noble donations, of which he made his friend Mr. John Marshman the almoner, to many well-selected charities in and about Calcutta. The second good deed was the establishment of the Asylum for the Care and Instruction of the Children of European Soldiers, rescued from the idleness and vice inseparable from life in barracks, to which his name has most appropriately been prefixed. As respects the former, Mr. Marshman has furnished his biographer with a list of the several charities among whom he apportioned annually the sum of 400*l.*, and high honour is due to the man who gave thus liberally from his earliest superfluity. But we all know that many will give money bountifully who will not take trouble and incur responsibility; and both of these Lawrence took on himself largely, together with expense, when he devoted himself with that earnestness which was a leading feature of his character to the promotion of the scheme which he had made his own. He tells us that his first thoughts on this subject were as early as December 1842, when he was appointed Superintendent of the Dhoon, with charge of Mussourie. He did not remain there, however, and after two intermediate moves was appointed Resident in Nepal within a year. There he laboured diligently in the scheme on which his heart was set, corresponding with Mr. Thomason, General Parsons, Mr. Martin Gubbins, Mr. Atherton, and others. Nothing daunted by coldness or opposition, Lawrence wrote officially to the Government, suggesting the constitution of an Asylum, and after some months received an answer that he would perceive that his plan was 'not feasible.' 'I,' says Lawrence, 'saw nothing of the kind,' and he persevered accordingly, battling vigorously against all opponents. It was 'at 4 A.M., on taking leave of him at the Ghât of the Byas 'river, in March 1846,' that he asked for and obtained the promise of the support of Government from Lord Hardinge. From this time the eventual success of the Asylum was secured. That success, writes the biographer, 'is mainly, if 'not entirely, owing to two persons: indirectly to Lady Law-'rence, directly to Mr. Parker—to the first for selecting the 'second. Her task was no slight one, undertaken and carried 'out in very weak health. He has been before our eyes for 'eight years, and its results is in the well-being of the Asylum 'with its many inmates.' Never was a noble work carried out more earnestly.

Major Broadfoot had been killed in one of the well-fought battles in which the Sikh troops, trained to a high pitch of efficiency by their French and Italian commanders, struggled desperately for victory against the largest force that we could bring to meet them on the frontier which they had invaded, with the proud boast of marching on to sack Delhi, where so many of their co-religionists had been tortured and slain in former days. Lawrence was summoned to supply Broadfoot's place, and he received the call in the spirit of Job's war horse. He was at the time escorting his wife as far as Dinapore, on her way to Calcutta, who, herself greatly needing change, was taking their children to England. At seven P.M. on the 6th of January the summons reached him, and at three P.M. on the next day he started for the camp. It was not his wont to linger on the road when there was work to be done. But even with this stirring prospect before us, we cannot take our leave of Nepal without quoting the passage with which Mrs. Lawrence, writing after her husband had left her, winds up a long letter to Mr. Clerk, recapitulating her husband's views about Sikhs and Goorkhas, and the disaffection supposed to exist in the ranks of our own troops. She says, 'It would puzzle a professor of political 'economy to account for such a lying and murderous Durbar, 'such an inoffensive army, and such a prosperous, well-fed, 'well-clothed, well-lodged population, all crowded into that bit 'of a valley.'

Henry Lawrence was immediately (partly, indeed, even before he had been called to the front) appointed Agent to the Governor-General for the affairs of the Punjâb, and of the North-west frontier. He was present at 'the crowning victory' of Subraon on the 10th of February, and during that hard-fought battle he not only acted as aide-de-camp to Lord Hardinge, who recognised his value, and trusted him implicitly from the moment they were brought together, but even, as it would appear from his friend Major Macgregor's account, assisted some of his old friends of the Artillery to work their guns. But his serious business, after the Sikhs had submitted (and Subraon was the last conflict of that war), regarded the political relations between the two Governments. He was from the first strongly opposed to annexation, and in this respect his views were in unison with those of his chief, though it is evident from the tenor of Lord Hardinge's confidential letter to him of the 30th of March, 1846, that the Governor-General, judging from the known character of the parties in power, and the absence of any man of master mind 'to take 'the helm at this crisis,' was of opinion that the 'continuance

'of a Sikh government, which after all is a mere fragment of 'the population of the countries which they propose to rule,' was 'improbable.' But he was not prepared to take any steps to hasten its fall. On the contrary, he and his representative strove honestly and zealously to improve and support it. And its overthrow would not at that time have been an easy task. The brave and disciplined army of the Khalsa, though beaten, had not been crushed, as was proved by the struggle which they maintained against us within a brief period. But whatever the ease or difficulty of such a step, there was no intention to take it. What was done in that direction was upon a very limited scale. The Cis-Sutlej possessions of the Sikh Government had been annexed immediately upon the invasion of our territory, and to these were now added the Jullunder Dooab, lying between the Sutlej and the Beeas, together with all the Alpine territory situated between the former river and the Chenab. Goolab Sing was constituted the Sovereign of Cashmere, in consideration of his paying to the British Government the balance of the expenses of the campaign, which the exhausted treasury of the Sikh Government was unable to supply.

But Goolab Sing did not obtain immediate or easy possession of his new dominions. The Sheik Imammoodeen, the Governor of the Province, backed by Lal Sing, the Prime Minister, and the restlessly intriguing queen-mother, coveted its possession. Lawrence urged the unwilling Durbar to despatch a strong force to Cashmere. He accompanied it in person, compelled Imammoodeen to surrender at discretion; and returning promptly to Lahore, brought 'Lal Sing to 'solemn trial and exposure before all the Sikh chiefs for his 'complicity with Imammoodeen, in the treacherous opposition 'to Goolab Sing; the defeated Sheik having turned king's 'evidence against his accomplice, and producing his letters.' The result was the conviction of Lal Sing, and his subsequent banishment to Ferozepore. But the queen-mother, though deprived of her paramour, did not desist from her intrigues, in which she was supported by the Dewan Dena Natta, of whom Lawrence states, 'He has survived many revolutions, in which 'kings and families, old masters and old friends, have perished; 'but I doubt if the Chancellor of the Punjâb would long sur-'vive one which should altogether do away with peculation.' The final result of the stormy debates, in which it would seem that all the chiefs, with the single exception of Dena Natta, honestly desired the continued occupation of the Punjâb by British troops, and the virtual supremacy of the Resident, was

that the independence of the Punjâb was prolonged, and 'thus 'Henry Lawrence was left, in all but name, the master—un-'controlled save by the supreme Government at Calcutta—of 'the magnificent realm of the Five Rivers, the kingdom of 'Porus, the original India of the Greeks and Persians.' His tenure of this high office was rendered more comfortable, if not more safe, by the banishment of the dissolute queen-mother from the scene of her incessant and mischievous machinations. But health failed him, and after trying what a brief repose would do for its restoration, he was compelled to return for a second time to England, leaving Sir Frederick Currie in charge of his functions at Lahore during his temporary absence.

Sir Henry was made a Knight Commander of the Bath immediately on his arrival in England in March 1848. In April of the same year two brave young officers, Vans Agnew and Anderson, were barbarously murdered at Mooltan, an act which lit the flame of the second Sikh war. Lawrence felt that, ill or well, England was no place for him at such a crisis. The Duke of Wellington told him 'that he ought to return to 'the Punjâb,' and he wrote to the Court of Directors offering to resume his duties at once. He received a cold and discouraging reply, *sicut erat mos* of that body. 'The Com-'pany,' says Sir John Kaye, commenting on the circumstance, 'was a good master, but very chary of gracious words.' But Lawrence acted on the impulse of his keen nature, and left England, with his wife, in November of the same year. In the Egyptian desert he met, for the first and last time, Colonel Outram, who reached Lucknow too late to save Lawrence's life, but in full time to avenge his death. 'I was glad,' says Lady Lawrence, 'to shake hands, even in the dark, with one 'whom I esteemed so highly.' 'There is, after all,' is the comment of Mr. Merivale on the passage, 'room in the Pan-'theon of Indian heroes for Napier, Lawrence, and Outram, 'bitterly hostile as they were in their lives, and unreconciled 'in their deaths.'

The Governor-General determined to annex the Punjâb to the British dominions. Rather than be a party to the measure, Lawrence resigned his high office. But he was induced by Sir Henry Elliot, sent to him by Lord Dalhousie with that object, to withdraw his resignation. From that time, however, cordiality, if such a feeling had ever existed, ceased to operate as a friction-dispelling influence in the official intercourse of the two great men. The letter in which Lord Dalhousie criticised—as objectionable both in matter and manner, and especially as assuming to himself the authority belonging to

the Government alone,—the draft of a proclamation to the Sikh nation which Lawrence had proposed for his sanction after the victory of Goojerat, was quite sufficient to ruffle and sour a temper less touchy than that of Sir Henry Lawrence; and the following letter which the latter wrote, at a subsequent date, shows how effectually the tone assumed by the Governor-General had done its work upon the sensitive mind of the Chief Commissioner:—

'*To, John Lawrence.*

'June 13, 1851.

'I am at a loss to understand the Governor-General. We are snubbed about Edwardes, then about the Ghoorka Corps of Guides, on the assumption that we intend to send the head-quarters of the guides, and perhaps recommend their being sent, to Murree. Bad enough to snub us when we were wrong, intending to do right; but to be insulted by assumptions and tittle-tattle is too bad. The remarks, too, on the last batch of Jaghires, on which we all agreed, are not pleasant. I am heartily sick of this kind of letters. One works oneself to death, and does everything publicly and privately to aid the views of a man who vents his impertinences on us, in a way which would be unbecoming if we were his servants.'

We feel that in touching at this point in our narrative upon Sir Henry Lawrence's differences with Lord Dalhousie, we have somewhat outrun our subject. For it was not until what the former regarded as the crowning act of injustice had been committed by his removal from the Punjâb that he felt the full bitterness of his mortification. We must turn back, therefore, to take up the thread of our story from the date of the constitution, in April 1849, of the new Board of Administration, of which Sir Henry Lawrence was the President, and his brother John and Mr. Mansell his colleagues. This scheme was, in some measure, a lowering of Sir Henry's position; and so he felt it to be, for, writing to his young friend Edwardes, in reference to those who had been assigned to him as fellow-labourers, he said, 'I had rather be without them;' feeling confident, no doubt, that with the very able officers placed in all the subordinate situations, he could have carried on the administration single-handed. Nevertheless, he acquiesced in the arrangement.

The new Board worked hard and well, and we believe that the single person whom they did not satisfy was Sir Charles Napier. The only Indian official, from the Governor-General downwards, whom he did not vilipend, if not revile, was George Lawrence, of whom he said, 'he is a right good soldier and a right good fellow, and my opinion of him is high;' but he could not abstain from indulging in a parting fling even at him,

'he tried the advising scheme a little with me at Kothat.' Of the Governor-General he says, 'I like this young man' (he was forty-two), 'for he is seemingly a good fellow, but he has no head 'for governing this Empire, and drawing forth all its wondrous 'resources.' He afterwards, when Lord Dalhousie checked peremptorily his attempted encroachments on his authority, thought and wrote far more bitterly. But we will not turn aside from our immediate subject to dwell on the outbreaks of Sir Charles Napier, who would gladly have exchanged the command of the army for the position of Sir Henry Lawrence as Chief Commissioner of the Punjâb, and who so ill appreciated the character of the Governor-General as to describe him 'as weak as water, and as vain as a pretty woman, or an ugly 'man.' Still, in himself, and irrespective of his relations with his superiors or his equals, Sir Charles Napier was a very great man.

In his appointment Sir Henry exhibited all his constitutional activity, both of mind and body. He wrote incessantly, but he rode none the less. It has been truly said of him, that 'he 'was never so happy as on horseback.' He wrote to his friend Sir John Kaye, 'I have been twice all round the Punjâb. . . . 'Each year I have travelled three or four months; each day 'riding usually thirty or forty miles, with light tents, and 'sometimes for days with none at all. The last cold weather 'I rode close round all the frontier, visiting every point of 'interest, and all our posts, small and great, and riding through 'most of the passes.' 'The President of the Board,' says one of his colleagues, in March 1850, 'has lately been a circuit of 'not less than 1,000 miles.' On one of these excursions Sir Henry was accompanied by the present Earl of Derby, who, no doubt, imbibed from that familiar intercourse much of the practical knowledge which he afterwards exhibited when he presided over the Council of India.

But these visitations, however useful in some respects, and however congenial to Sir Henry's nature, to which continuous sedentary occupation would have been intolerable bondage, produced effects which helped, at least, to bring about his removal from the Punjâb, and the installation of his brother in his room. They had been brought up in different schools, and though they were sincerely attached to each other, each was too strongly wedded to his own opinions, the fruit in both cases of long experience, to be disposed to yield them to affection which did not command conviction. John had been brought up in the Revenue department, and had learnt that the full and punctual realisation of the legitimate demands of

the State was essential to good government; that large deductions from those demands, in favour of chiefs who had no special claims for such bounty, could not be allowed without injustice alike to taxpayers, often fully assessed, and entitled to remission if the full amount of revenue could be dispensed with, and to the State as trustee for the whole body of the people. His sympathies were with the classes who tilled the soil, and provided the means by which justice was administered, the peace maintained, and improvement of every description carried out. Sir Henry's feelings, on the other hand, leant to the aristocracy of the country, to those whom we had displaced from power, and had already, even when sparing their jaghires in part, at least shut out from many sources of wealth. Of the two brothers, Mr. Merivale says, 'both were practised revenue 'officers; but, as has been said, the details of this business, 'and, indeed, of any methodical business, were to Henry some-'what distasteful: John's energy was equally great, his attention 'to the subject far more minute, his tenacity of purpose equal. 'And this difference between the two brothers soon made itself 'felt, to the disadvantage of the elder.' In one word, and speaking in general, John's heart was with the Ryot, that of Henry with the Jaghiredar. Sir Henry appealed to Sir Robert Montgomery, who had succeeded Mr. Mansell as their common colleague, as to the unfairness with which he was treated.

'Well then,' replied John, 'as regards pensioners and Jaghiredars, I give way as much as I can.' I could point out many cases where my consent has been violently opposed to my own personal views; but I found it did little good. So long as I opposed any of Henry's recommendations he was no better satisfied than if I had gone on my own views. He thinks we treat these classes harshly. I think we have been very kind to them. I cannot see the political value of such allies as Tij Sing, Dena Natta, and others; but it seems to me that we have been even munificent to them. . . . However, I have always treated them with the greatest consideration.'

So honestly thought John Lawrence, reviewing his own conduct; so did not think Sir Henry. Sir Richard Temple and Sir Herbert Edwardes, discussing together the characters and policy of the two brothers, seem to have agreed in the common conclusion that

'it was best for the State that the two brothers were associated together, though it proved so unhappy for themselves. . . . One checked the other. At the same time, they confirmed each other's faults. Sir Henry was more lavish in his proposals because he thought that John would cut down any proposal that he made; and John was more hard

and stingy upon parallel reasoning. We both,' adds Edwardes, 'agreed that John had begun to adopt Sir Henry's views in many things from the very moment that Sir Henry left the Punjâb, and that the crisis of 1857 had very much softened and modified John's former principles.'

But with such opposite views and principles it was impossible that the Government could be carried on without a degree of jar and friction fatal to its successful working. Each appealed to the Governor-General to deliver them from the dead-lock to which their differences had brought them, and each expressed his willingness to retire from the scene of their contention in favour of the other. Lord Dalhousie decided to retain John in the Punjâb, and it was natural—however highly he appreciated the character and usefulness of the elder brother—that he should so determine. For while he could not, from essential difference of character, sympathise with many of Sir Henry's sentiments, his mind was almost absolutely in accord with that of John. And having come to the conclusion, he acted upon it—as his nature led him—without hesitation, and without feeling, it may be, how intense was the pain that he was thereby inflicting upon the heart of the statesman whom he was displacing from a seat to which he had worked his way through long years of arduous labour, from work which he heartily loved, and from the chief rule over a people who appreciated and loved him, we believe, as sincerely as a conquered people—and only a petty minority could properly be so classed—ever appreciated and loved a foreign ruler. For he was a man to win hearts. John might and did command respect and admiration; Henry won the affections both of the chiefs and of the people whom he ruled, and of the officers whom he trained and employed. And never was a chief better served. We know not whether the best men of the old provinces flocked into the Punjâb, or whether entering the land of the Five Rivers as ordinary servants they were there trained into excellence; but this much is certain, that it seemed as if the Lawrences had secured the pick of the whole country to carry out their views, and to render their administration a model of success. We select a few as representative men—many of whom, alas! no longer survive to serve their country, or to repose in retirement—but the names of George Lawrence, Macgregor, Nicholson, Hodson, Edwardes, Mackeson, Reynel Taylor, Lumsden, Cocks, and Bowring, will be long and honourably remembered, and those who fell in battle, as Nicholson and Hodson, or by the hand of an assassin, as Mackeson, left worthy successors to maintain the reputation of the school.

Sir Henry Lawrence felt his duties in Rajpootana to be comparatively tame and uninteresting. But there the second great affliction of his life—the first being his removal from the Punjâb—fell upon him. The wife so devoted to him, and for whom he cherished an equally warm affection, was taken from him at Mount Aboo in January 1854. 'So passed away,' justly observes Mr. Merivale, 'as high-minded, noble-hearted a woman 'as was ever allotted for a life's companion, to one called to 'accomplish a laborious and honourable career.' By the side of the bed on which she lay in death he wrote to his sons in England, telling them how he had 'prayed for the last time by her 'side—prayed that what I had neglected to do during her life, 'I might now do after her death—prayed that her pure spirit 'might be around you and me, to guide us to good, and shield us 'from evil.' With this sad exception, the three years which he spent in Rajpootana were uneventful. He exerted himself, with much success, to repress Suttee. 'Suttee,' he says, 'is now almost 'unknown in all the western hills. I do not remember above two 'cases since 1846, and in both the estates of offenders were re-'sumed.' He was equally successful—though there were occasional lapses—in several of the principal Rajpoot states in the plain country. He laboured, too, with equal zeal, though not with equal success, to put a stop to infanticide; but that 'inveterate practice, so closely connected with Rajpoot prejudice and 'pride of caste, was not to be put down during the few years of 'his tenure of office.' He strove, also, for the improvement of the prisons themselves, and of their discipline. The former he justly called '*dens*.' On the whole, the time that he spent in Rajpootana was far from being wasted; and his correspondence with Lords Dalhousie, Hardinge, Stanley, and Sir John Kaye, extracts from which are quoted by Mr. Merivale, proves that his great affliction had not robbed him of his energy, nor diminished the keenness of his aspirations for the good government of the people who had been subjected to our rule—direct or indirect—nor for the improvement of our military system.

This, we think, is the most appropriate place for considering the question at issue between Lord Dalhousie and Sir Henry Lawrence—whether the Governor-General was justified in removing the President of the Board from the Punjâb, and in appointing his brother Chief Commissioner, or whether the circumstances of the case were such as to warrant Sir Henry in feeling and expressing the bitter indignation with which, as Mr. Merivale's volume testifies, he habitually denounced the injustice that he had suffered. And although we have done our utmost in executing this very ungrateful task—for we hold both

the parties to the dispute in the highest honour, on account of the great services which each rendered to his country—to keep the balance scrupulously even, still the scale appears to us to preponderate so clearly in favour of the Governor-General, that we are compelled to decide the controversy in his favour. Both the brothers were conscious that their differences on points of high importance were such that they could not continue to sit at the same Board without serious detriment to the public service, and both simultaneously placed their respective offices at the disposal of Lord Dalhousie. Mr. Merivale publishes letters of Sir Henry Lawrence's, which prove indisputably that it was left without reserve to the Governor-General to make his election between the two. 'John,' says Mr. Merivale, 'was ready, and offered to accept the political Residency 'at Hyderabad, in order to solve the difficulty; but Lord Dal-'housie felt bound to decide which of the two he would retain 'in the Punjâb. His choice fell on John.' Sir Henry had been equally explicit, not only to the Governor-General, but to his friend Lord Hardinge. He writes:—

'When the Hyderabad Residency fell vacant, I told John that if he chose to ask the Governor-General to give it to him or to me, I was agreeable. He sent my note to Lord Dalhousie; so the next day I myself wrote, saying that for peace sake I would make way for my brother. . . . I added, that whichever of us might be selected, the Board had done its work, and there should be one head.'

Lord Dalhousie communicated his decision to Sir Henry in a letter, evidently written with great care, and with an earnest desire to discharge a most painful duty with the least possible offence. But Sir Henry, unmindful of the maxim that *volenti non fit injuria*, only felt, as he himself confesses, that his self-love was deeply mortified, and he allowed his anger to boil over in his correspondence with his friends: speaking of his removal as 'an insult' which nothing but his restoration could wipe out. He evidently was not prepared for the blow. He hoped, perhaps even expected—though he was well aware that the opinions and views of the Governor-General were more in accord with those of his brother than with his—that the weight of his claims to consideration would turn the balance in his favour. He forgot that a statesman so strong-willed as Lord Dalhousie would not be disposed, when he had a choice, to select for high office a man who differed from him on points of great importance, in preference to one like-minded. His disappointment was great, but he appears to have struggled manfully against his discontent, and, as we would hope, eventually subdued it. Mr. Merivale prints a letter addressed by

Mr. Charles Raikes to Sir Herbert Edwardes, in which the former records his meeting with Sir Henry Lawrence at Agra, on his way to Lucknow. He says:—

'His heart seemed overflowing with Christian charity. I remember that in returning a volume of "Memoirs of Bishop Sandford," he wrote to call my attention to the following passage which he had marked with a pencil, "My fears for those who retain a spirit of unforgiveness are "overpowering. I will declare to you that I could not myself pray to "God or ask his pardon for my many transgressions before I go to bed "at night with any comfort, or with any hope of being heard, unless I "were conscious that I did from my heart forgive as I ask to be for-"given." When next I met him, he poured out his heart on the beautiful topic of Christian forgiveness, adding that he had sent a copy of the extract above quoted to a distinguished officer, once his friend, who had taken deep offence at some public act of Sir Henry's.'

But Sir Henry was soon to be summoned to a field of greater responsibility. Lord Canning offered him the post of Chief Commissioner in Oude. It was an offer which Lawrence, 'with his chivalrous feelings of duty, would not have 'felt himself at liberty to decline under any circumstances 'short of absolute necessity.' He, therefore, despite the state of his health, gladly accepted the offer, and hastened to take charge of his new duties. His first care was to redress, as far as possible, the positive injustice under which some of the chiefs and of the dependents of the late royal family had suffered, and the general harshness of the tone of the whole administration.

He did all in his power to remedy these wrongs, but Sir John Kaye says, 'like many other good deeds done by good 'men, it was too late:' not, we hope and believe, in many cases. In the more important instances—more important, indeed, not in respect of the demands of humanity, but because more depended upon it in the sequel—Lawrence's remedies or palliations were not 'too late.' We refer to the juster treatment, under his directions, of the great landowners; and the proof that his equity and fair consideration had produced their effect is furnished by the fact that, with very rare exceptions, English men and women, flying from murderers, were protected, and passed on in their way to safety, by almost all the chiefs of the local aristocracy. Mr. Merivale ascribes this conduct upon their part—and with reason, we believe—to the just and conciliatory line of policy followed by Sir Henry during the brief period of his administration of the province. But enough had been done to excite extreme discontent, not to say disaffection; and it redounds greatly to

the honour of the general body of the large landowners of Oude, that they not only did not wreak their wrongs upon the fugitives from the mutinous troops, but in many instances afforded them protection and the means of escape.

As time wore on, however, in spite of Lawrence's wise measures and earnest exertions, the impending cloud grew darker and darker. Mutiny broke out at all the out-stations throughout the province, and the officers were either murdered or compelled to fly. In many instances, indeed, their lives were spared, with more or less of substantial kindness, by their men, who nevertheless threw off all discipline. But, amidst all the anarchy and bloodshed of the period, it is most pleasing to read of two recorded instances of the special kindness of native ladies of rank. Much of the active benevolence of the old Rajah of Morar Mow to Captain Mowbray Thomson and his companions was 'due to the honourable feelings of his 'wife, who is said to have made him bind himself by oath 'to see to their safety.' And there is still better evidence in the second case: 'The Chief of Doondea Khera,' who had attacked the same fugitives, 'fell into great disfavour 'with his clan and the other Rajpoots for his conduct to the 'Cawnpore fugitives; and his wife deserted him, writing him 'a letter, which fell into the hands of the British authorities, 'to say that he could not hope for the favour of God after such 'inhumanity.'

We cannot spare space to describe the disaster which befell Lawrence at Chinhut, though we regard it as one of the most fatal military blunders ever made. We think he ought not to have assumed the offensive with the uncertain and inadequate force at his disposal, and the defeat which ensued led immediately to the investment of the fortified post at Lucknow. The loss of life during the siege was great: happily the spirit of the garrison was not broken by it. Their numbers, at that date, according to Mr. Gubbins, consisted of 927 Europeans and 765 natives. The early assaults of the besiegers were by far the most formidable; and that of July 20, the most serious that occurred during the siege, cost the assailants 1,000 men, and the garrison only ten. But the musketry fire from the shelter of the adjacent houses was incessant and fatal. 'The wonder is,' says one of the describers, 'not 'that there were so many casualties as there were, but that 'any person was left alive in the garrison.'

But when the assault of July 20 was delivered, Sir Henry, whose life we are treating, had been in his grave more than a fortnight. He lived but a few days after his return from

Chinhut, and the latter half of that period was passed under the terrible anguish of a mortal wound. He was killed by a shell thrown by the very howitzer abandoned at Chinhut. On the preceding day (the 1st of July), a shell had been thrown into the same room, and he had been urged to remove from it, but he 'said laughingly that he did not believe 'the enemy had an artilleryman good enough to put another 'shell into that small room.' He had been abroad all the morning inspecting, and directing, and returning exhausted about eight o'clock, lay down on the bed in his clothes. His nephew, who had been out with him, lay on another bed near his side, and Wilson, the Deputy Adjutant-General, was standing between the beds, reading a paper to Sir Henry. At this moment a shell came in through the wall, and instantly burst. Wilson was stunned, thrown down, and slightly wounded. On regaining his feet he called out three times, 'Sir Henry, are 'you hurt?' The third time he replied in a low tone, 'I am 'killed.' Yet though the wound was so severe, and he so weak in health, he survived till the morning of the 4th; and mindful of his duty, and of his obligations to those under his command, he spent all the time that he was able to devote to the concerns of the world that he was leaving in giving wise counsel to those who were to succeed him on many points connected with the defence of their position. Major Banks, whom he named as his successor, took down from his lips his last instructions. He appointed Colonel Inglis to succeed to the military command, giving him his last injunction, '*never to* '*give in.*' He sent for all those whom he thought he had ever, 'though unintentionally, injured, or even spoken harshly to, 'and asked their forgiveness.' 'Of himself,' says Dr. Fayrer, 'he spoke most affectingly and humbly, ignoring his own great 'merits, and dwelling on what he thought his own shortcomings. 'He urged the vanity of all worldly ambition at a time like that 'which had suddenly come to him, and he entreated those who 'heard him to lay it to heart.'

Thus, at the darkest hour of the terrible year 1857, passed away the soldier-statesman whose career we have traced from his first arrival in India to his deathbed at Lucknow. His whole life had been one of earnest devotion to duty, always of eminent usefulness, often of distinguished merit. His temper was naturally impetuous and fiery, but it was controlled by the sweetness of his disposition, and, latterly, by the strength of his Christian principles. He was as indefatigable in his contributions to the press and in his correspondence as he was in his bodily exertions. He displayed the foresight of a great

leader in victualling and arming the defenders of Lucknow; and to this it was owing that the little garrison, so closely beset, was not only sustained in practical plenty, but was able also to spare enough to feed the additional force brought to its aid by Havelock and Outram. He acted, it must be confessed, with rashness in making the sally which resulted in his repulse at Chinhut; but if his instructions had been duly carried out, it is possible that defeat might have been averted, even if a victory had not been gained.

Sir Henry possessed in an eminent degree two rare qualities fitting him for high command: he displayed great judgment in the first choice of officers to serve under him, and he enjoyed the faculty of winning their warm and devoted attachment. The unfeigned sorrow with which his departure from the Punjâb was regarded by the whole body of those who had served under him, affords conclusive evidence of the strength of the feeling which bound the hearts of the followers to their leader.

So passed away, in mature manhood, in broken health, indeed, but with energies still unimpaired, one of those great men by whom our dominion in India has been gained and upheld. As a soldier and a statesman he was a worthy successor of Clive and Hastings; but his moral qualities placed him far above those founders of our Empire in the East. It may be said of him with truth that he was as much distinguished by practical benevolence as he was by the fulfilment of his more direct duty to the Government that he served. He won to an uncommon extent the affections of those whom he ruled; and to the hold which he and the Englishmen trained in his school gained over the minds and hearts of the people it is in no small degree attributable that in the trying crisis of 1857 they took part heartily with us. He left behind him in the Punjâb many worthy followers—men like Nicholson, Edwardes, and others—qualified alike to command and to conciliate; and such of his disciples, civil and military, as still survive are held in honour alike by their fellow-labourers in the public service, and by the people whom they governed. His bodily presence has passed away from the land in which he laboured, but his memory will long be cherished and honoured as the worthy representative of the justice and moderation of the British Government.

ART. VI.—1. *The Sun: Ruler, Fire, Light, and Life of the Planetary System.* By RICHARD A. PROCTOR, B.A., F.R.A.S. London: 1871.

2. *A Rediscussion of the Observations of the Transit of Venus,* 1869. By E. J. STONE, Esq. 'Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society,' Supplementary Notice. Vol. XXVIII. 1868.

3. *The Transit of Venus in* 1874. By R. A. PROCTOR, B.A. 'Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.' Vol. XXIX. No. VIII. June, 1869.

4. *Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, delivered at the Section at the Brighton Meeting, August* 14, 1872. By WARREN DE LA RUE, Esq., F.R.S., &c. &c.

5. *Lord Lindsay's Preparations for Observations of the Transit of Venus,* 1874. By Lord LINDSAY and Mr. DAVID GILL. 'Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.' Vol. XXXIII. No. I. November, 1872.

6. *Letter from the Astronomer Royal to the Secretary of the Admiralty, expressing his Views on certain Articles which had appeared in the Public Newspapers in regard to the approaching Transit of Venus.* 'Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society.' Vol. XXXIII. No. V. March, 1873.

IT is impossible to over-estimate, in a scientific point of view, the importance of knowing exactly how far the sun is from the earth. That distance is the great natural unit which has to be employed in measuring the vast spaces of the universe stretching around the earth and sun—the standard yard-measure, as it has been aptly called, of the sidereal survey which astronomical science is ever pushing out into the surrounding immensity. But over and above this consideration there is also the bearing that a correct determination of this quantity has upon the physical investigations which are now being so successfully carried through by the combined powers of the spectroscope and telescope. A few thousand miles added to, or taken from, man's estimate of the remoteness of the bright luminary materially affects the conclusion which has to be drawn in regard to the nature of the agencies that are there pursuing their appointed work in providing movement and organising force for the service of dependent worlds.

Notwithstanding the deep and clear insight which astronomers have now secured into the arrangements of the surrounding universe, it is only three brief centuries of time since the sun was believed to be a body not more than a few times as wide again as the earth floating in space five millions of miles, or something less than seven hundred of the earth's diameters, away. The old German astronomer, Kepler, after a revision of certain observations of Tycho Brahe's, for the first time conceived, what was then held to be the vast idea, that the sun must be as much as thirteen millions of miles from the earth. About the year 1670, the Italian Cassini, by the help of increased instrumental facilities, found reason to stretch Kepler's thirteen millions into something more than eighty-five millions; and, since Cassini's time, the eighty-five millions have been still further extended by yet other refinements of observation.

It is not unworthy of remark that in all these several advances towards a more adequate idea of the vast distance of the sun, the one thing which each successive investigator set himself mainly to accomplish was the discovery of how large our familiar earth looks when it is seen from the sun; for to know how large any body of already ascertained size appears is substantially to know how far it is away. By exact measurement performed by the most patient and laborious application of the surveyor's theodolite and chain, man has found that his earth measures 7,925 geographical miles across in its broadest diameter. Now nothing can be more obvious than that it is possible to determine by the simplest application of geometric principles how large a sphere that is 7,925 miles across must look at any given distance. With every successive withdrawal from the position of the observer it gets to look less and less. How far, then, by this estimate is it withdrawn from the sun, and how small does it look from that remote post of observation? Marvellous as it may seem, there are ways in which this can be ascertained. Far as the sun is away in the trackless void, and impossible as it is to take human organs of vision there to look back upon the earth, there is nevertheless something else appertaining to the organisation of man that can be made to perform the inscrutable journey—namely, the human intellect. This bond-defying and illimitable power it is which is to be commissioned afresh upon the work a few short months hence, when a numerous staff of carefully equipped observers start for remote regions of the earth to watch from those vantage grounds the planet Venus sweeping, as a black speck, across the sun's bright face.

What is called in the hard language of technical astronomy

the parallactic displacement, or parallax, of the sun, means virtually, when it is reduced to the simplest form of expression that the case admits of, 'how large does the earth look from 'the sun?' Thus, if one man stood at some given point on the earth, and a second man was placed at some opposite spot of its circumference exactly a full diameter of the earth away, and an observer in the sun looked forth upon these two Terrestrians, he would see them an earth's breadth asunder. The two earth-stationed men, on the other hand, would look at the observer in the sun along lines which respectively converged to his place; and the exact *angle of convergence* by which the lines met there would obviously be identical with the *angle of divergence* by which the two men are looked at from the sun. In the first case—that, namely, of convergence—the angle is observed by the consentaneous action of two remote men upon the earth, and that angle is called the 'parallax' of the sun. In the second case—that, namely, of divergence—the apparent size of the earth is gauged as it is seen from the sun. Therefore, the parallax of the sun, or displacement of it caused by viewing it from opposite sides of the earth, and the apparent size of the earth considered as if viewed from the sun, are one and the same thing.

It may be here necessary, as a piece of passing and incidental, but not altogether irrelevant, explanation, to say that the astronomer in his actual treatment of this piece of investigation, has found it convenient to deal with the *half-diameter*, rather than with the whole diameter, of the earth; and this, simply because he found it possible to compare the observed position of the sun when just sinking out of sight upon the horizon with the fixed and known position of the luminary as it would be seen if contemplated from the centre of the earth; or, what is the same thing, from a position on the earth's surface diametrically between that centre and the centre of the sun. The solar displacement deduced from this method of observation was called the '*horizontal parallax*' of the sun. It is not necessary to allude here more in detail to this earlier form of the problem, because the method has been so entirely superseded by the more precise and interesting procedure that depends upon the passage of Venus across the sun's face. It is only necessary, in regard to it, to remark that the main principle which has been described is, nevertheless, in no way affected by this method of procedure; for, whatever is learned in the matter regarding the half-diameter of the earth needs only to be doubled to apply to the whole. To observe the

'*horizontal parallax*' of the sun is the same thing as to ascertain *half the apparent size* of the earth measured from the sun. The language of the horizontal parallax observation is still used by observers, because it affords a convenient average standard of comparison. Observations from a different base are reduced to the expression they would have had if the exact half-diameter of the earth, which lies between its circumference and centre, had been employed.

Now when this most interesting observation of the sun's parallax is attempted in the routine of terrestrial astronomy, it is found that the two lines which run from widely severed observers, and which meet at the sun, are so very nearly in the same direction—so very nearly parallel with each other—that it requires the nicest effort of visual discrimination to discover that they are convergent and not parallel. If the reader will take the trouble to lay down upon paper two lines diverging from each other by an angle of one degree, thus—

and will then conceive this angular space to be again split into 450 subdivisions, he will get some approximation to a notion of what the quantity is that has to be dealt with when this, the horizontal parallax of the sun, with a basis of nearly 4,000 miles, is under examination. It is just one of these exquisitely minute subdivisions that has to be measured. The quantity, indeed, is so very fine that it overtasks the faculties which are at command when it is dealt with in a straightforward direct way. The expedient is, therefore, adopted of dealing with it indirectly. The nearest neighbour of the earth, the planet Venus, is made a sort of stepping-stone. The astronomer, by a subtle exertion of the mighty magic which it is his privilege to wield, transports himself to the planet Venus at the convenient contingency when it happens to be directly between the earth and sun, and there notes, in the first place, how large the earth looks from this stage of the journey, and then how large the sun looks out in the other direction; and then, as he already knows from another source, which, however, must be further alluded to immediately, what are the *relative distances* of Venus and the sun, he discovers first how far Venus is from the earth, and afterwards how much farther the sun is than Venus. This, indeed, is substantially what astronomers are about when they send carefully prepared expeditions forth to remote regions to observe the 'transit of Venus' across the sun's face.

In the process of observing this occurrence, the sun's face

is used as a sort of illuminated dial-plate, upon which the progress of the dark planet can be traced. It is very convenient to the astronomer to seize the opportunity to do this, because it at once enables the planet's presence to be marked at a time when it would otherwise be altogether invisible, and it also affords a fixed standard of admeasurement to which the precise movement of the planet can be referred. And this is a matter of the utmost moment to the success of the observation; for this reason, that its great efficacy depends upon the fact that the track of the dark planet across the sun's face is not the same to observers watching it from remote stations on the earth; and that from the difference of two tracks traced on the sun for remote stations on the earth known distances asunder the two circumstances primarily required—namely, the apparent sizes of the earth, and of the sun, from Venus—can be reasoned out.

The relative distances of Venus and the sun from the earth are discovered from a very simple consideration—namely, from the measure of the widest distance to which Venus can travel from the sun in the sky. This depends entirely on the proportion in which the orbit, along which the earth travels round the sun, is larger than the orbit along which Venus travels round the sun at its nearer distance. The widest 'elongation,' as it is technically termed, of Venus from the sun in the sky is, approximately, 47°. In order that this may be the case, the relative diameters, or half-diameters, of the two orbits must be as 723 and 1,000; or, in other words, when Venus is placed exactly between the earth and the sun, if the distance between the earth and Venus is expressed by the figures 277, the distance between Venus and the sun will be expressed by the figures 723.

The astronomer, then, having possessed himself of these proportions, proceeds to make his practical application of them in ascertaining the sun's distance, in this way. He first fixes beforehand upon two suitable, remote stations on the earth, and then employs competent observers to watch from them the passage of the planet across the sun's face. In order to get the exact measure of the distance asunder of the transit-tracks on the sun's face, the observers, in practice, have only to note the number of seconds that is occupied by each passage. For as the sun's face is a circle, the length of the track traversed, estimated in seconds consumed in the passage, gives the part of the circle which has been crossed. The difference of the length of the two tracks expresses very exactly their distance asunder on the area in-

cluded within the circle. But as that distance asunder is viewed from the earth, and not from the planet Venus, it means, for the purposes of calculation, a quantity which is as much larger than the angle of separation observed from the earth as Venus is nearer to the sun than is the earth—that is, in the proportion of 723 to 1,000. If the observed angle of separation of the two tracks on the sun's face was 35 seconds, the same distance as seen from Venus would be an angle of 49 seconds. Therefore the portion of the earth lying between the two stations would look 49 seconds larger from Venus, and as much less from the sun as the sun is more distant from the earth than Venus is, that is, in the proportion of 1,000 to 277. Assuming, for the sake of illustration and explanation, that the two stations of observation on the earth were 6,000 miles asunder, and that the angle deduced from the observation were 49 seconds (appearing as 35 seconds when seen from the earth), then the distance of Venus would exceed the 6,000 miles as much as the length of the radius of an arc of 49 seconds exceeds the length of the arc; that is, according to the doctrines of trigonometry, as 4,200 exceeds one. The distance of Venus, therefore, would be 4,200 times 6,000, or 25,270,000 miles; and, as the proportion of the distance of Venus from the earth to the distance of the sun from the earth is as 277 to 723, the distance of the sun from the earth would be to 25,200,000 miles as 723 is to 277 —that is, a little more than 90,000,000 miles.

The first memorable experiment that was made to endeavour to find out the distance of the sun by an observation of a transit of the planet Venus, was carried out in the year 1769. In that year the renowned navigator, Captain Cook, was sent to Otaheite, in the South Pacific, to watch the appearances of the transit, while a large band of astronomers were doing the same thing on the opposite hemisphere of the earth, from Wardhus, Kola, St. Petersburg, Yakutsk, and other suitable spots in the far north of Europe and Asia. As many as fifty stations in Europe, six in Asia, and seventeen in America, were employed in order to get a broad base with Captain Cook's station in the south. After all these observations had been brought together, it was found that a very wide range of result came out, accordingly as the after calculations were made by one or by another mathematician. In one case as small a quantity as 87,890,780, and in another as large a quantity as 108,984,560 miles, was given as the sun's distance.

Between the years 1822 and 1824 the distinguished German

astronomer Encke undertook a reconsideration and rediscussion of these discrepant results, and also of some less exact ones that had been deduced from observations of a transit made in 1761 by Hirst at Madras, by Lalande at Paris, and by Bergmann at Upsal. From this very laborious investigation Encke decided that the horizontal parallax of the sun, and therefore the apparent half-size of the earth from the sun, must be an angle of about 8·576 seconds, and the distance of the sun about 95,274,000 miles.

From that time Encke's estimate of the sun's distance was adopted as the best light on the matter that was likely to be obtained until another half century had passed, and another transit of Venus had given renewed opportunity of correction. But it was generally understood that there was nevertheless no actual value in the long range of decimal figures, namely 8·5776, which Encke had given as the value of the angle of parallax. From Encke's time, indeed, the most restless of astronomical spirits continued to nibble at these figures, instead of accepting them in faith, or of waiting upon Venus, and the next opportunity for their revision and correction; and to make guesses at the probable solution of the problem by the tentative application of less exact, less powerful, and less orthodox methods. Four of these subsidiary attempts at least deserve special notice, both on account of their surprising ingenuity, and on account of the marvellous results that have been reached through their instrumentality.

First Hansen, the Dane, about the year 1854 revised some older work of La Place, and calculated the difference of the force with which the sun acts on the earth and on the moon at the times of the new moon and full moon—that is, when the moon is nearer to the sun than the earth, and when the earth is nearer to it than the moon. He then checked his calculation by comparing it with certain observed irregularities in the moon's motion known to be due to this influence, and he said, 'Encke's estimate of the sun's distance is too large. 'The angle of horizontal parallax must be about 8·9 seconds, 'and the sun's distance about 91,659,000 of miles.'

Next, Leverrier carefully examined certain periodical inequalities of the sun's apparent motion in the heavens, which are due to its being really the common centre of gravity that lies between the earth and the moon, which is influenced by the sun's attraction, and not either the earth or moon; and from this examination, aided by a subsequent correction of one part of the calculation by Mr. Stone (at that time at Greenwich observatory), it was inferred that the solar parallax

should be about 8·9 seconds, and the sun's distance about 91,759,000 miles.

Then the French philosophers, Fizeau and Foucault, contrived arrangements of rapidly revolving wheels and mirrors, by which the speed of wave-transmission in a light-beam could be measured; and afterwards calculated that at this rate of travelling, light could not get across the entire breadth of the earth's orbit in 16 minutes, the time given for its passage by the retardation of the eclipse of Jupiter's satellite, if the journey were so much as 190,000,000 miles. From these experiments the experimenters concluded that the horizontal parallax of the sun should be 8·942 seconds, and the distance of the sun 91,400,000 miles.

And, finally, the Astronomer Royal and Mr. Stone used as a base of survey the distance through which an observer on the earth is carried by the sweep of its rotation in a few hours, and marked the position of the planet Mars among the fixed stars from each extremity of this base; and then, applying the proportion of the relative distances of the earth and Mars from the sun, calculated that the horizontal parallax of the sun should be 8·9 seconds, and its distance 91,400,000 miles.

This very remarkable series of independent observations, based each on a separate ground, therefore seemed to indicate that the sun was something less than 92,000,000, instead of something more than 95,000,000 miles away, and so gave increased reason for an anxious anticipation of the return of the next transit of Venus, when the more exact observation could (once again) be very carefully made. In the meantime, it occurred to Mr. Stone, shortly before leaving Greenwich upon his appointment as Astronomer Royal at the Cape of Good Hope, that a very careful re-examination of the observations of the transit of 1769 might possibly throw some light upon the way in which so erroneous a conclusion as Encke's estimate could have been arrived at. A slight measure of reflection suggested to him that the old observers of the transit must have found considerable difficulty in determining the exact instant when the planet entered upon, or left, the face of the sun, as they were not aware of a fact that is now well known, namely, that a dark body seen upon a bright background always looks smaller to the eye than if seen with less intense contrast. It is now understood that from this cause the instant when the planet has completed its entrance upon the sun's bright face, and the instant when it has commenced to leave it, is marked by the formation, or breaking, of a fine black band or ligature,

stretching like a stalk between the dark rim of the planet and the bright rim of the sun, rather than by a clear contact of the sharply defined circular outlines. It, therefore, obviously is a matter of some consequence whether this true indication of exact contact was, or was not, used in the observations of 1769. From a close examination of the records, Mr. Stone arrived at the conviction that some of the observers did, and that some did not, fix their observations from these appearances of the fine band, and that much of the confusion, and probably nearly all the error of the calculations based upon those observations, was due to this cause; and he then found, startling as the result proves, that if all these observations were classed accordingly as they belonged to the group in which the true, or the false, indications of contact appeared to have been used, and the calculations were then made under this correction, the parallax of the sun according to these very observations of 1769 was 8·91 seconds, and its distance from the earth 91,730,000 miles.

Since the completion of Mr. Stone's memorable examination and revision of the 1769 observations, it has been pretty generally admitted that the result must be accepted as a confirmation of the deductions drawn from the other independent investigations which have been alluded to, and that it must henceforth be held that the parallax of the sun is very close upon 8·9 seconds, and the distance of the sun very close upon 92,000,000 miles; and that the residual possible error which will have now to be looked to at the great opportunity of the next transit of Venus, in 1874, will certainly not be more than three-hundredths of a second in the matter of the angular measure of the parallax, and 300,000 miles in that of distance. The nature of the task which the astronomer will have to perform, in dealing as a matter of observation with this exceedingly minute quantity, will perhaps be best conceived from the statement given by Mr. Proctor, that the coarser correction of more than three millions of miles—which appears to have been happily accomplished—involved the examination of a dimension which was about the same thing as the face of a sovereign looked at eight miles away, or a human hair looked at 125 feet away! The scrutiny of the angle of displacement that would correspond with a distance of 300,000 miles would be very much like the task the Astronomer Royal would have to perform if he undertook from his central throne of astronomical science at Greenwich to measure the face of a bright sovereign held up for him in the sunshine at Peterborough.

So great an advance has, however, now been effected in the

instruments and processes of astronomical investigation, that it is confidently felt it will be more easy at the present time to deal with the small possible error of 300,000 miles than it was a century ago to deal with the larger quantity of 3,000,000 of miles. Money has already been provided by the forethought of the State to enable the renewed attack upon the interesting problem to be made systematically, with all the advantages the advanced science of the day can confer, and arrangements for the work are already in progress. The situations that promise to be most convenient for the observation have been carefully considered; and Mr. Proctor, who has made a very complete examination of that part of the subject, has presented the results at which he has arrived very clearly and intelligently, in his book on the sun, and in some subsequent monographs, in a series of pictorial charts, from which it appears that very good sites for the northern stations of survey will fall in Tartary, North China, and Japan; and for the southern stations, about Crozet Island, Kerguelen Land, and Royal Company Island, in the South Pacific. The best stations for the work, viewed merely as a piece of parallactic survey, are obviously those which are as far asunder as possible, but nevertheless within such a range that each of them must have both the beginning and end of the transit well in sight between the rising and setting of the sun.

In the work of actual observation of the passage of the planet across the sun's face an altogether new power, however, will be brought into play, of which nothing was known in the days of Captain Cook and of the staunch old ship appropriately and modestly named the 'Endeavour,' the immediate effect of which will be entirely to obviate the possibility of the recurrence of the difficulties and confusion that came in the train of the observations of 1769. In his very able and most admirable address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the recent meeting at Brighton, Dr. Warren de La Rue, the President of the section, dwelt mainly upon the interest and importance of the position that photography has now taken up in the observatory of the astronomer. Photography, in its relation to astronomy, no longer satisfies itself with being merely the portrait-painter of the telescopic features of the celestial bodies; it now claims to be the most exact and refined instrument for measuring the apparent relative positions of the planetary wanderers, and indeed also of the sidereal hosts of the sky, and in this sense the new claimant is to be admitted to play a part in the transit observations of

1874. But photography, it will also be observed, has the still larger recommendation that it is a permanent record, as well as a refined method of instrumental observation. If impressions of the actual appearance of the solar face are secured upon photographic plates at rapidly succeeding instants, as the dark planet moves across the sun, and this be done from several widely-severed stations on the earth, the successive phases of the transit will be caught, as it were, *flagrante delicto,* and stereotyped where they can be seen for all future time, as well as at the moment of occurrence, and so be again and again referred to by fresh bands of observers as long as continued scrutiny may seem to be required for the improvement of deductions or for the elimination of error. For an adequate apprehension of this particular value of the process it is only necessary to consider the power it would have given Mr. Stone, in his re-examination of the observations of the transit of 1769, if he had had photographic registers, instead of pen-and-ink records, of those observations to deal with. He would virtually then have been able to see the transit over again years after date, and to have detected the sources of the errors of computation almost at an eye-glance.

Mr. Lewis Rutherford, of New York, has furnished a remarkable series of proofs of the great capabilities of photography in the matter of refinement of astronomical delineation. He has produced photographic maps of the moon's face twenty-one inches across, in which every crater and fissure and seam of the lunar surface are rendered with the perfection of absolute fidelity. He has photographically engraved a beam of sunlight, when scattered by the deploying power of the spectroscope-prism into a band eighty-four inches long, so that more dark Frauenhofer absorption-lines can be discerned in the picture than had hitherto been seen by the direct observation of the eye. He has made photographic images of groups of fixed stars in which every constituent star of the group is so rendered on the plate as to admit of the most refined micrometrical admeasurement, both of relative distances and position. Another successful worker in the same field, Professor Young, has secured photographic portraits of the red prominences, or hydrogen flames, of the sun in the full blaze of ordinary daylight. It is, therefore, clear that great results may be looked for at the hands of this new auxiliary of the observatory.

It is obvious, and beyond dispute, that there are some grave drawbacks to the employment of photography as an in-

strument of exact astronomical observation; but it is not unworthy of note that at the present time these very drawbacks have become matters of especial interest to men of science on account of the very ingenious steps that are being taken to neutralise their powers of mischief. Thus, it is well known that the ordinary photographic image formed by lenses of glass has certain inherent aberrations and imperfections that, for any purpose of exact measurement, require to be either removed or ascertained and allowed for. The lenses of the optician bend and blurr the light-beams that they employ in painting the picture. The collodion film, which receives the impression of the picture, dilates and contracts unequally and capriciously after it has been stamped with the image. But measures are in progress to meet and entirely neutralise these causes of inaccuracy when photographic art is employed in turning the next transit of Venus to account, which are, perhaps, the most remarkable instances that could be adduced of the exhaustive forethought and care which are now required in the proceedings of exact science. The distinguished optician, Mr. Dallmeyer, is at the present time engaged in the construction of nine instruments to be used in photographing the appearances and progress of the transit, which are to be so scrupulously and exactly alike, that comparisons of pictures made by them at different stations may have the highest attainable value, and in which, at the same time, all optical sources of inaccuracy shall have been reduced to the utmost extent that the present state of constructive skill allows. Five of these photo-heliographs, as the instruments are called, are for the British Government, one is for the Indian Government, two are for the Russian Government, and one is for the veteran astronomical photographer, Dr. Warren De La Rue. The experiments and trials with these fine instruments are already so far advanced that the instruments are as nearly perfect for the precise purpose for which they are to be used, so far as their optical performance is concerned, as may be. Their visual and chemical foci are practically identical, so that the image that is seen clearly by the eye will be as clearly engraved by the light upon the sensitive film; and Dr. De La Rue finds that when a reticule of crossing lines—a kind of square meshed net of very regular finish—suspended, for the convenience of experiment, on the Pagoda in Kew Gardens, is photographed by one of the instruments, the image of the reticule corresponds exactly with another image of a transparent lined glass reticule introduced, for the purpose of comparison, into the principal focus of the

object-glass of the instrument, magnified seven diameters, and photographed at the same time with the distant scale. For the full extent on the plate which will be occupied by the image of the sun both these square meshed scales appear ruled with the most faultless mathematical precision; they are both absolutely free from the distortions familiarly known as the 'pincushion' and the 'barrel-like' distortion. There is simply a slight tendency to thicken the lines of the image derived from the transparent glass reticule as they get away from the centre of the field, which is obviously due to slight curvature of the field of sharpest definition; and this residual optical imperfection, trifling as it is, Mr. Dallmeyer is now still further diminishing, by altering the curves and lengthening the focus of the enlarging lens, and he states that he has not the slightest doubt that in the end all error due to optical distortion will have been absolutely removed. There will still remain the imperfections of unequal contraction in the collodion film after the image has been photographed; but even these errors will be made of no practical import by the admirable device of the lined reticule, because if the image of this reticule is photographed on the plate at the same time as the image of the sun, any imperfection of image produced by unequal contraction of the film will be revealed by a corresponding irregularity in the lines and squares of the reticule. If these lines and squares are mathematically exact and true, as they should be, it will be known that the picture of the sun is also, in the same sense, true; and that if, on the other hand, those lines and squares are in any place distorted from their true regularity and measure, there will be identically the same distortion in the image of the sun; and this being then known, will be taken into account and allowed for at its exact value, whatever that may be.

Mr. Dallmeyer's beautiful instruments are to furnish an image of the sun's disc at the time of the passage of the planet in 1874, which will be nearly four inches, or in exact figures 3931·6 thousandths of an inch, in diameter. And the image of Venus will have a diameter of 126·66 thousandths of an inch. The greatest possible parallactic displacement of the planet on the sun's face for the widest base of observation that can be secured on the earth will amount to 95·7 thousandths, or nearly one-tenth, of an inch. This therefore will be the quantity that will be available in the photographic picture for micrometric examination and scrutiny. The time secured will be substantially the true instant of the particular phase photographed, as photographic pictures of the sun with instruments

of this class are commonly made in the hundredth part of a second on account of the great intensity of the sun's actinic power. It is anticipated that the chord of the sun's circular face along which the planet will be seen to pass from any given station on the earth will be easily determined to within a tenth part of a second of angular measurement, and that an error of a tenth part of a second in this would involve an inaccuracy not exceeding eighteen thousandths of a second after reduction to the expression for the sun's horizontal parallax. This therefore is the promise which the acceptance of the alliance of photography in the transit observations of 1874 holds out. Many of the highest authorities—foremost among them Dr. Warren De La Rue in England and Professor Bond in the United States—hold that the measurement of the photographic images of the transit will in all probability give a result of threefold higher value than any direct eye and hand observation that could be secured.

If the recent corrections of the sun's distance are ultimately established by the transit observations of 1874, this will really indicate that the sun itself is a spheroid 850,000 miles across, and that in mere matter of bulk it is so vast that a million and a quarter of earths would barely suffice to make up its volume. A much more satisfactory and philosophic conception of 'the Home Rule' of the universe is secured, if a start is made in idea from this grand centre standpoint, rather than, in accordance with the more usual practice, from the earth. The source of activity and power is an orb nearly one million of miles across, and the pigmy earth which is dependent upon that source for light, warmth, life, and all change and movement of whatever kind, is suspended in space one hundred and eight diameters of that central orb away, and is of one million and a quarter times smaller dimension than the sphere from which it receives these endowments. There is certainly more for the human intellect to seize when the fact is stated in this way than there is when the sun is spoken of as a sphere ninety-two millions of miles from the earth, and as large again as the moon's orbit. It is a suggestive and noteworthy feature in the economy of Nature that in the one instance which comes within the personal experience of man, the great central fountain and source of impulse, energy, and power is six hundred times larger than the entire cluster of subordinate worlds that are lit, warmed, and organised from that source. Such in the marvellous scheme is the ratio of power to result, of active determining cause to passive accomplishment—six hundredfold to one! Fire-eddies thousands

of miles across, and flame-tongues one hundred thousand miles high, whirl and leap in the sun in order that soft winds may breathe, gentle rains fall, verdant plants grow, and endless generations of animals succeed each other and run through the appointed round of sentient being, on the islet worlds that have been scattered through space, each at the appropriate span of remoteness that fits it to the end secured.

It is scarcely possible to turn from the subject which has been briefly sketched in this article, in answer to a question that is just at this time met with in every direction among cultivated people, without hazarding a yet further development of the explanation in order that the subject may be really complete, and that the point of a controversy, that has recently been attracting some public notice, may be fairly understood.

The old orthodox form of observing the transit of Venus, which was adopted at the time of Captain Cook's expedition, will upon the approaching opportunities be checked, and, indeed, on the first occasion, be in some measure superseded, by another method of procedure that has an especial interest and a particular recommendation of its own. This method is based upon the fact that the planet will have moved through a considerable and appreciable part of its orbit between the instant when it is first seen upon the sun's face from *any part* of the earth, and the instant when it is first seen there from *all parts* of the earth that are, at the time, directed towards the sun. The interval which will be occupied by the planet in performing this stage of its journey will be an ascertainable part, or proportion, of the time occupied in the whole orbital revolution, for it can be observed in seconds, while the whole journey is known to occupy 224·7 days, or 19,414,122 seconds. But the planet also passes during that observed interval through an actual length of space which is less than the distance separating the two spots, or stations alluded to, on the earth, in the proportion in which 723 is less than 1,000, the relative distances of the planet and the earth from the sun. From these simple data the astronomers will calculate: 1. The exact size of the entire orbit of Venus, a quantity as much more than the distance separating the two stations of observation on the earth as 224·7 days, or 19,414,122 seconds, is greater than the number of seconds consumed in the observation, an allowance in the proportion of 723 to 1,000 having been made in reduction of the estimate. 2. The length of the radius of the orbit of the planet, which always has a known fixed relation to the circumference, and which it will be observed is the planet's distance from the sun. 3. The earth's distance from the planet,

which is simply to the sun's distance from the planet as 277 to 723. And 4. The earth's distance from the sun, which is merely the planet's distance from the sun added to the planet's distance from the earth. This method of deducing the sun's distance from observations of the transit of Venus, which is known as Delisle's, from the name of its originator, has the great recommendation that a good result can be obtained if one observer has a favourable view of the commencement of the transit from the spot where it begins earliest, while another observer sees it from the spot where it begins latest; but it has also the disadvantage that the exact longitude, and true local time, of both stations must be known. In the more generally adopted method of observation, which was first employed by Halley, and which is therefore distinguished as his method, on the other hand, the entire progress of the transit from beginning to end must be watched from two remote stations, and the exact interval of time between the beginning and end must be ascertained at both. But the special recommendation of this method is that neither the longitudes nor the local times of the stations are required. It is obviously a very desirable thing that two plans of observation so radically distinct in principle and in detail should be employed in order that the one may be used as a check upon the other. But there is a still stronger reason for the employment of both methods, depending upon the fact that it most fortunately happens that sometimes the one and sometimes the other method of observation is best adapted to the circumstances of the time when the transit takes place. It occasionally occurs that these good results can be secured by Delisle's process when stations suitable for the employment of Halley's process are not to be had, and sometimes the converse is the case. A very long interval commonly lies between successive transits, because during that time Venus passes either above or below the face of the sun as it sweeps round that luminary, at nearer distance, and with greater speed, than the earth. The planet is only seen on the face of the sun when the orbital paths of both itself and the earth are so arranged as to permit the planet to be diametrically between the earth and the sun as it traverses this part of its journey, passing the earth on account of its greater speed. It, however, generally happens when this planet has once passed over the sun's face after the long interval, that it may be seen there again after the comparatively short lapse of about eight years. This occurs because the first time the planet goes round again to overtake the earth in the position in which it lies between it and the sun, the relative courses of

the two tributary bodies have not departed from each other enough to carry the planet clear of the sun's face either above or below. It is therefore again seen upon that face as it sweeps by. This is the reason why there was a transit of Venus in 1761, eight years before the historical transit associated with the name of Captain Cook, and this is why there will be a transit again in 1882, eight years after the transit of 1874, for which preparations are now in rapid progress. After the year 1882 no further opportunity for the revision of the estimates of the sun's distance by this royal method of observation will occur again until the years 2004 and 2012.

Now it has been ascertained that, as a general rule, the first of the closely coupled transits of Venus is so circumstanced as to be more favourable for Delisle's method of observation, and the second more suitable for the old method of Halley, and in the early preparations for the observation of 1874 it was accordingly assumed that the arrangements should be directed towards carrying out the operations upon Delisle's plan. The Astronomer Royal, after a careful consideration of the whole subject, came to the decision that the five best stations that could be fixed upon for Government observers to be employed at would be Alexandria,—Woaho, one of the Sandwich Islands in the North Pacific,—Rodriguez Island to the east of Mauritius,—Christchurch in New Zealand,—and Kerguelens Island far south of the Indian Ocean; and that on these stations Delisle's method of observing first and last contacts at different stations would have to be mainly, if not exclusively, adopted.

A grant of public money to the extent of the requirements of the equipments on this base was arranged, and the preparation for the work was systematically entered upon. A new prophet, however, shortly afterwards arose. In the midsummer of the year 1869 Mr. R. A. Proctor presented a memoir to the Royal Astronomical Society, in which he questioned the soundness of the view which had been authoritatively adopted, and supported his argument in the matter by a method in which he is peculiarly skilled, namely, the diagrammatic, or pictorial, representation of the conditions of the question in the form of six orthographic maps representing the course of the transit for different parts of the earth. These maps were constructed by a large expenditure of industry and ingenuity, involving as many as three thousand distinct geometrical measurements. With these maps for the device upon his shield, Mr. Proctor affirmed that the old Halley method of observing the entire duration of the transit from remote stations of the earth would be found to promise better results in 1874 than

Delisle's method, even with the Astronomer Royal's own stations of observation, and that it would yield most materially better results, if other possible positions were also occupied in the Antarctic Ocean.

The method of attack which was adopted on this occasion is in most cases an efficient and powerful one when skilfully, pertinaciously, and unflinchingly carried out. In the evolutions of modern literature it is very much what the Prussian scattered formation of advance is in the evolutions of modern war; and it has the further recommendation, in determined hands, that the expedient of 'buckram men' and 'suits of 'Kendal green' can also be drawn upon. One resolute man can play the part of a swarm of skirmishers by himself. Upon the present occasion, however, it happened that before the defences of Greenwich were entirely invested, the Admiralty drew the attention of the Astronomer Royal to certain of the newspaper articles which had appeared, and asked for some information concerning them. The Astronomer Royal, having examined the articles and considered their statements, drew up an official report to the Admiralty, and sent it in with the suggestion that, although from the nature of the case he could not enter into newspaper controversy concerning the matter, the report might be, perhaps, communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society for the information of the members, who were naturally much interested in the proceedings of the Government expeditions. The Admiralty adopted the suggestion and officially sent in the report to the Society, and it was thereupon read at a meeting of the Society and printed in its Transactions, known as the Monthly Notices. The report is entitled 'A Letter from the Astronomer Royal to the Secre-'tary of the Admiralty, expressing his Views on certain articles 'which had appeared in the Public Newspapers in regard to 'the approaching Transit of Venus.' From this letter it was plainly manifest that the 'views' of the Astronomer Royal were that those articles were substantially the development and extension of Mr. Proctor's memoir of 1869, and that Mr. Proctor had taken a too geometrical survey of the question at issue, and had 'strained the idea of separating the Northern 'and Southern stations,' which were to be occupied by observers, somewhat more than was practically wise. In order to show that he was not alone in his own opinion the Astronomer Royal quoted a communication from the distinguished astronomer, Dr. Oppolzer of Vienna, in which the remark occurs that the main reason for the preference of Halley's method of observation was its freedom from the need of very

exact determinations of the longitude of the station of the observer—an immunity of great practical importance in past days, when the problem of exact observations of longitude was in a rude and imperfect state, but of no moment whatever now, when that difficulty has been entirely removed by a more perfect knowledge of the moon's irregularities. Dr. Oppolzer clearly considers that Halley's method of transit observation 'possesses no special advantage at the present day.' The Astronomer Royal points out that it is an essential part of his programme that new determinations of longitude will be formed at each of his five stations, by observing at least thirty meridional, and one hundred and twenty extra-meridional, transits of the moon, and that from these he will have the true longitudes of the observers' place within a single second of time, and therefore exquisitely exact and infallible means of making his final estimate from comparison of absolute Greenwich times of the occurrence of the transit at these several stations; and after an exhaustive re-consideration of Mr. Proctor's argument, estimating it chiefly by a deduction which implies that in no case can Halley's method be more valuable than Delisle's, unless the parallactic difference of displacement of the planet's course from the opposite stations under consideration amounts to at least 32·8 minutes of duration of the phenomenon, he concludes that only under the improbable circumstance of a good mid-winter observation being secured at Nertschinzk in Siberia, in the high northern latitude of 51°, and in a continental situation 1,000 miles from the nearest sea, could this difference of duration be secured by stations suggested by Mr. Proctor as desirable. The ultimate issue of the Astronomer Royal's reconsideration of the question is, that he finds himself unable to recommend a Government expedition to high Antarctic latitudes, with a view to the more extended adoption of the Halley method of observing.

To this communication Mr. Proctor, although apparently his own numbers had been used in the deduction, replies that the Astronomer Royal has assumed the least favourable stations of comparison for his case, and that if other obvious and specified stations had been taken for comparison, a difference of parallactic displacement in excess of the Astronomer Royal's criterion is secured; and that yet other stations, accessible in the early part of the month of December, are available which would give better results by Halley's method than even the Astronomer Royal himself looks to obtain from Delisle's. Mr. Proctor's last word in the controversy assumes very much the ring of a prophetic denunciation. Again urging an ex-

tensive range of reconnaissances over regions lying between Kerguelens Island, Enderbey's Land, and Possession and Auckland Islands for the discovery of suitable southern stations, he predicts the failure of the entire series of English observations, if these southern stations are not occupied.

In the meantime the pith of the controversy is simply, that, after having given a careful consideration to Mr. Proctor's representations and arguments, the Astronomer Royal continues to be of opinion that the difficulties and disadvantages of occupying high northern and southern latitudes, for the sake of securing a wide and suitable base for the more extended application of Halley's method of observing, more than counterbalance the advantages that might be secured by the proceeding; and that arrangements for doing so are unnecessary, because in the present state of astronomical science, with the improved facilities at command for the exact settlement of longitudes, even better results will be secured by the application of Delisle's method without the enlarged base than could be obtained by the most advantageous application of Halley's method.

Good observations at Kerguelens Island, when compared with observations of the duration of the transit at French, German, and Russian stations near Japan, will, nevertheless, in reality give fair means of using Halley's method, if at any time held desirable to do so; and observations both at Rodriguez Island and Christchurch may also be utilised in the same way, as the entire transit will be visible at those stations. But if the views which have been for some time gaining ground among practical astronomers of all nations are correct, it will never become necessary to apply the method even as a check, simply because when the longitudes of good stations of observation are accurately and exactly known, Delisle's method, virtually based upon the comparison of the absolute Greenwich times at the different stations, is unquestionably superior to the less refined Halley's method of comparing the durations at the different stations.

The Astronomer Royal, of course, cannot be presumed to be yet endowed with the attribute of infallibility. But no one who is familiar with Sir George Airy's distinguished career, and who has marked his able and painstaking administration of the affair of the National Observatory during a period of thirty-seven years, can doubt he has well considered his ground in the position that he has assumed, and knows what he is doing; as must also the large band of experienced French, German, Russian, and American astronomers, who, it will be remarked, have in no single instance joined in the admonitory

cry that has been raised by one single English voice. One distinctly expressed anxiety of the Astronomer Royal has been that, with the limited means at his disposal, and which, it will be remembered, it is one part of his onerous duty to apply in the best possible direction, it has not been possible to include the Marquesas Islands, and some other desirable stations in the Pacific, in his operations. This anxiety is only in part removed by the welcome announcement just made by M. D'Abbadie that M. Flourien, an experienced naval officer and competent observer, will be sent to the Marquesas by the French Government, who, by this act, will make a very material and valuable contribution to the work. But if the Astronomer Royal is yet able to accomplish what it is well known he has for some time been considering the possibility of doing, namely, the occupation of Crozet Islands, some twenty degrees of longitude west of Kerguelens Island, and also to scatter some subordinate stations around Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands as a matter of further precaution, the ground occupied will in reality have been rendered both promising and strong.

There is also, it will be observed, a very consolatory suggestion comprised in the announcement of the French occupation of the Marquesas, which has been alluded to. England, in its possibly too narrow and too economical treatment of the grand opportunity the approaching transit affords, will not be alone in the interesting and important labour. Mr. Proctor, not having to administer the limited allowance of public money awarded for this service, may mourn over the conception of England not standing in the van of the movement, or perhaps accomplishing its objects single-handed. But the Astronomer Royal, with a more cosmopolitan sense, in all probability feels that the result will no less certainly be secured under the admirable spirit of co-operation and consent that binds nation to nation, where the noblest achievements of science are concerned. Thus our shrewd cousins on the other side of the Atlantic intend to secure photographs of the transit wherever the sun is ten degrees above the horizon through the entire duration of the phenomenon, and wherever the effect of parallactic displacement is most pronounced. They will certainly have leading stations at Wladiwostok, near Yokohama and Pekin, and in some other parts of China, Japan, or the adjacent iales, and also in one of the Sandwich Islands. The Germans will occupy three principal stations and eight subordinate ones, at which measurements will be made of the distance of Venus from the nearest and furthest points of the sun's limb throughout the occurrence of the transit, and at which also times of first and last contacts will be taken, and photographic pictures be

secured. Russia will fill no less than twenty-seven stations, scattered through Eastern Siberia, and stretching between the Caspian Sea and the mouth of the Amoor, at all of which first and last contacts will be observed.

The finest instruments, especially prepared for this work by such men as Repsold, Frauenhofer, Steinheil, and Dallmeyer, will be provided for all these several stations, and the observing staff will be trained, at Berlin, under the superintendence of Professor Auwers, at Pulkowa under that of Otto Struve, and at Washington under the care of Rear Admiral Sands. Among other refinements of instrumental ingenuity it is worthy of note that M. Janssen intends to employ an apparatus which, it may be remarked, is also understood to have been for some time favourably regarded by the Astronomer Royal, which will enable him at the time of expected contacts of the planet with the sun's limb to record at almost continuous short intervals a series of photographic impressions, which must therefore include in the series the one giving the true contact, the time of its occurrence being simultaneously marked.

In speaking of the elaborate and costly preparations that are in progress to render the approaching transits of Venus serviceable for the advancement of science, passing allusion must be made to the notable fact that Urania always has individual votaries who are pressing forward at her shrine with rich offerings that bear well to be compared even with the contributions of states and kings. Upon this occasion a neophyte of this class has appeared, who will be a distinguished and invaluable accession to the expeditionary service. Lord Lindsay announced at the meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society in November last that he intends to visit the Mauritius at the time of the transit, with a good equipment of instruments, and to provide with his own hands and staff for more than one form of observation. At the time of the announcement he intimated his purpose, among other things, to make photographic records with a large Cassegranian reflector of thirteen inches aperture, receiving its light, after the arrangement of Leverrier's large sidèrostat at Paris, through the intervention of external plane mirrors; and also to employ a double-image plan of observing, which has found more favour among the Russians and Germans than it has among English astronomers, in which the dimensions of the sun and planet, and the parallactic displacement of the planet, are ascertained by series of contacts of double images formed by the different halves of a divided object-glass. Some subsequent allusions to this subject, however, seem to indicate that Lord Lindsay's plans have recently been modified and extended in some particulars.

ART. VII.—*Old Kensington.* By Miss THACKERAY. Second Edition. London: 1873.

THIS story is worthy of consideration in two aspects: first, on account of its intrinsic merits; secondly, as a timely protest against the falsehood in art which is so prevalent among novel-writers of the present period. Upon the first point more remains to be said immediately, but the second is a matter of such grave importance that the age which is yielding to a gradual enervation may well spare a few moments to review its position. The falsity of extremes was never so apparent in the literature of fiction as it is just now, and the careful reader will have noticed that a depravation has set in which threatens to infect the whole body of novelists. The number of those who are imbued with a proper sense of the dignity of their calling is infinitesimally small; in truth, we venture to affirm that there are scarcely ten writers of fiction who are conscientiously endeavouring to fulfil any laudable end. Whether this be due wholly to the writers themselves, to the public, or to both in equal proportions, it is impossible definitely to say, neither is it material to the purpose; but that the modern novel requires purification and elevation is a fact beyond the possibility of doubt. It is because of this malaria which floats in society that we welcome 'Old Ken-'sington' as part of the corrective influence which we hope will soon spread over the whole of that branch of literature to which it belongs. In reading it one cannot but be struck with the purity and the serenity of its atmosphere: its effect on the spirit is like that produced on the physical system by the genial breezes of Spring, healthful and bracing. We commend it on this ground as a study to those who have assisted to degrade our literature by the exhibition of virulence without true passion, crimes without reason, and arts without art. It is a melancholy reflection that the advance of science and the progress of intellectual research during the last few years have not checked the growth of an appetite for books which are in every sense a discredit to the nineteenth century. Posterity, for whom the noblest efforts of the genuine artist are ultimately intended, fortunately takes no note of momentary pecuniary success, but weighs the product of the brain in other scales. Amongst the works which will not be found wanting is that now under attention: but, meanwhile, we trust it will also be useful in another direction, and in the immediate present. Books of this description will assuredly help on the

reformation now imperatively called for in relation to the modern novel. They may play the same part towards current English fiction as the works of Frances Burney did to the novel of nearly a hundred years ago.

In examining the latest work from the pen of Miss Thackeray some idea of the progress she has made will be gained by a reference to her previous stories. Those who read these earlier novels will probably agree with us that they exhibited considerable powers, but powers in a state of *uncollectedness*, if the word be permissible. They had in them distinctly the germs of future excellence, but lacked the faculty of making the best of materials. There is generally something which betrays the 'prentice hand; but when sufficient allowance has been made for that fact, there was no room for discouragement on the part of a writer who displayed so much latent talent. This was the position taken by Miss Thackeray: her readers were pleased with what she gave to them but waited for something better. They expected a grasp of character which was not perceptible in 'The Story of Elizabeth' and 'The Village on the Cliff.' In both of these stories there was much that was charming and hopeful; that quiet eye for observing nature, which is so rare a gift, had taken in the beautiful forms of things, and a happy expression had preserved them in a lasting shape; but in a novel we look for a power that is higher than this—the power of individualisation in regard to humanity. The character of Elizabeth in the first of her stories was one of considerable attraction, but it does not beget that *intensity* of interest which attaches to a character the author has more recently drawn. The story of a woman who scarcely knew what to do with the troubles of life, who was afraid that she would have to succumb to them, and who yet lived to pass through them and to attain profound happiness instead of eternal regret, was told with a certain pathos and tenderness, but the heroine herself was at times too shadowy and impalpable. The same remarks would apply to the later novel, 'The Village on the Cliff,' but with this addition, that the local colouring was richer in the second effort. The pictures of Normandy coast scenery were almost perfect; it was neither an unloving nor an unapt pencil which gave us such sketches as are to be found scattered everywhere through the volume: but the point longed was still confessedly unattained. Nevertheless, substantial progress had been made, as any reader will discover who dispassionately compares the two works. The pathos had deepened and the sympathy of the author with her creations was closer. The greatest attribute of the novelist alone was wanting—viz. the

creative force which not only reproduces the outward semblance of individuals but gives to them substance and life. Deep psychological insight was to a great extent absent; we wanted to get at the minds of the various characters to whom we were introduced, but the author did not seem to possess the key to the mysteries. Catherine George and Reine were admirable personages and the most superior in truthfulness to life of any which had been drawn by the same hand, but the history of their lives consisted more of a relation of episodes than of bold, clear, and distinct conceptions. Of the male characters in both stories it is not necessary to say much. They were decidedly inferior to the female: and though Dick Butler and M. Fontaine show some gleams of originality, their individualisation is not so clear as to be worthy of mention. Altogether, as we have just intimated, the two stories were commendable for what they foreshadowed: and the promise of future and higher excellence has now been fulfilled.

We do not know whether it has ever struck the writers of fiction that they set themselves an infinitely severer task, when they engage to follow the fortunes of a hero or heroine from earliest childhood, than when they simply attempt to give the record of some of the more striking passages in their career. But this really affords the clue to the failure of many in the art: they seem utterly unable to track the tortuous windings of character from childhood to manhood, and yet preserve its special distinctiveness. They might have succeeded admirably had they confined their attention to special circumstances and events; but to subordinate all else to the drawing of one character is more than they are able to accomplish. Indeed, the capacity to do this properly and successfully only belongs to the masters of the craft, and five or six of the greatest works in existence might be cited to establish the point. Miss Thackeray has followed in the wake of eminent predecessors in this respect, and with what fortune remains to be seen.

'Old Kensington' opens by conveying the reader to the quiet, quaint, and once fashionable suburb of that name, which is described, not only at the outset, but elsewhere through the volume, in touches which show a strong attachment to it on the part of the author.

'The church clock is silent now, but the rooks caw on undisturbed from one spring to another in the Old Kensington suburb. There are tranquil corners still, and sunny silent nooks, and ivy wreaths growing in the western sun; and jessamines and vine-trees, planted by a former generation, spreading along the old garden walls. But every year the

shabby stream of progress rises and engulfs one relic or another, carrying off many and many a landmark and memory. Last year only, the old church was standing, in its iron cage, at the junction of the thoroughfares. It was the Church of England itself to Dolly and George Vanborough in those early church-going days of theirs. There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging from the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and in purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.

'Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of those tears as they fell—old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present—of distances immeasurable—of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope, perhaps, of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence.

'"Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisreal rejoice,"

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woollen knobs to their fustian caps, rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey.'

In what are almost introductory sentences we make the acquaintance of three of the leading personages of the story—Lady Sarah Francis, George and Dorothea (or Dolly) Vanborough. The two latter have been consigned to the charge of their aunt, Lady Sarah, by their mother, who, being widowed in India, sends her children to be cared for in England. Soon after her introduction to Church House the original character of Dolly begins to develope itself, and in a somewhat objectionable manner to the principal person concerned. 'Is you very 'pretty?' she inquires one day of her aunt, whose personal attractions we are led to suppose are not of the highest order. 'I think you is a very ugly aunt.' Lady Sarah, grim in appearance but large-hearted, understood her interlocutor of the curious age of three years, and did not feel angry, as she had already been drawn sensibly towards her niece. From this moment down to the close of the volume Miss Thackeray

never swerves from the simplicity and fearlessness which are apparent in her heroine's disposition. We question whether the author is accurate when, in describing George Vanborough, she says that 'he was very lazy, as sensitive people often are.' The combination, we undertake to assert, is exceedingly rare—laziness may frequently be found with the lymphatic, but very seldom with the nervous temperament. Besides, George's sensitiveness is subsequently discovered to be of a peculiar type, and not at all of the finest. But when he puzzled his preceptor, John Morgan, and was in danger of failing through his errors and weaknesses, the loving heart of his sister warmed to him. 'Even when she was quite a child, Dolly, in her sweet, down-'right way, seemed to have the gift of healing the wounds of 'her poor St. Sebastian, who, when he was a little boy, would 'come home day after day, smarting and bleeding with the 'arrows of his tormentors.' The author proves one side of the greatness of Dolly's character by this universal sympathy: her renunciation of her own rights would be considered madness by the conventional beings of modern society. But, like all true heroines, she seemed made for sacrifice. Hers was true sensitiveness; and that is a touching passage where, being still a child, she lies awake speculating on Death, which she imagines will overtake her at about seventeen. She rehearses her last words—'Adieu! dear aunt, you never understood me—you 'fancied me a child when I had the feelings of a woman; and 'you sneered at me and sent me to bed at eight o'clock. Do 'not crush George and Rhoda as you have crushed me: be 'gentle with them.' We cannot linger further over these early scenes; but there is a high moral spectacle in the child Dolly consciously true to herself, and thinking that she shall all her life long be always true and say what she feels. Yet, as the author says, Dolly found 'with a bitter 'experience that the two angels of Charity and of Truth are 'often very far apart, until the miracle of love comes to unite 'them.' Chapters showing strong powers of expression are devoted to the melancholy episode in the life of Frank Raban of the loss of his wife, whom he had never loved, and for whom at the hands of Dolly and others he was mentally called to account and visited with heavy condemnation. It is one of those stories which are originally wrongly told and cruelly adhered to. Lady Sarah's friend, however, is afterwards cleared. He had failed in his duty, but his failure was not altogether such as could have been avoided. This incident, though apparently remote from the main drift of the tale, is of importance, because it throws a mystery and a shadow

over the character of him who is in the end to be its principal hero.

As a contrast to Dolly we have presented to us the character of Rhoda Parnell, whose conception and gradual development, with that of the heroine, are worthy of the greatest writers of fiction. From a seeming innocence she springs up side by side with Dolly, till bye-and-bye the germ of selfishness which was unsuspectedly buried deep in her soul begins to grow and to give an entire bent to her life. She is an adopted niece of the Morgans, and what is judged to be her artlessness prevails over everybody with whom she comes into contact. When a mere girl she turns the head of poor George Vanborough by making a kind of love to him. It is whilst she is swinging in the garden. She has some vine-leaves stuck in her hair, and plies all the artillery of coquetry with a proficiency to be envied by the more experienced and the maturer of her sex.

Miss Vanborough, on arriving at the age of fifteen, inspires a passion in the breast of her cousin, Robert Henley, one of the best drawn and most remarkable characters in the volume. At a certain instant, we are told, during a morning's walk, Dolly's fate is decided, and in the following manner:—

'As my heroine comes advancing unconscious through this snow and diamond morning, Henley thinks that is the realisation of a dream he has sometimes dreamt, and that the mistress of his future home stands there before him, bright and bonnie, handsome and outspoken. Dorothy rules him with the ascendancy of a youthful, indifferent heart, strong in its own reliance and hope; and yet this maiden is not the person that she thinks herself, nor is she the person that Henley thinks her. She is strong, but with an artificial strength not all her own; strong in the love of those round about her, strong in youth and in ignorance of evil.

'They walked together down the garden walks and out into the lanes, and home again across the stile. "Dolly," said Robert, as they were going in, "I shall not forget our morning's expedition together—will you, too, promise me ——?" He stopped short. "What are those?" he said, sentimentally; "snowdrops?" and he stooped to pick one or two. Dolly also turned away. "Here is something that will remind you ——" Robert began.

'"And you," cries Dolly, flinging a great snow heap suddenly into his face and running away. It was very babyish and vulgar, but Robert looked so solemn that she could not resist the impulse. He walked back to the house greatly offended.'

Henley, however, is one of the most contemptible specimens of priggishness to be met with. Not without talents, or feelings either, if he would but let them have their own good

honest way, he stifles the best part of his nature till he is the cold, miserable, heartless being he afterwards proves himself. He is encrusted with selfishness, and makes love even—or endeavours to make it—a means of aggrandising self. He has principles in a certain way, but they only serve to deaden the unpleasant atmosphere about him; and, if by so doing he could get rid of his insufferable conceit and formality, we are tempted to wish he would occasionally stumble into some livelier vice than the vice of selfishness. There can be no doubt that the character is most successfully depicted. One wonders almost that Dolly should remain true to him, as she religiously does, with a nature as opposed to his as light is to darkness. Coldly repellent or self-sustained when a lover should be warm and demonstrative, his conduct chills Dolly to the very heart. Compare the characteristic expressions of the two when they visit St. Paul's together:—

'"Robert, I never knew how beautiful it was," said Dolly. "How glad I am we came! Look at that great dome and the shining sky. It is like—'see how high the heavens are in comparison with the 'earth!'"

'"I forget the exact height," said Robert. "It is between three and four hundred feet. You see the ball up at the top—they say that twenty-four people ——"

'"I know all that, Robert," said Dolly, impatiently. "What does it matter?"

'"I thought it might interest you," said Robert, slightly huffed, "since you appear to be so little acquainted with St. Paul's. It is very fine, of course, but I myself have the bad taste to prefer Gothic architecture; it is far more suitable to our Church."'

. . . . . .

'"Oh! Robert, what have we done to be so happy?" she whispered, when the service was over and they were coming away in the crowd. "It almost frightens me," the girl said.

'Robert did not hear her at first; he was looking over the people's heads, for the clouds had come down, and the rain was falling heavily.

'"Frighten you," said Robert presently, opening his umbrella; "take my arm, Dolly; what is there to frighten you? I don't suppose we are any happier than other people under the same circumstances. Come this way; let us get out of the crowd."'

This is the man to whom the loving, sensitive Dolly is bound, whilst she is compelled to reject the deep and constant affection of Frank Raban, who in five minutes of his life cherished nobler and purer impulses than had possessed Henley in his whole lifetime. But then Henley considered impulsiveness a synonym for unscrupulosity. The middle portion of the novel is devoted principally to tracing the

fortunes of George Vanborough. He becomes a scapegrace; fails to pass at college, runs into debt, and in fact goes through the disastrous agricultural process of sowing his wild oats. There is a good heart at the bottom of him, but it has long been overlain by culpable weaknesses and the yielding to besetments.. He reminds us now and then of Arthur Pendennis, and evidently comes of the same family. The knowledge of her brother's love for Rhoda breaks accidentally upon Dolly, whom it disappoints and bewilders. She is made aware of the cruel truth, that while her heart has anxiously been longing for their meetings after constant separations, he has been paying surreptitious visits to the scheming girl. Nor is this all: she has to bear the dreadful insinuation of wishing to make profit out of Lady Sarah's anger against George, when the former becomes aware of his engagement. There are other trials too: George has long been draining his aunt's resources, and is still in debt three hundred pounds. The generous sister suggests that her own fortune should be used in retrieving the position of the brother who had so mercilessly maligned her in angry moments. There are gleams of goodness in him, however, as when he has the honesty to refuse a living offered him by Lady Sarah, though urged thereto by Rhoda, and he says, 'I cannot tell lies to myself, 'not even for her sake. I cannot take this living as she 'wishes. If I may not believe in God my own way, I should 'blaspheme and deny Him, while I confessed Him in some 'one else's words.' Yet, with all his good intentions, George Vanborough possessed no really recuperative powers. His story was sad and tragic. It was soon ended, and we will follow him to the last scene. After being a source of sadness and grief to those who loved him best, he fled from Cambridge, none knew whither. With one last look at the old home at Kensington and at the fast-failing form of Lady Sarah, he rushed from the country to join the English forces in the Crimea. It was his lot to die with many others gloriously on the heights of the Alma; and this is the scene after that sanguinary engagement:—

'All that night George lay still under the stars, with a strange look of Dolly's own steadfast face that was not there in life. It was nobler than hers now, tear-stained and sorrowing, in the old house at home. Afterwards, looking back, it seemed some comfort to Dolly to remember how that night of mourning had been spent, not discordantly separated from her George whom she had loved, but with him in spirit.

'All that night George lay still under the stars. In the morning, just at sunrise, they laid him in his grave. A breeze blew up from the

sea in the soldiers' faces, and they could hear the echo of some music that the French were playing on the heights. Some regiment was changing quarters, and the band was playing "Partant pour la Syrie," and the music from the heights swelled over the valley. Then the armies passed on to fresh battle, leaving the soldiers who had fallen lying along the valley and by the sea.'

The encomiums of the colonel of his regiment and a letter which the dead soldier had himself written were all the memorials for those at home of the wayward youth upon whom so many prayers and so much love had been bestowed. His epitaph may be added, in well-known words—

'Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.'

Church House had been astonished one day by the arrival of Dolly's mother from India. She had married again, and was Mrs. Admiral Palmer. The Admiral does not accompany her; but though we get very few glimpses of him, these are so real that we can completely grasp the man. As for Mrs. Palmer, she is perfect in her way. Fashionable, lazy, and lackadaisical, and with a large spice of humbug in her composition, she is just one of those persons whom the author's father would have delighted to produce. Miss Thackeray's sketch of her reminds us forcibly of his manner, and demonstrates that she possesses much of his extraordinary power of sarcasm. It is not so scathing, but it is pointed, lively, and amusing. Admiral Palmer was given to preaching, and had made many unsuccessful attempts to convert his wife. After their separation Philippa showed great devotion in preserving his letters, which she 'tied up with various-coloured ribbons and docketed "cruel," "moderately abusive," "apologetic," "cutting," "business,"' &c. She was a wily woman of the world, determined to get the utmost personal enjoyment out of it at the least possible cost. She called on other people to make life pleasant for her. It was their duty; she honoured them by merely consenting to live at all.

'So Philippa remained a victim, placidly sipping her coffee and awaiting the Admiral's insulting letters. The only wonder was that they had not burst their envelopes and seals, so explosive were they. His fury lashed itself into dashes and blots and frantic loops and erasures. The bills had come in for her bracelets and mufflers and tinkling ornaments. Had she forgotten the fate of the daughters of Jerusalem, that went mincing and tinkling with their feet? She might take a situation as a kitchen-maid for all he cared. She was a spendthrift, idle, extravagant, good-for-nothing, &c. &c. Not one farthing would he allow her, &c. &c.; and so on. Mrs. Palmer used to go up

to her room in high spirits to lie down to rest on the days they arrived, and send for Colonel Witherington to consult upon them.

'She would not come down till dinner was just over, and appeared on these occasions in a long grey sort of dressing-gown and a *négligé* little lace cap; she used to dine off almonds and raisins and cups of coffee, to Lady Sarah's secret indignation. "Oh, Sarah, *you* will not turn me away?" Mrs. Palmer would say, leaning back in languid comfort. Lady Sarah was very sorry, but somewhat sceptical. She would meet Pauline carrying French novels to the library after scenes which had nearly unnerved them all.'

As may be imagined, there was very little sympathy between this woman and her daughter Dolly: of real affection Lady Sarah exhibited far more towards her niece than her own mother, and the advent of the volatile woman of the world was doubtless a source of secret trouble to the good and pure denizen of Church House. Certain it is that this fact and that of George's behaviour preyed deeply upon her spirits. She had deeply loved the harum-scarum student with an affection second only to that which she cherished for Dolly. At length the end came, and she had peace. The description of her death—so calm, and almost enviable in its quiet farewell to the busy, bustling, scheming world—is told with so much simple pathos, that we must extract it:—

'Lady Sarah was not asleep; she was sitting up on her sofa by the window, of which the sash was half raised to let in the air. Her grey hair was hanging loose; grey though it was, it fell in shining silver curls about the withered face.

'"Is that you, Dolly? I have had a dream," she said, a little wildly. "Your father was standing by me and we were looking at a river, and George was a child again, and I held him in my arms, and when I looked into his face it was like the face of that Raphael child at Dresden. Look out," she said, beginning to wander again, "and tell me if the river is there."

'Dolly unconsciously obeyed, and looked out at the garden, in its shifting, changing lights and tremulous tones of radiance and golden-sombres. She could almost have imagined her aunt's dream to be true if Frank Raban had not been walking on the terrace. She looked back.

'"Dear Aunt Sarah, it is the sunset that made you dream."

'"It was a dream," said Lady Sarah, "but I think I have sometimes seen that river before, Dolly. Christian and Christiana and all the company have crossed it." Then, smiling: "I am afraid I have been a tiresome old pilgrim at times." She pushed back her grey hair and lay looking into the girl's face. "It is nearly over now," she said.

'Dolly tried to speak, but some sudden tears seemed to choke her, and Lady Sarah stroked her hand.

'"Try to be a thankful woman, Dolly," she said. "God has blessed you, and given you love and trust in others. I see now where I

failed." Then, in her usual tone, she said, "I should like to see Frank Raban again."

'Dolly was beginning to say that she would go for him, when Lady Sarah suddenly cried, "Open the window wide! open! let the river come in."

'Dolly, frightened, threw open the pane, and as she did so some evening bell began to ring from a distant chapel, and a great flight of birds passed across the sky.

'The next minute Frank from the terrace below heard a cry. It was Dolly calling for help.

'"I am here," he answered, and, without waiting to think, he sprang up the old oak staircase, and hurried along the passage to the door of Lady Sarah's room.

'It was all dark in the passage, but the sun was in the room. Dolly was holding up her aunt in her arms; her strength seemed to be failing. Frank sprang to help her, and together they raised her up. A little soft breeze came in at the window, and Lady Sarah opened her eyes. She was still wandering.

'"Is this George?" she said. "I have been waiting for you, dear."

'Then she seemed to recognise Frank, and she let her hand fall upon his sleeve.

'"Ah! he will take care of Dolly," she whispered, "for this is ——"

'A quick silent brightness came into her face: it may have been some change in the sunset lights. She was dead—lying in a serene and royal peace.'

This needs but few strokes to make it one of the most touching scenes to be met with anywhere. The whole character of Lady Sarah from its first introduction had been admirably preserved, and is another complete success in female portraiture. She was one of those born with a desire to minister to others, and that a bond of mutual love should have arisen between her and Dolly is scarcely surprising. The keenness of the anguish at her loss which our heroine experienced was unmeasurable, but, as the author intimates, her cup on that fatal day was filled to the brim with a draught more bitter than as yet she was aware of. She knew not of the crimson stream which flowed on the Alma, as she knelt in the shadow and gazed upon the stars. Thus does God sometimes truly 'temper 'the wind to the shorn lamb.' Meanwhile, her relations with Robert Henley continued, but in a sorry fashion for lovers. His selfishness exhibited itself continually, in fact on all occasions, and Dorothea was made miserable by his coldness. At length she courageously made up her mind that she would not accompany him to India, where he had obtained a good appointment in the College of Boggleywollah. 'I see that it is right that you 'should go,' she said, 'but it is also right that I should stay;

'and perhaps in happier times you will let me come to you, or 'come back for me, and you must not—you will not—think I 'do not love you because of this.' Then in the coldest tone, and one worthy of him, Henley replied, 'Do you mean that you 'wish to break the engagement? . . . Remember, it is your 'own doing.' They parted, he in a mood most chilly and disappointing; but hurrying back he bade Dora a final farewell. Upon this little incident Dorothea lived for many a day to come, till once after Henley's return he again betrayed himself and his character by letting it ooze out that, on that happy occasion to Dolly, he had really returned for his overcoat, which he had forgotten, and 'one wants all one's wraps in 'the sunny Mediterranean.' And Frank Raban: what was he doing all this time? Loving deeply, tenderly, and passionately; caring for Dorothea and working for her as the patriarch worked for Rachel. He dared to tell her this one day, but not until he heard that she was free. The time, however, of Dolly's enlightenment had not arrived, and Frank must still wander on alone. She resists his efforts to help her. The property which she and George should have divided between them goes to the seemingly trustful but wily Rhoda, to whom, as we have said, Vanborough had become engaged. There are some struggles over the will of Lady Sarah, but Dora will take no advantage whatever, and is absolutely immovable to further her own interests. Mrs. Palmer raves and storms instead of studying her husband's tract, 'The Sinner's Friend'; but ultimately makes matters up with the heiress Rhoda, against whom she had previously been breathing metaphorical threatenings and slaughter. It is amusing to see the novice in manœuvring thus sometimes outwit the adept. Henley returns from India, and finds Mrs. Palmer and Rhoda living in Paris in the utmost splendour. The wiles of the siren are not displayed in vain; Henley is conquered by the dazzling heiress, an end hastened considerably by the discovery that she is very wealthy, and he has no difficulty in making a transference of his affections. Now, indeed, poor Dorothea seems to be utterly alone in the world, but it is here that the real grandeur of her character shines out so conspicuously. The author thus describes the scene as she stands amid the ruins of Church House:—

'Was it foolish that these poor old bricks should be so dear to her, foolish that their fall should seem to her something more than a symbol of all that had fallen and passed away? Ah no, no. While the old house stood she had not felt quite parted, but now the very place of her life would be no more; all the grief of that year seemed brought back

to her when she stopped short suddenly, and stood looking round and about in a scared sort of way. She was looking for something that was not any more, listening for silent voices. Dolly! cried the voices, and the girl's whole heart answered as she stood stretching out her arms towards the ulterior shores. At that minute she would have been very glad to lie down on the old stone terrace and never rise again. Time was so long, it weighed and weighed, and seemed to be crushing her. She had tried to be brave, but her cup was full, and she felt as if she could bear no more, not one heavy hour more. This great weight on her heart seemed to have been gathering from a long way off, to have been lasting for years and years; no tears came to ease this pain. Marker had sat down on the stone ledge and was wiping her grief in her handkerchief. Dolly was at her old haunt by the pond, and bending over and looking into the depth with strange circling eyes. This heavy weight seemed to be weighing her down and drawing her to the very brink of the old pond. She longed to be at rest, to go one step beyond the present, to be lying straight in the murky grey water, resting and at peace.'

But this mood was not to last for ever. Something, certainly, must have been radically wrong in the economy of things, if one who had thus deeply passed through the fires of trial and sorrow should have found no haven at last—even a merely human haven. There was too great a wealth of tenderness in Dorothea to be scattered upon the four winds. Her true goal was to bring happiness somewhere, to somebody, at some time. And in the proper order of things, like a dove at rest, she found her felicity in the love of Frank Raban. Here is how it came about one day when the fidgety, jealous lover had been more than ordinarily fearful of, and worried by, the attentions of Dora's cousin, Jonah Henley. They were walking together in a favourite spot and the conversation turned in this wise and with this result:—

'"Happiness," said Frank, lingering, and bitter still, and looking round. "This is the sort of thing people mean, I suppose; green pastures and still waters, and if one can be satisfied with grass, so much the better for oneself; one may enjoy all the things one didn't particularly want—and watch another man win the prize; another, perhaps, who doesn't even ——" Frank stopped short—what was he saying? He might be giving pain, and he hated himself and his ill humour, jarring and jangling in the peaceful serenity.

'But Dolly finished the sentence calmly enough. "Who doesn't care for it; perhaps the prize isn't worth having," she said very slowly. She did not think of herself until she had spoken; then suddenly her heart began to beat, and she blushed crimson; for her eyes met his, and his looks spoke plainly enough—so plainly, that Dolly's grey orbs fell beneath that fixed dreamy gaze. It seemed to look through her heart. Could he read all that she was thinking? Ah! he might read

her heart, for she was only thinking as she stood there of all her friend's long fidelity and steady friendship. What had she ever done to deserve it all? And her heart seemed to answer her thought with a strange silent response. Now she might own to herself the blessing of his unfailing friendship; it was no longer a wrong to any human being. Even if she were never anything more to him, she might openly and gratefully accept his help and his interest; acknowledge the blessing, the new life it had brought her. She had struggled so long to keep the feeling hidden away, it was an unspeakable relief to have nothing more to conceal from herself nor from others—nothing more. She knew at last that she loved him, and she was not ashamed. What a journey she had travelled since they had stood by the spring that autumn day, not a year ago; what terrible countries she had visited, and had it come to this once more? Might she love now in happiness as well as in sorrow? Was she not happy standing in this golden hollow, with the person whom she loved best in all the world? No other human being was in sight, nothing but the old shady village, floating into overflowing green, the sleepy haycocks, the empty barn, the heaping ivy on the wall, the sunlight slanting upon the silence. She did not mean to speak, but Frank, in this utter silence, heard her secret thought at last. "Don't you know?" said Dorothea. "Oh! Frank, don't you know?" Did she speak the words, or look them? He could scarcely tell, only with unutterable tenderness and thankfulness in his heart he knew that she was his, that life is kind, that true hearts do come together, that one moment of such happiness and completeness lights up a whole night's wild chaos, and reveals the sweetness of a dawning world.'

And thus the story ends—somewhat in the good old orthodox way, perhaps, but not till after the heroine has borne a long apprenticeship to the vicissitudes of life. Her existence had been dashed by anxieties and sorrows beneath which a less brave spirit must have succumbed.

If we were asked what particular high moral lesson 'Old 'Kensington' was intended to teach, we should answer we do not know. We apprehend that it is not intended to inculcate any. We do not care whether it is or no. When a book breathes the earnest spirit of a true, healthy morality on every page, it would be almost absurd to ask if it had any one special bearing upon morals. The best testimonial of a novel is its truthfulness to life; but it may have superadded to that, and concurrently with the progress of the story, those forcible judgments—most forcible frequently when indirectly delivered—which leave the reader in no doubt as to what is deserving of censure, what of derision, and what of praise. If we had any fault to find with Miss Thackeray's style, it would be that it was almost too idyllic. Though strong it is very quiet, and we occasionally look for the white heat of passion without obtaining it. Every page, however, demonstrates the

author's keen appreciation of, and sympathy with Nature. She is also able to grasp her subtle influences upon various characters, till we can see how she has worked upon them in periods of delight or sorrow. Observe the singular delicacy of observation, feeling, and expression in the following passages:

'They have been advancing in the shadow of the hedges, through the gaps of which they can see people at work in the sunshiny cabbage-fields. Then they come to Earl's Court, and its quaint old row of houses, with their lattices stuffed with spring flowers, and so to the pond by the road-side (how cool and deep it looked as they passed by), and then by the wicket-gate they wander into Penfold's orchard, of which some of the trees are still in flower, and where Lady Sarah is soon established on the stump of a tree. Her magazine pages flutter as the warm, sweet winds come blowing from across the fields—the shadows travel on so quietly that you cannot tell when they go or whither. There is no sound but a little calf bleating somewhere. Rhoda is picking daisies in the shade, Dolly is chirping to herself by the hedge that separates the orchard from the Penfolds' garden. There is a ditch along one part of the hedge, with a tangle of grass and dock-leaves and mallows; a bird flies out of the hedge, close by Dolly's nose, and goes thrilling and chirping up into the sky, where the stars are at night; the daisies and buttercups look so big, the grass is so long and so green; there are two purple flowers with long stalks close at hand, but Dolly does not pick them; her little heart seems to shake like the bird's song, it is all so pretty; the dandelions are like lamps burning. She tries to think she is a bird, and that she lives in the beautiful hedges.'

. . . . . .

'Somewhere in the fairyland of Dorothea's imagination rises a visionary city, with towers and gables straggling against the sky. The streets go up hill and down hill, leading by cloisters and gateways and bywalls, behind which gardens are lying like lakes of green among the stones and the ivy. A thrush is singing, and the shrill echoes of some boyish melancholy voices come from a chapel hard by. It is a chapel with a pile of fantastic columns standing in the quiet corner of a lane. All round the side door are niches and winding galleries, branches wreathing, placed there by faithful hands, crisp saints beatified in stony glory. Are these, one is tempted to ask, as one looks at the generous old piles, the stones that cry out now-a-days when men are silent? They have, for the last century or two, uttered warnings and praises to many a generation passing by; speaking to some of a bygone faith, to others of a living one. They still tell of past love and hope, and of past and present charity.'

. . . . . .

'Passing the green beech and the two cut yew-trees, she came to the placid pond in its stone basin at the end of the garden. There it lay in its darkness and light. There were the gold-fish wide awake, darting and gaping as they rose to the surface; and the water reflected the sky and the laurel-bushes, and the chipped stone edge of the basin.

When Dorothea came and looked over the brink she saw her own smiling, disjointed face looking up at her. It was not so bright a face as her own, somehow. It looked up grey and sad from out of this trembling, mystical looking-glass. What was it? A cloud passing overhead, a little, soft, fleecy, white cloud bobbing along, and then some birds flying by, and then a rustle among the leaves. It was only a moment, during which it had seemed to her as if the throb of nature beat a little more slowly, and as if its rhythm had halted for an instant; and in that moment the trouble of the night before, the doubt of herself, came back to her. Sometimes Dorothea had wondered, as others have done before her, if there is such a thing as real happiness in nature. Do clouds love to sail quickly on the wind? Are pools glad to lie placid refracting the sunshine? When the trees rustle, is it just a chatter and a quiver, or the thrill of life answering life? The thought of a living nature without consciousness had always seemed to her inexpressibly sad. She had sometimes thought how sad a human life might be that was just a human life, living and working and playing, and coming to an end one day, and falling to the ground. It was, in truth, not very unlike the life she might have led herself, and now—now she was alone no longer. There was a meaning to life now, for Henley loved her. She thought this, and then, seeing a spider's web suddenly gleam with a long lightning flash, she turned with another glad spring of youth to the light.'

And there is not less power of observation and analysis of the inner feelings of the heart, in such sentences as the following:—

'Who says angels must be all young and splendid; will there not be some comforting ones, shabby and tender, whose radiance does not dazzle nor bewilder; whose faces are worn, perhaps, while their stars shine with a gentle tremulous light, more soothing to our aching, earth-bound hearts than the glorious radiance of brighter spirits?'

. . . . . .

'There are two great classes of women—those who minister, and those who are taken care of by others; and the born care-takers and workers are apt to chafe in early life, before people will recognise their right to do. Something is wrong, tempers go wrong, hearts beat passionately, boil over, ache for nothing at all; they want to comfort people, to live, to love, to come and go, to feel they are at work. It may be wholesome discipline for such natures to live for years in a kingdom of education of shadows and rules. They may practise their self-denial on the keys of the piano, they may translate their hearts' interest into German exercises and back into English again; but that is poor work, and so far the upper classes pay a cruel penalty unknown to girls of a humbler birth.'

. . . . . .

'How many stupid people there are who have a touch of genius about them. It would be hard to say in what it consists. They may be dull, slow, cross at times, ill-informed, but you feel there is something that outweighs dulness, crossness, want of information.'

. . . . . .

'The light was gone out; that one flash of happiness had shown him his own disappointment all the more plainly. We don't hope, and yet our hearts sink with disappointment: we expect nothing, but that nothing overwhelms us.'

. . . . . .

'To each one of us comes the thought of those who live most again, when we hear of a generous deed, of a truthful word spoken; of those who hated evil and loved the truth, for the truth was in them and common to all; of those whose eyes were wise to see the angels in the field at work among the devils. . . . The blessing is ours of their love for great and noble things. We may not all be gifted with the divinest fires of their nobler insight and wider imagination, but we may learn to live as they did, and to seek a deeper grasp of life, a more generous sympathy.'

Beyond all question the great central point of attraction in 'Old Kensington' is the character of its heroine. She stands forth with a sharp crispness of outline which is not the case with the heroines in the author's previous works. It is interesting to watch her development from the point where she is first introduced to us at Church House to that time when the light again shines after the night of adversity with which she is visited, and she attains an undisturbed rest of spirit. All the incidents of the story are so woven as to enhance our interest in the principal figure, and to bring her into greater prominence. With the most natural sequence, and no revulsion or change of mental constitution, each step that she takes leads upward to the final end which the author has in view for her. She is suffered to escape none of those trials which come to everybody in real life, but from which, strange to say, many novelists utterly exempt their chief characters. It used to be thought that the world could not be interested in a hero or heroine unless he or she were drawn in the most romantic mould, and was sent through society with something of the power of Cinderella. The hero was never to stumble, never to fall, never to be weak, and, above all, never to be commonplace, the meaning of that, of course, being that he was to appear with a character as widely different from the average man as possible. Occasionally, we have had variations from this class of hero, and have been favoured with subjects for our admiration who by some fortuitousness have escaped their apotheosis on the gallows. Miss Thackeray is one of the few writers we possess who pertains to neither of these schools. She has studied better models, and he who has evidently been her chief study will materially aid in bringing her genius to perfection. Though he is gone, a great deal of his influence remains, and we perceive it in 'Old Kensington' much more

than in her earlier novels. We need scarcely say that we refer to the influence of the author of 'Vanity Fair.' The genius was indubitably stronger in the father, though the quality is the same in the daughter. As might be expected, there is a greater infusion of tenderness in the latter, and the humour which plays about her pages is like sheet lightning compared with the blue forked flashes which presaged destruction in the other. In both, however, there is the same penetrating glance which gets beneath the outer surface of men and things, and puts the writer in the commanding position of being able to introduce to us real men and women, and not shadows. In Miss Thackeray this power may not yet be so rich and full, but there is promise that it will be. We cannot say that all her characters are lifted above the reproach of being lay figures, but in 'Old Kensington' she has given us more than the average of flesh and blood creations. There are at least five or six distinct individualities; such men and women as we have met, and who are reproduced with a faithful pencil. They are none the less true because they are made to attend as satellites round the sun of the whole work; they may not be beings of the most exalted type, but that they are extremely natural is, we think, beyond question.

It may be said that the male personages in 'Old Kensington' are comparatively poor and insipid. The reproach is possibly to some extent true. Neither George Vanborough nor Robert Henley is equal to Rhoda Parnell or Dolly Vanborough. The chief strength of an author must lie somewhere, and with Miss Thackeray, as yet, it doubtless lies in the delineation of her own sex. But it should also be remembered that in the characters of Robert Henley and George Vanborough she has not chosen types of an exalted description which could afford a fair basis for the test of her capacity in drawing the opposite sex. Still, neither of the male characters named can be called a lay figure—that is, in the sense of lacking life, animation. The novelist's part has been well done, but the subjects were unpromising. There was nothing to get out of them, and disappointment to some extent is the natural result. Frank Raban is a better character, and though he, as well as the others, is used as a foil to Dora, there is yet much that is attractive in his portraiture from an artistic point of view. The author is never weak with him. He is a real, genuine man, whose idiosyncrasies we have no difficulty in apprehending, and whose part in the story is no failure. First presented to us under a misapprehension he comes in an unforced manner to be a favourite, and one in whom there is seen to be great depth of good.

Another fact which augurs well for the future of Miss Thackeray in her art is her possession of the dramatic faculty. Her men and women have not conversations found for them and put into their mouths whether suitable or no, but, as it were, they find their own language. This harmony of character and language is one of the chief points of strength with Miss Thackeray. In fact the careful observer will see that to this is due in great measure the success of this story. Where is its plot—that great back-bone of so many novels, and without which the whole fabric would tumble to pieces? There is scarcely any. The incidents are not very striking; they are at times very sad, and they are always very natural. There are no great surprises, stupendous crimes, and prodigious successes. There is no mystery, no deed which causes the hair to stand on end, and to weigh like a nightmare on the spirit for many a day afterwards. Everybody has known tragedies as deep and sorrows as keen as those which are depicted in these pages; but because such things have fallen to the fate of the many they are eschewed by inferior craftsmen when casting about for materials for new stories. But we live again in scenes which are depicted with a fidelity such as we find in 'Old Kensington,' and perhaps some of us do not know how we can live and sympathise so well till we have read books written by master hands. It is part of their great value sometimes to rouse a sluggish nature into the activity of feeling, and if a novelist were called upon for his *raison d'être* he could scarcely find a better one than this.

Of the faults of the book we have little to say. Like every other work, it is not without them, but they are very inconsiderable when placed beside its merits. The novel was first published in a serial form, and when that is the case the author evidently considers he has to work for ends which would not certainly exist were he writing the whole work for one issue. There is a periodical straining after effect with every portion as it is called upon to appear from the press which a writer should not be subjected to. It is possible to avoid this, but it is very seldom done. We do not know that it exists to any large extent here; but we do notice that the style in some places is inferior to thât in others. In certain pages we get great vigour combined with great lucidity; but occasionally again we have weakness and vagueness. In one or two junctures the interest of the story flags beyond the power, as we think at the moment, of the author to raise it again. Fortunately, this is not the case; the drag is but a momentary one, and we are soon led on as before at the will of the author and to our own great pleasure and profit.

Altogether, we are inclined to rank 'Old Kensington' as the second novel of the season. It is the only work worthy to be placed after the *chef-d'œuvre* of George Eliot—'Middle-'march.' It is true we have had a third work by a writer of high and deserved eminence, the 'Kenelm Chillingly' of the late Lord Lytton, his latest bequest in fiction (with the exception of 'The Parisians'), but we are inclined to regard it rather as a brilliant piece of eccentricity than as a novel with the usual orthodox pretensions. Indeed it is a romance rather than a novel, for there is not in it a character which could really have existed, or an incident which could really have occurred. Philosophers do not roam about the world to tame prize-fighters, or to take a mythological view of modern society. We may, in fact, dismiss any comparison between it and 'Old 'Kensington' at once. With regard to George Eliot, however, a comparison will not fail to be suggested between the Dorothea of her masterpiece and the Dorothea in the work which we have been examining in the present article. Dorothea Brooke is a creation well established in the minds of most literary persons, and readers of current literature generally, before these words reach their eye. Definite opinions will have been formed of her, and she has doubtless been accepted almost everywhere as a very great and very original character. So she is: we have nothing to say against this opinion. An entirely new creation, or some grand phase of a character not wholly apprehended hitherto, is so rare amongst novel-writers that we can ill afford to pass over what comes to us with such veritable power as the limning of George Eliot's best and greatest heroine. But let us examine for a moment the points in which she differs from the heroine of Miss Thackeray. The existence of a Dorothea Brooke is not quite an impossibility, though an improbability: the existence of a Dorothea Vanborough is not an improbability at all, but a matter rather of frequent occurrence. It will probably be said at the outset that the creation loses on that account. Not at all. Is Sophia Western an improbable character? or Emilia? or Ethel Newcome? The truth is, a commonplace person can always be lifted up for the world's admiration when sketched by true genius. Dorothea Vanborough is in many respects a superior character to Dorothea Brooke. The lesson of her life will appeal to more hearts, and have a more direct response. Miss Brooke was grander and more impressive in conception probably; but there we behold a great wealth of genius employed on an acknowledged failure. She is represented as unable to reach the lofty standard she had set up for herself

unsatisfied. The desire of the angel ...ns of humanity. She is the Saint ...d life. Dorothea Vanborough, quite ... and a less comprehensive and ecstatic ... ne counterbalancing advantage of being ... eings amongst whom she moved. Both ... ecently; but the picture of Dorothea Brooke ... is one of intense melancholy; it is like ... Madonna, beautiful, but inexpressibly sad. ...ough, on the contrary, has not failed: her ... een too high; but she has passed out of the ... the sorrows of her early career into the sweet ... ...hood, and realises exactly the conditions of such ... Wordsworth describes when he says:—

> 'A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command;
> And yet a spirit still, and bright,
> With something of an angel light.'

...e have read this story with unmixed pleasure, and trust it ... we be long before Miss Thackeray delights her numerous ... with another proof of her rich and fertile powers. ... we opened 'Old Kensington' the public had already ...ed its approval of it by demanding a second edition, and ... we have shown some grounds for the belief that the ...ular judgment has in this instance not been misplaced. ... our own part we readily subscribe to its extraordinary ... We should have thought it dangerous for a writer to ... the same name as the author of 'The Newcomes': after ...ding this novel by Miss Thackeray we think so no longer.

ART. VIII.—*Rude Stone Monuments in all Countries: Their ...ies and Uses.* By JAMES FERGUSSON, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c. London: 1872.

NEARLY thirteen years ago * we examined the evidence on which Mr. Fergusson justified his position that the building now known as the Dome of the Rock or the Mosque of Omar is the church which Constantine built over the Holy Sepulchre. The conclusion forced upon us was that Mr. Fergusson's discovery received no support from the documentary history of the buildings, while it involved the portentous notion that the place of common execution was barely more than a

* Ed. Review, Oct. 1860. Art., 'The Churches of the Holy Land.'

stone's throw from the northern wall of the Temple. The expression of our regret that Mr. Fergusson should have propounded a theory which impugns known facts and contradicts the historical records connected with the subject for fifteen hundred years called forth from him a rejoinder,* to which, in spite of his warning that our silence would be taken as allowing judgment to go by default, we have not replied. Of the tone and style of that reply we say nothing; nor do we much care to defend ourselves against the insinuation of utter incapacity for dealing with questions of architectural evidence, or of personal motives for entering into the controversy. The welcome which we gave to his 'History of Architecture' † may serve to acquit us of unworthy prejudices; and it may be enough to say now that we remained silent not merely because we felt that Mr. Fergusson's reply had not improved his case, but in full confidence that further explorations would decisively refute a theory which we were compelled to dismiss as preposterous. These explorations have fully justified the anticipations of Professor Willis that under the Sakrah or rock which covers nearly the whole area beneath the dome of Omar the drains would be found which carried off the blood of the victims slain on the great altar of sacrifice. With this discovery Mr. Fergusson's theory falls to the ground; but the catastrophe carries with it an instructive lesson. Mr. Fergusson's conclusion was grounded chiefly or almost wholly on architectural as distinguished from documentary evidence, and on his power of interpreting it rightly. For the exercise of his power he claimed the right conferred by the experience of a lifetime devoted to the study of architecture. On like grounds Niebuhr claimed for himself a certain faculty of divination by which he could piece together the broken fragments of ancient Roman tradition; but the result scarcely justifies a blind trust, or indeed any trust at all, in those who profess to have acquired this vague and elastic faculty. We may take Mr. Fergusson's description of the process by which his theories are worked out:—

'The moment I saw Mr. Catherwood's drawings, it was as if he had laid before me a clearly-copied inscription in a language I was perfectly familiar with, and which said: "This is the church which I, Constan-"tine, erected over the Holy Cave in which the body of our blessed

* Notes on the Site of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. Being an answer to an article in the Ed. Review, No. CCXXVIII. London: 1861.

† Ed. Review, Jan. 1857, and July 1868.

"Lord was laid." All that was further required was that I should satisfy myself that the inscription was not a forgery, and that there was no inherent impossibility of its being what it purported to be.'*

We should not have returned now to this old discussion but for the significant fact that Mr. Fergusson's failure to read that inscription aright affects all theories which he may propound on alleged architectural or historical evidence. If we follow him at all it must be under a reasonable assurance that the road by which he invites us to walk shall not lead us *εἰς ὄνου πόκας*. We have gone patiently over the ground of his speculations at Jerusalem; and we must hold ourselves justified in declining to accompany him on a path to which we can see no end, if we find at the outset that the reasons given for entering on it are vague, inconsistent, or contradictory. It is almost as surprising to be told that the megalithic monuments of this island belong to the period which intervened between the Roman occupation and the Teutonic conquest of the country as that Constantine built the mosque of Omar; and it is but fair to Mr. Fergusson to let him state the problem in his own way, and to give his solution in his own words. If the several statements involve us in a labyrinth of incomprehensible or irreconcileable propositions, we may have possibly to confess our ignorance of the actual date of these monuments, of their purposes, and of the people who raised them; but Mr. Fergusson's hypothesis must in any case be cast aside.

It can scarcely, indeed, be said that Mr. Fergusson has any one hypothesis; but the matter may be most speedily brought to an issue by confining our attention first to the megalithic remains of Britain. At the outset we have the admission that 'the builders of the rude stone monuments were utterly illiterate and have left no written records of their erection' (p. 2), while the monuments have not only no inscriptions but not even a single moulding which may be compared with the mouldings of other structures. In fact, their utter ignorance of letters was the very cause which impelled them to erect these cumbrous masses in the hope that they might tell the tale of past battles and preserve the memory of departed heroes. With special emphasis Mr. Fergusson asserts that an inscription would have done far more to commemorate the battle at Avebury than the 200 or 300 stones set up at that place, and adds that 'because they could not write, they raised them, and for 'that reason also left us the problem of finding out why they 'did so' (p. 73). Yet at the same time they were generally

* Notes on the Site of the Holy Sepulchre, p. 14.

erected, we are told, 'by partially civilised races after they 'had come in contact with the Romans' (p. 27). Since then these monuments cannot speak for themselves, their dates, if they are to be ascertained at all, must be learnt from written or traditional history. Accordingly Mr. Fergusson is convinced that such a history exists (p. 19); but when he comes to treat of Avebury and Stonehenge he deplores the lack of any acknowledged facts or accepted data with regard to these megalithic remains (p. 61), and still more the darkness which so shrouds the age of Arthur that 'many well-informed persons 'doubt' whether King Arthur ever lived (p. 114). He nevertheless feels assured that the men who fell on Arthur's side in his 'twelfth and greatest battle were buried in the ring at 'Avebury, and that those who survived raised these stones 'and the mound at Silbury in the vain hope that they would 'convey to their latest posterity the memory of their prowess' (p. 89). If Mr. Fergusson be right, their hope was by no means vain, and it is only our own fault that the fact is not as generally known as the Gunpowder Plot or the battle of Waterloo. Stonehenge was a work of the same time. It was built first, he believes, as the tomb of Uther Pendragon, and here also were the graves of Aurelius and of Constantine, Arthur's nephew (p. 109). But these are things of which at best we can only say, in Mr. Grote's often-repeated words, that if the possibility of them cannot be denied, so neither can their reality be affirmed. We cannot take even the existence of Uther Pendragon on the authority of Jeffrey of Monmouth; still less can we regard as throwing any light on the building of Stonehenge a statement which, so far as the words go, may mean only that the bodies of these three heroes were laid to rest in a burying-place already ancient. Indeed, Mr. Fergusson's position can be established only by bringing together evidence which is in his judgment cumulative. The process is unfortunately tortuous, and facts of the same kind are frequently interpreted in different ways. The silence of Cæsar and Tacitus is held to prove, so far as negative evidence can prove anything, that these buildings did not exist in their day. The Via Badonica passed so close to Silbury Hill that the Romans could not have been ignorant of the circles of Avebury and Stonehenge; still less could they have failed to see the dolmens which stud the angle of Gaul which now bears the name of Brittany (p. 20). But if these monuments are unnoticed by Roman writers, they are seemingly not more known to Bede, in whose time the buildings were scarcely two centuries old, and who takes a manifest interest in the arts and

structures of his age. Strange to say, however, the silence of Bede tells as much in favour of their existence as that of Cæsar and Tacitus told against it. So adroit and so crucial in the interests of his theory is Mr. Fergusson's reasoning on this point that it must be given in his own words.

'In all ages and in all countries where histories either written or oral exist, they are filled with the exploits of favourite national heroes —as Arthur was; while, even where they are fullest and most diffuse, it is the rarest possible thing to find in them a record of the building of any temple or tomb. From the building of the Parthenon to the completion of Henry VIII.'s (*sic*) chapel, the notices of buildings in general histories are as few and meagre as may be, and are comprised in a few paragraphs scattered through many hundred volumes. No one, I am convinced, who has thought twice on the subject would expect to find any notice of buildings in the few pages which are all we possess of history between the departure of the Romans and the time of the Venerable Bede; yet the absence of record is the argument which, if I am not mistaken, has had more influence on the popular mind than almost any other. Too generally it is assumed that, as we know nothing about them, they must be old. To me, on the contrary, nothing appears so extremely improbable as that the builders, while leaving no record of their exploits, should have left any written accounts of the erection of the Rude Stone Monuments.' (P. 114.)

Assuredly, if they were so absolutely illiterate as Mr. Fergusson has represented them, a written record would be impossible; but this is no reason why the barrow at Silbury and the mightier fabric of Stonehenge should not have found a place in national songs as much as the cairns which Trojans and Achaians are said to have raised on the shores of the broad Hellespontos. If we may venture to draw any conclusions from the oral or written literature of a country, we might perhaps more fairly infer that the men who fought under Hector and Agamemnon belonged, like the builders of Avebury and Stonehenge, to a state of society which had passed away before we reach the period of genuine contemporary history. But we can only express our amazement at the sentence which Mr. Fergusson passes even on what he calls general histories. The pages of Herodotus abound with descriptions of buildings which he had himself seen, and of the Parthenon we know not only when and by whom it was built, but what it cost. It is superfluous to say more. We are not bound to confine ourselves to general histories; and the complaint of the scantiness of materials for the architectural history of our own country is least of all justified by facts.

It is necessary for Mr. Fergusson's purpose that the builders of the rude stone monuments should be illiterate. If he has

assigned the right dates to Avebury and Stonehenge, he refutes himself. We cannot suppose that the chiefs who may be represented by the shadowy Arthur were savages, and that they admitted none to serve under their standards who were not savages like themselves. The picture which Gibbon draws of the condition of Britain, even after the withdrawal of the Romans,* scatters to the winds the theory that Cerdic or Ælle had to encounter mere hordes of barbarians; and the real influence of Roman civilisation within the island might perhaps be more fully appreciated if we knew more of the towns which lie buried beneath our soil. The destruction of the ninety-two considerable cities which rose within the period of Roman domination may prove conclusively the ferocity of the Teutonic invaders and the utter ruin wrought by their conquests; but it proves nothing for the sensibility or insensibility of the Britons to the influence of their Roman masters. Of these cities the town whose site is now marked by the walls which surround the village of Silchester may have been one: it certainly was not the greatest or the best known of them. But that a people who dwelt within the walls of such cities, who were familiar with the graceful and majestic forms of their temples and public buildings, and of whom many must have been employed in their erection, should, on the departure of their conquerors, betake themselves at once to sticking up stones in the ground, is, in the absence of direct testimony to the contrary, positively incredible.

Nor is this all. Mr. Fergusson lays stress on the absolute silence of the Roman writers, not only on such buildings as Avebury and Stonehenge, but on the innumerable dolmens to be found, as he terms it, in France—that is, in portions of the country now held by the French. We may perhaps regret the hopeless bondage to the modern map which is betrayed throughout Mr. Fergusson's volume, and which adds to the confusion of statements sufficiently confused already; but we are concerned now only with propositions which he has deliberately advanced. If the silence of Cæsar and Tacitus is to be taken as disproving the existence of the rings of Stonehenge and Avebury in their day, it is not less conclusive against the existence of the dolmens on either side of the Channel. But it is one of the articles of Mr. Fergusson's creed that the builders of the dolmens were not Aryans but Turanians;† and as no immigration of a non-Aryan race into Britain or Gaul is known as belonging to any age later than that of

* Roman Empire, chap. xxxi. † Pages 39, 507.

Cæsar, these Turanians, if ever they were here at all, must have been here before that time; and hence the Roman writers are silent about a multitude of monuments with which they must have been perfectly familiar. It is impossible, therefore, to infer from their silence that they were not equally familiar with Avebury and Stonehenge. Unconscious of this inconsistency, Mr. Fergusson ascribes the dolmens to the Silures;* and the Silures accordingly take their place among the Turanians. The Turanian element was, it seems, predominant on the southern side of the Channel to a time as late as the tenth century of our era, and the fact had an important influence on the history of Eastern and Western Christianity. To it, indeed, are owing all the characteristics of the Latin and the Orthodox churches—their monachism, their vestments, their ritual, their incense, all of which were derived from the Turanian religion of Buddha. Mr. Fergusson admits that the word is here used in the broadest possible sense. We do not venture to say what in this case may be the limits of possibility; we can but express our inability to understand how a religion which was an Aryan protest against Brahmanic sacerdotalism can in its origin be considered Turanian at all, and avow our reluctance to embark on the wild sea of ethnological and theological speculation in which Mr. Fergusson seems to find himself very much at his ease.

But, further, we are told that the Britons, whom Mr. Fergusson claims as his naked and painted forefathers,† always had a hankering for the rude megalithic architecture which, it seems, was introduced by Turanian tribes; that this art was kept 'in abeyance in England' (for with him it is England before any Englishmen were in it) during the Roman occupation; and that, when at length they were free to follow their own devices, the influence of Roman art was seen in the vast difference between the rude dolmens or cromlechs of earlier ages and the massive grandeur of structures like Stonehenge. To clear historical evidence for these propositions we should be bound to yield submission. In the complete lack of it we must regard it as indefinitely more likely that they would adopt Roman forms, and as simply incredible that the men who had been employed to raise the Roman buildings could forget their

* Page 162.

† To speak of England in the days of Honorius is to place a stumbling-block in the way of the unlearned. If Mr. Fergusson looks upon himself as a genuine Celt, he is quite right in claiming the countrymen of Gildas as his forefathers; but to represent them as the forefathers of the English people is simply misleading.

craft in a day. Mr, Fergusson's argument renders it, rather, a matter for wonder that the rude stone style has not in some parts of this island been continued to our own time. The dolmens were the work of a race rude and barbarous in comparison with the Teutonic invaders of Britain; and civilisation, we are told, was advanced in Northern and Western Europe only by the extermination of the ruder races (p. 38). But the Britons of Arthur, Constantine, and Aurelius were pre-eminently megalithic builders, and they have certainly not been exterminated, nor have we any reason for supposing that this fate has befallen the Turanian Silures. In short, between Aryans and Turanians, and between Aryans who are progressive and Aryans who are unprogressive, it is not easy to see where we are to look for improvement, and where we may expect to find a dead level.

Still more perplexing is it to learn that the building of rude stone monuments was suddenly checked by the Teutonic invasions. In their own land, Angles, Saxons, or Jutes had, in Mr. Fergusson's belief, been accustomed to raise such structures, or their forefathers in the strict sense of the word had raised them, whether there or in the countries from which they came. But if they had left the habit behind them when they set out in their keels for Britain, they landed with a strange disposition to worship the stones which the conquered people were in the habit of putting up. This is the more surprising, if the tribes which raised these monuments regarded these stones with no special veneration, and if their worship was bestowed not on the buildings but on the dead who lay within them. Mr. Fergusson justly dismisses with contempt the theory that temples were built in the form of the gods to which they were consecrated, and that stone avenues, two or three miles in length, represented the serpents who were there worshipped; but he is aiming his shafts at a dead superstition, when he asserts that, according to the Druidical faith in which most Englishmen are brought up, Avebury and Stonehenge are temples of the Druids. He will at least acquit us of clinging to this delusion, when we remind him that the first onslaught on this old faith was made in the pages of this Review;* but although we are quite ready to grant that these great megalithic structures were neither temples nor places for assembly, we fail to see the force of some of the reasons which lead him to deny that they were dedicated to the Sun. Mr. Fergusson insists that we have no

* Ed. Review, July 1865. Art., 'Druids and Bards.'

warrant for supposing that his forefathers (we must decline to cast in our lot with him) 'were addicted to the worship of a 'deity so unlikely to be a favourite in a climate like ours' (p. 66). We should have supposed that he was far more likely to be a favourite here than in the tropics. The myths of Tantalus and Phaethon could never spring up in the lands where Briar Rose, wakened by the kiss of the Peerless Knight, reflects the conquest of winter by the power which Mr. Fergusson regards as so uncongenial to the shivering inhabitants of an ice-bound land. In truth, we can only suppose that he is talking somewhat at random, when he asks what a sun-temple may be, and speaks of the difficulty of getting the sun into a temple fashioned by human hands.* In our simplicity we might have thought that a sun-temple was much the same as a temple of Apollo or a temple of Zeus. We do not know that the Greeks who went to the great Panhellenic festival thought that Zeus was imprisoned in the magnificent temple of Olympia; and of the two it is easier to reproduce the form of the sun's orb than to devise a shape for the lord of the wide heaven. But the more thoroughly we deprive the megalithic monuments of any intrinsic sanctity, the more strange does it seem that they should in themselves become objects of veneration to tribes who must have been perfectly familiar with them. Mr. Fergusson is well aware that this tendency was developed at a time earlier than that which he assigns for the erection of the great megalithic structures of Britain; and he cites some decrees of councils held in various countries of Europe, which condemn this besetting sin, before the days of Uther Pendragon and Arthur. We cannot imagine the Teutonic invaders of Britain worshipping the graves of the conquered people; we can still less fancy the Gallic Christians being so led astray by monuments which must to them have told their own story; and as Mr. Fergusson lays so much stress on cumulative evidence, we can but insist on the overwhelming force with which this veneration paid to stones tells against the erection of megalithic structures at the very time of these invasions.

All these structures are marked especially by the utter absence of ornament; and it is this characteristic which compels Mr. Fergusson to regard these buildings as burial places for men slain in battle. Had they been raised by the ordinary inhabitants of the country in which they are found, the stones must have been brought slowly, and the people would, he thinks, have assuredly employed their leisure hours 'in carving

* Page 66.

'these stones either with ornaments and symbols, or fashioning 'them into idols' (p. 70). But the facts which led the councils, whose decrees he cites, to condemn the worship of stones, show of themselves that no ornamentation was needed to make them objects of veneration, and the wish to employ leisure time in ornamenting them would, to some extent, depend on the possession of the power. Still we must admire the ingenuity which can suggest that the plainness of Avebury is due to its military character.

'It seems just such a monument as a victorious army of, say, 10,000 men could, with their prisoners, erect in a week. The earth is light, and could easily be thrown up into the form of the vallum, and the Sarsen stones lay all over the downs, and all on a higher level than Avebury, which perhaps for that very reason is placed on the lowest spot of ground in the neighbourhood. With a few rollers and ropes, 10,000 men would very soon collect all the stones that ever stood there, and stick them up on their ends. They probably would have no skilled labour in their ranks, and no leisure, if they had, to employ it in ornamentation of any sort. Without this, it is just such a monument as might and would be raised by an illiterate army wishing to bury with honour those who had fallen in the fight, and having at the same time no other means of leaving on the spot a record of their own victory.' (P. 73.)

This reasoning loses all its plausibility when we remember that, according to Mr. Fergusson's own theory, the Britons under Arthur were not illiterate, and that the total absence of skilled labour from their ranks is a fact not to be received without the clearest evidence. But if a building so striking in its simple majesty as Stonehenge be the unornamented work of a tribe busied only in raising a worthy sepulchre for a departed chief, what must have been the splendour of buildings which they had the time and the means to decorate? These surely must have been so magnificent that no writer could have passed them by in silence; nor can we imagine their being unnoticed by a historian like Bede. His silence, we fear, tells more fatally against Mr. Fergusson's theory than the silence of Cæsar tells in its favour.

But while we are told that in Britain we have few or no megalithic monuments, except the Turanian dolmens, older than the age of Cæsar, we are called upon to believe that the great pyramid of Gizeh was not only erected as early as 3000 B. C., but that it is 'the lineal descendant of a rude chambered 'tumulus or caisson,' which must have furnished the model for this more perfect structure some hundreds or thousands of years before. In other words, in Egypt at least, or at all events in the country from which the Egyptian pyramid-builders came,

there was a people whose habit it was to raise stone sepulchres for their dead ages before the Christian era. That such a people existed on the eastern shores of the Egean Sea, at least five hundred years before our era, Mr. Fergusson is obliged to admit, since the cairn which bears the name of Alyattes is not merely mentioned but accurately measured by Herodotus. Nay, he feels sure that the tumuli still remaining on the plain of Troy cover the remains of heroes slain in the 'remarkable siege' which comparative mythologists are seemingly charged with converting into moonshine (p. 32). He further notices the Etruscan tumuli, some of which, we are told, are certainly as old as the thirteenth century B. C., while others extend downwards to the fifth or sixth. Thus in various countries bordering on the Mediterranean we have rude stone monuments exhibiting various stages of civilisation and stretching back to an indefinite antiquity. But when we come to what Mr. Fergusson calls the states of Western Europe (p. 508) and to India, the conditions of the problem are suddenly changed. The monuments found in these countries are generally far ruder; they are therefore not older but much later. An examination of Hindu buildings has convinced Mr. Fergusson that the Hindus were unacquainted with the use of stone as a building material down to a time preceding the Christian era by not more than two or three centuries. He is also convinced that 'the uncivilised ancestral worshipping races of 'Europe first borrowed from the Romans—or, if any one likes, 'from the Phœnicians or Greeks of Marseilles—the idea of 'using stone to accentuate and adorn the monuments of the 'dead;' and as the Hindus used only wood down to the days of Asoka, they too must have learnt the use of stone from the motley multitudes who followed Alexander in his career of conquest, although in the country of these very Greeks and Romans there existed megalithic structures of a type more elaborate than that of the rude stone monuments of India. Here again we have a series of propositions which on adequate evidence we are ready to accept; but we fail to find this evidence in Mr. Fergusson's pages, while our confidence in his guidance is further shaken by statements which seem directly to contradict previous assertions or conclusions. Thus in the general summary of results in which the East (India) is contrasted with the West (Europe), he assures us that no stone monument of this class has yet made out its claim to an antiquity 'of more than two centuries, if so much, before the 'Christian era. Some of those in Greece about Mycenæ, and 'those at Saturnia, may be earlier, but they are as yet un-

'described scientifically, and we cannot tell' (p. 508). If Mr. Fergusson means to teach us something different from what he has said, we must confess our inability to catch his meaning; but from the words just cited, it is impossible to extract any other proposition than this, that the rude stone sepulchral monuments, whether of India or of Europe (the West) generally, are not anterior to the second century B. C. Yet we have been told that some of the Etruscan monuments are at least a thousand years older. The monuments of Tiryns, Mycenæ, and Orchomenus are very much to be pitied. If Mr. Fergusson feels himself justified in dismissing as unscientific, the descriptions, measurements, and drawings of the distinguished travellers who have already examined these structures, it would have been well if, before saying anything about them, he had himself scrutinised buildings which are of the utmost importance to his theory. All that he tells us is, that the tomb of Atreus with some other monuments has been described by Pausanias (p. 33). We might with greater fairness say, that the existence of these monuments is attested by one or more poets who lived at least seven or eight hundred years before the geographer. Unless we are to suppose that the tomb of Atreus and the Gate of Lions belong to a later age than that of Perikles or Demosthenes, we must ascribe these monuments to the golden age of Tiryns and Mycenæ, when its chiefs were among the foremost in the lands known to us afterwards as Hellas. It is quite unnecessary to go into the Homeric controversy; but Mr. Paley himself would allow that the familiar lines which speak of these cities while yet in their splendour were recited by rhapsodists earlier probably than the time of Peisistratus, and certainly long preceding that of Herodotus. When we reach the age of contemporary historians, Tiryns and Mycenæ are in ruins; and we must refuse altogether to assign these buildings to a later period, merely because a different chronology is required by the theories of Mr. Fergusson.

Wherever we turn, we find the same wealth of hardy assertions and bewildering guesses or assumptions, which are modified or even contradicted elsewhere. In some cases the presence of coins is taken as conclusive evidence that the monument in which it is found is not older than the age to which the coin belongs; in others Mr. Fergusson seems to be aware that these sepulchres were frequently opened, whether by those who wished to use them again as burial-places, or by those who came simply to plunder. The tumulus at Uley is assigned without hesitation to a time subsequent to the Roman

occupation of Britain, because coins of Roman emperors have been found within it; it might with equal reason be ascribed to the age of Edward IV. In some passages Mr. Fergusson is indignant at the idea of any break in the sequence of the styles which he traces in the rude stone monuments. No 'solution of continuity,' he tells us, 'can be detected any-'where,' whether in Britain (p. 37) or in India (p. 493). Yet, as we have seen, Mr. Fergusson himself holds that the native style was 'in abeyance' in this country during the period of Roman supremacy. It seems scarcely necessary to say more. We have no counter-theories to advance. We are quite willing to believe that Stonehenge and Avebury, and other structures of the like kind, were neither temples nor places for assembly, and to admit that they were places for sepulture; and in sweeping away the fancies of Stukeley and others who succeeded him, we need not say that Mr. Fergusson has done good service, although in one or two instances he has only slain the slain. But if we must traverse an unknown country which we find to be full of quaking bogs, it is at our peril if we make the journey with a guide whom we cannot thoroughly trust. For the reasons which we have already given we can place no confidence in Mr. Fergusson. We never know at any stage of the inquiry whither he may mean to lead us, or what admissions we may not at any time be called to make; but the demands on our faith made in the chapter on India are perhaps most of all astonishing. Some crosses, with no distinctive marks, it would seem, which stand close to some cromlechs on the banks of the Godavery near Nirmul, are taken as evidence proving the existence of dolmen-building Christians, who, as 'owing allegiance only to the potentate we know 'of as Prester John, may have entirely escaped the knowledge 'of the Western world' (p. 489). But this is not the only point of connexion between the East and the West. The dolmens, cromlechs, and vaulted sepulchres of India and of Western Europe exhibit points of likeness which cannot be accidental. In both we find cromlechs, in which one of the supporting slabs is pierced with a circular hole six or eight inches in diameter, while in others we see a false cist or coffin on the outside, while the real one lies within, together with two or more concentric circles surrounding the monument. The conclusion is that, 'as there was no writing and no post, 'either some tribe must have migrated from the east to the 'west and introduced the form, or *vice versâ* some European 'must have taught the Indians the advantages of this hole, 'whatever they were; and having been once taught to adopt,

'they afterwards continued to employ it' (p. 495). We are amazed at the rapidity with which these migrations were accomplished, no stone monuments in India being older, as we have been told, than the age of Alexander, and the whole history of the style in our own island being bounded within a period of not very much more than half a century. But the hole in the slab and the simulated cist or coffin are connected with far more astounding mysteries. The dolmen-builders were Turanian, and Buddhism was essentially the religion of Turanians.* The immense number of dolmens which are found in a line running from south-east to north-west from the Gulf of Genoa until it reaches the apex of the triangle now bearing the name of Brittany shows the large extent of the Turanian element in Western Europe. To the portentous conclusions drawn from this alleged fact we have made some reference

* Mr. Fergusson's history of the religions of India is to us incomprehensible. We are told that 'when contemporary history first dawned 'on us, India was Buddhist.' The statement seems to imply that we know nothing of India before the rise and spread of Buddhism, and thus becomes practically untrue. Buddhism, it is added, was for eight or nine centuries 'the prevalent religion of the State'—a phrase which implies that the whole land formed one kingdom like Great Britain. Mr. Fergusson goes on to say that 'the religions which superseded 'Buddhism were then new, and have ever since been changing; so that 'India now contains more religions and more sects than any portion of 'the world of the same extent.' These words certainly assert that Brahmanism first came into existence on the fall of Buddhism—a statement manifestly false. Finally, we are told that 'even within the last 'six centuries one-fifth of the population have adopted the Mahommedan religion, and are quite prepared to follow any new form of faith 'that may be the fashion of the day. But beside all this never-ceasing 'change, there are tribes and races which remain immutable' (p. 459). The anxiety which some profess to feel about the supposed growth of Wahabee fanaticism must be finally set at rest by Mr. Fergusson's assurance that the whole Mahommedan population of India are ready to abandon their faith; but it seems rather hard to see incessant change in a country where the several changes, according to his own showing, occur at intervals more nearly of millenniums than of centuries. Buddhism, having displaced an ancient creed, is supreme for nearly 800 years; Brahmanism, under whatever forms, has maintained itself from the fall of Buddhism to the present day; while Mahommedanism has kept its hold for six centuries on a fifth part of the population, who are said now to be desirous of getting rid of it. At this rate the history of our own country, or of any other in Europe, may be represented as exhibiting incessant change; and the revolutions of France may be said to follow immediately those of Corcyra and Athens at the beginning and after the close of the Peloponnesian war.

already, nor do we notice them again here except as illustrating the off-hand assurance with which Mr. Fergusson deals with the largest questions. What confidence can we have in his guidance, when we are asked to receive his dictum that 'at least nine-tenths of the institutions and forms, which were 'engrafted on pure Evangelical Christianity in the middle-'ages, are certainly derived from Buddhist sources'? We never know what meaning Mr. Fergusson may intend to convey by his chronological terms. If we are to take his argument from the silence of the Roman writers, the dolmen-fields between the Mediterranean and the Atlantic were unoccupied in the days of Cæsar or of Claudius, and the Turanian migration which was to revolutionise Christianity belongs to a later time. Whenever it was wrought, the change was complete indeed. There was not merely an adoption of Turanian forms, but a general 'transference of doctrine.' Unhappily, we must either exercise our reason or meekly profess our belief in the wonderful discoveries of the Turanian prophet. 'You may wade,' he warns us, 'through all the writings of 'the Fathers, all the ponderous tomes of the Bollandists, with-'out finding a trace, or even a hinted suspicion, that such a 'transference of doctrine took place. Except from one or two 'passages in Clemens of Alexandria, we should not be able to 'show that before the time of Constantine the nations of the 'West knew even the name of Buddha, much less anything of 'his doctrines. While this is so, it is obviously idle to ask for 'written evidence with regard to the influence of either country 'on the architectural style of the other' (p. 505). But in the absence of this evidence we have to accept solely on Mr. Fergusson's authority two facts, which seem at first sight to transcend all our powers of believing. We have therefore again to ask whether our guide is to be trusted. Relic worship, he insists, is one of the peculiarities which Turanian dolmen-builders brought with them into Europe. If so, they did but scatter their seeds on a soil where the plant was pretty well grown already. When rival towns could each claim the possession of the sacrificial knife which slew Iphigeneia, when a dozen tombs of Æneas were pointed out to the devout veneration of believers, and when Lavinium could exhibit in the days of Cato the pickled body of the marvellous sow which served as a guide to the Trojan exile, there was not much need to give a fresh direction to an impulse inseparable from the worship of heroes and saints. With even greater emphasis Mr. Fergusson remarks that no one can enter a Buddhist temple and listen to the yellow-robed priests on each side of the choir chanting

their litanies, 'in what to them is a dead or foreign tongue, 'without feeling that he is looking in the East on what is 'externally the same as he had long been familiar with in the 'West' (p. 502). This is a very climax of absurdity. At the time when the western liturgies were drawn up, Latin was no more a dead language than English is now; but the retention of Latin in the services of the Church after it ceased to be the common tongue of the people is Buddhism, although the Buddhists of the days of Asoka probably no more contemplated the coming change than did the clergy of Latin Christendom in the time of Leo the Great.

Without going further, we feel ourselves justified in saying that Mr. Fergusson is not a guide whose authority may be implicitly, or even generally, trusted. He has so leant on what he calls architectural evidence apart from any documents in support of it, that he has at last fully convinced himself of his own power of reading it aright, and is stirred by a feeling of natural irritation when he finds his interpretations either questioned or rejected. Yet no other result can be looked for, when it is seen that his method leads to a series of paradoxes, some of which rest on assumption, while for others only negative evidence can be produced; that the silence of one set of writers suffices to disprove the existence of a building, while the silence of others tells not less conclusively in its favour; that the builders of the rude stone monuments are utterly illiterate, and yet that he can quote from a historian of this very people, who lived at or close to the very time when he supposes that Stonehenge and Avebury were built, and who adorns his pages with a profusion of miscellaneous, but perhaps not very useful, learning. This list of inconsistencies and contradictions might be indefinitely enlarged; but nothing would be gained by showing that Mr. Fergusson can at one time represent Charlemagne as staying for a moment the collapse of a society which falls to pieces after his death, and at another as establishing a polity which henceforth remained permanent. Mr. Fergusson's pages bristle with statements of fact, and are lavishly illustrated with plans and drawings. Unfortunately, not all of these can be trusted. In some Algerian instances he admits that the plan and elevation before him are so entirely discrepant that he was compelled to bring them 'a little more into harmony, since one or both 'must be wrong.' It is most unlikely that his own correction can be right. Nor can we take his description as in every case conclusive. Speaking of a dolmen at Pentre Ifan, in Pembrokeshire, Mr. Fergusson assigns it positively to a class of

monuments not intended to be covered by mounds, those which were to be so covered being wainscoted with slabs. In this instance he asserts that 'the supports do not and could not 'form a chamber. The earth would have fallen in on all sides, 'and the connexion between the roof and the floor been cut off 'entirely, even before the whole was completed' (p. 169). Yet the slabs which wainscoted its sides are still near at hand, being placed in a hedge to be out of the way.

We do not, indeed, suppose that Mr. Fergusson's toil has been wholly wasted. The vast mass of facts, or alleged facts, which he has brought together must be of use in the further inquiries which are needed to throw a clear light on the wide and difficult questions with which he has undertaken to deal. At present, he has practically done little more than propound a theory substantially in agreement with that of Mr. Herbert, to whose 'Cyclops Christianus' he makes only one or two references. For this theory we cannot see that he has adduced any real evidence, certainly none to which we may be justified in attaching weight. The circles of Stonehenge and Avebury may be and probably are sepulchres, and not temples or places of meeting; but we have no warrant whatever for assigning them to any century of the Christian era. Mr. Fergusson cannot bear to remain in ignorance. Unfortunately, there are questions more important than the chronology of menhirs and cromlechs, for the solution of which we must be content to wait with patience, if ever they are to be solved at all; and assuredly we shall work to little purpose, unless we take care that the arguments urged in support of one part of our position shall not be contradicted by those which we may bring forward to establish another. Mr. Fergusson has not been thus careful, and he has only himself to blame if we insist on having safer guidance than his through tortuous and thorny paths.

ART. IX.—*Histoire de la Restauration du Protestantisme en France, au XVIIIe siècle, d'après documents inédits.* Par EDMOND HUGUES. 2 Tomes. Paris: 1872.

ON the map of modern France four departments, those of the Ardêche, the Lozère, the Hérault, and the Gard, now serve to divide the mountainous province which was the scene of the Camisard rebellion. Among the fastnesses of the Cevennes the Huguenot rebels held out for two years against the troops of Louis XIV.; there, after the collapse of the Cevenol rebellion, Protestantism received what seemed to be its death-blow, and yet there, through the efforts of Antoine Court, it again raised its head, and vindicated the prophecy of Calvin with regard to his party—'We shall die; but in dying 'a victory will yet be ours.' Such a death and such a victory were, however, as may well be believed, very critical moments in the history of Protestant France. They were periods so marked that they may be called a death and a resurrection, and if Jean Cavallier, the Camisard soldier, was the hero of the fall, Antoine Court was the angel of the rising again, of the Protestant Church and Creed.

To judge of the work which Court constructed and consolidated, we must first look a little at the ruins from which it rose.

It was in 1702, that Esprit Fléchier, the well-known Bishop of Nismes, and Lamoignon de Bâville, the Intendant of Languedoc, were desired to quell a rebellion which had been provoked in the south of France by the cruelties of the Dragonnades. No doubt the existence of any such rebellion against his armies and his will was a disagreeable surprise to the autocrat whom Madame de Maintenon governed at Versailles, but who from Versailles governed France as no sovereign had ever done before. It must have been the more surprising to Louis, because during the hundred years of peace that had elapsed since the promulgation of the Edict of Nantes, the constituency of the French Protestant body had been very materially altered. Force, fraud, bribes and cajolery had all been employed for this purpose, but besides these direct methods the healing influences of toleration had had their effect, and conversions had become both frequent and numerous to the Catholic Church. The evangelical temper, the preaching, and the energy of Saint Francois de Sales had brought back on one occasion six hundred converts from the schools of Zwingle and Calvin. In the first year of their mission it was computed that the *sœurs grises* of Saint Vincent de Paul converted not

less than seven hundred and sixty souls; nor were these solitary specimens of the influence possessed in France by the Gallican Church, when Sulpicians, Oratorians, Lazaristes, Carmelites, and the reformed order of Benedictines, had lent to her a distinction and a lustre of good works without parallel in any age or country.

The supineness, the ignorance, the moral corruption, and the formalism which the first reformers had found to blame in the National Church had been now replaced in France by a spirit of religious enterprise. The presence of the Huguenot party, acting at once as a stimulant and corrective, had caused a potent Catholic revival. The young were now educated, the poor were relieved, the sick visited, the clergy trained, and though, no doubt as far as schools and colleges were concerned, the Huguenot Church was by no means inferior to her great rival, yet there can be no denying that on the whole the results of the Edict of Nantes had been such as to justify the promise which Henri IV. made to the Pope—'I will take care,' that astute monarch had written to Clement VIII., 'so to manage 'the Edict which I have published for the tranquillity of my 'kingdom, *that its most important and solid results shall be in 'favour of the Catholic religion;* and this indeed is beginning 'to appear.'

Less far-sighted than the great Béarnois, and blinded by the passion for uniformity, which he shared with all, or nearly all, the great minds of his age, Louis XIV. revoked the Edict, and thereby converted a body of harmless dissenters from the theology of Rome into an army of furious and outraged zealots. The result certainly took the monarch by surprise, and Louis might have had even more cause to rue his mistake, had it not happened that the Huguenots now lacked the political genius, the great leaders, and the feudal princes that had glorified their struggle in the days of the Rohans and Colignys. The race of giants was extinct, and of the men of note who remained to the Calvinist party, some, like Turenne, Courcillon, and De Lorges, had just been attracted into the Catholic fold by the intrepid attitude and by the penetrating arguments of Bossuet, an antagonist whom no Huguenot could baffle, and whom few were able to resist.

In the lower and middle ranks of French society, and at a distance from the capital, the case, however, was different. Calvinism, of which the austere tenets had failed at first to stir with any profound emotion the hearts of the French populace, had at last gained, and it now held, a great influence over the people of southern France. There the small local

gentry, the *probes hommes*, the magistrates, the weavers, the artisans, and the shepherds were deeply imbued by it, and the presence of excellent primary schools, and of five flourishing colleges, all attested the affluent and educated condition of a Church, which in the provinces south of Loire cannot have numbered less than 162,000 souls. It was upon these communities that the Dragonnades fell. As if in derision of the memory of Henry IV., they began in Béarn, then desolated the whole of Languedoc, and by the time that they had reached the provinces lying westwards of the Rhone, they had covered half the patrimony of King Louis with a desolation more wide-spread, and a slaughter more terrible, than any that had been seen since the crusade of De Montfort against the Albigeois. And the Albigeois crusade still went for something in the matter.

The race of Languedoc, with its admixture of Iberian, Gothic, Greek, and Saracenic blood, still kept its jealousy of the '*Franciman*' provinces, and Huguenots professing the tenets of the Calvin who had preached to them at Bérac, nourished the same dislike to Catholicism which their Arian ancestors had felt to the Athanasian Creed and the arms of Clovis, and which their Albigeois progenitors had also had good reason to feel towards the orthodoxy of De Montfort. Catholicism, the Languedociens observed, had never done them any good. Once it had come with barbarism, and once with feudality in its train, and this third time it offered them the sword and the despotism of a bigoted king. They rebelled. When the rest of France lay prostrate, when over 1,500 pastors and 2,300 elders had been driven into exile, when England, Ireland, Holland, Switzerland, Russia, Prussia, India, and even Constantinople had received their quota of refugees, the provinces of the South rose, and unfurled the standard of a war between sovereign and subject, between the two halves of France. More than this—the daring Camisards enlisted the sympathy of Savoy, and they envoked the help of an English fleet in their desperate but furious struggle. For two years, from 1702, to the spring of 1704, when after the lost battle of Langlade, Cavallier laid down his arms, they waged their guerilla warfare, and many a spot among the grey limestone ledges, among the volcanic peaks, among the clustering olive woods that circle the city of Nismes, or on the salt and shallow sea margins of Languedoc, was made famous or infamous by their camps, their courage, and their excesses. Sometimes burning churches and stripping the lead from the roofs, sometimes murdering priests, and at other times

disappearing among grottoes and caverns, we see these irregular and fanatical troops reappear, and giving battle to the regiments of Villars and Montrevel. Again they would vanish, but it was only because they had gone to melt more pewter bullets, and to flash messages from peak to peak, so that they might collect new reserves and fresh supplies. They sing, they fight, they prophesy, they pillage, and they pray, while such seers as Condèrc and Mazel curse all the prelates and captains of France with a more than prophetic fury. Still, though prophet and prophetess rave, and though soldiers like Cavallier feel in their souls the mystic afflatus which leads while it inspires, the strife is too unequal to be long maintained: and when Cavallier at last lays down his arms the Cevenols have to pay the price of the rebellion into which by persecution they had at first been goaded. With his froward mountaineers the policy of Louis then showed itself to be froward indeed. The party that had dared to invoke foreign help, and that had summoned English frigates into French waters, must be exterminated, and the work of the Dragonnades, which had been only interrupted by battles, marches, countermarches and retreats, was taken up again by the royal commissioners. Bishop Fléchier's spiritual arm was even more heavy than had been the sword of the marshals, and there fell upon Protestantism a period of silence and of suffering which cannot be matched or surpassed in the history of any Church. The nation acquiesced in the result. Imbued with that passion for the national unity and for the national aggrandisement which the victories of Louis had formed into a sort of *cultus*, France acquiesced in a barbarity which had just cost her in money, blood, skill and distinction more than she could ever hope to repair. She was content that religious unity should have been achieved at any price, and content that the war should now be at an end. If the heresy was finished also, so much the better, and thus it happened that in favour of toleration no voice was ever raised. In the meantime the men of Languedoc, 'fierce, passionate, stubborn, and vindictive,' as they might be, had found their master; galleys and prisons were full, if villages were roofless; lawyers, artificers, gentlemen and men of letters, all were gone, and with the flocks the pastors had also perished.

This period of desolation is not, however, the one which we have now to illustrate, for M. Hugues, though he is of course obliged to dwell on its features, is happy to be able to call his book a 'History of the Restoration of Protestantism.'

Yes, contrary to all hopes of her enemies and to all expecta-

tions of her friends, Protestantism *was* restored, and that mainly through the heroic exertions of Antoine Court. It actually happened that a Church which in 1705 did not possess a pastor, a congregation, a temple, or a synod, was in 1787 able to ask from Louis XVI. a recognition of its claims, and to take again a first place among the Protestant communions of Europe. How this work, so little short of a miracle, was accomplished, and this result achieved, M. Hugues' book tells us. The papers which he has collected have long remained unedited at Lausanne, but he flatters himself that he has not done amiss in offering to France, in the morning after her recent disasters, an example of how a people, be its fall ever so great, may yet rise again through patience, unity, and strength, and by devotion to a common cause. The work itself contains much that is valuable to the history of the Protestant Church, besides containing a biography of a real Christian hero, whose name is perhaps unknown to many of our readers. It is for this reason we notice it.

In the year 1696, and while the Dragonnades were being felt all around them, a man-child had been born at Villeneuve, in the Vivarais, to Jean and Marie Court. To that child they had given the name of Antoine, and as they did so they had observed that it would be 'a very great good fortune for 'their son were they to dedicate him to the service of God.' He was so dedicated, not only to the pastoral office, but to an unusual amount of suffering and of endurance, and to a priest-like career, which, if it was too long for its pains, was only too short for all that it had to accomplish. He was brought up by a woman. Jean Court died in 1700, and on Marie Gébelin, a widow of thirty-two years of age, had devolved the task of carrying out any plans that they might have formed together with regard to their boy. By day Antoine went to school, where he was stoned and hooted at as a Huguenot, but when the evenings closed in, it was then that the peasants of the Vivarais instructed their households in the Calvinistic faith. Their houses were poor and bare, scattered about on the sides of the sharp and contorted hills, or in the shadow of immense chestnut forests, where these people were fed from fields of rye and buckwheat. In their circles strange tales of martyrdoms and of hairbreadth escapes were whispered about, and when the troops of Villars had dispersed the last congregations of the Cevennes, it was only in secret that the sermons of pastors, the dying speeches of confessors, and the prophecies of seers could circulate from mouth to mouth.

On such tales the youth of Antoine Court was fed, and when

he was nine years old he began to follow his mother across the hills to hear some prophetess expound the Scriptures, or apply the lays of captive Judea to the persecuted Church of the Desert. Where he might have grown up an enthusiast, an *illuminato*, and a fanatic, the lad grew up serious, collected, reticent, prayerful, and brave. A purpose grew in him: to restore his Church, to teach the ignorant, to repress the hysterical ravings of women, to spread a knowledge of the Scriptures, and to collect the scattered flocks. At the age of nineteen he fell ill of overwork; it was for the first time, but not, as may well be believed, for the last. Dogged by spies, threatened, and in constant danger from enemies or traitors, the young Court only dared to teach and to do good by stealth. He managed, however, to collect five coadjutors, and to hold the first synod of his reviving Church in a quarry—with Jean Huc, Vesson, Arnaud, Rouvière, and Durand. These men were all his seniors in age, and Arnaud, a man of great piety and nobility of character, may be said to have been his senior in experience, but all alike bowed to the energy of the youth who was determined to re-create a Church. Brunel and Corteis were soon joined to this band, and Court also made acquaintance with Roger, the apostle of Dauphiny, in whom he found a congenial spirit.

What direction were their efforts to take now that the brotherhood was formed? What were to be the rules, or what the *mot d'ordre*, of this Protestantism of the future? For the dogmatic formulary of their Church they fixed upon the catechism of Drélincourt, once so well known and so highly prized by Calvinistic synods, and they also applied themselves to procuring copies of the Scriptures in the translation of Theodore Beza. It had often been sneeringly said by the Catholic party, that any Protestant when he had a bible in his hand is as good as a Pope to himself. It was the peculiar misfortune of the Huguenots at this conjuncture to have no bibles, and a general disorder of doctrine and practice had followed upon the license of the war. Many circles were given over to one of those epidemics of religious hysteria of which every Church and every age has had its examples, when the imagination is quickened, the nerves excited, and the reason paralysed. Court saw how practice was endangered by this eclipse of common sense, and how doctrine must suffer when all the means of grace are set aside, and when religion is made to consist of a series of emotions, or when certain subjective qualities, on which Protestants are at all times too apt to lay a stress as proofs of the regenerate mind, are considered as essential to salvation. His

great stumbling blocks were the gifted women, the chief sufferers in such an epidemic as now disturbed the Cevenol Church. It was difficult to convince such patients that, instead of being persons highly favoured by Heaven, they were really singularly afflicted, and as such likely in their turn to mislead the minds and disorder the nerves of their hearers. Almost every town had such a prophetess, and there is no more curious episode in Court's career than the story of Mademoiselle Verchod, of her raptures, spiritual pretensions, and intrigues, and of the way in which they all had to succumb to the peremptory measures of this eminently practical man. If the Cevenols were to be deprived of their seers, it became all the more incumbent on Court to provide them with sound teaching. A vacuum in religious teaching which is dangerous at all times and places, was nowhere more likely to be prejudicial than in Languedoc; and Court knew this. In a little while all the errors of the Middle Ages might have been reproduced, and the tenets of Calvin might have been swamped by heresies like those of the Tisserands, Patarins, Henricians, and Albigeois sects of the twelfth century.

In the arduous task of reproducing and securing uniformity in this struggling Church, fresh difficulties met its apostle at every turn, and of the pastors already associated with him only Corteis was of zeal or intelligence at all worthy to be compared with his own. Still Court could not afford to wait to choose either his tools or his materials. He had to make his bricks as often as not without straw, as by turns he was obliged to warn, repress, console, encourage, modify, or even to mould, the men who were to be the instruments of his inflexible will and of his still more unalterable purpose. To set an example of regularity, it was necessary that this heroic man, who already did the work of a missionary, should take orders. No such thing had been spoken of for long as an ordination. There were in France neither candidates to be received or pastors to ordain, but as laxity of discipline could not be allowed to continue, in November 1718, Court was formally consecrated at the hands of Corteis, and of an old pastor of the name of Colom.

M. Hugues says:—

'It was an imposing ceremony. Night had fallen, and had gathered in the plain all the Protestants of the neighbourhood who were engaged in prayer. Court rose, and spoke himself of the duties of the ministry. He spoke of the necessity and the advantages of preaching. He exalted the glory of that Providence, which, touched by the misfortunes of France and of the Church, was raising up ministers for her, and that

at a time when her enemies were most bent upon her ruin. Finally, he asked the help of the prayers of all present, that he might be filled with new zeal in the orders with which he was about to be invested, and with all the virtues needed for success. At these touching words the hearers shed tears. Court, when he ceased, knelt down, and Corteis approaching laid a bible on his head, and then in the name of Jesus Christ, and by the authority of the Synod, he gave him power to exercise all the functions of the ministry. Cries of joy were heard on all sides. Thus after years of suffering and oppression a proscribed religion rose from its ruins, and in the solitude of the desert consecrated with its weakened hands the man to whom she owed this her first prosperity.' The 102nd Psalm was sung in honour of '*ce bienfait tout étrange*,' and then 'gradually as the echoes of the voices 'died away, the faithful dispersed, and the country was left to 'the silence of the night.'

Almost immediately after this ceremony, Court began a course of visits through the Cevennes, and again through Lower Languedoc, where he met with vicissitudes of fortune both bad and good. The plague which broke out, ravaged all the most populous cities of the Rhone, but the alarm which it caused served to quicken the religious sensibilities of many of the Huguenot families who had become lukewarm, and two young pasteurs, Gaubert and Roux, were added to the Church; so that when the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was for the first time celebrated at Nismes, at Christmas 1722, it was in the presence of more than eighty communicants.

In Dauphiny, it must be owned that the revival had been less successful, or rather it had had less immunity, than in the dioceses of Mende, Alais, Viviers, Uzès, Nismes, and Montpellier. In 1719, a royal edict expressly forbade the assembling of congregations, and had often broken them up with cruelties that recalled the worst days of the Dragonnades. In spite of this, it was not however the less markedly visible that in Dauphiny, as in the Comté de Foix, and in the six dioceses just mentioned, the Protestants had raised their heads—as yet only under protest it is true, and in secret. Their places of meeting were sometimes the ruined sites of their old temples, or some upper chamber where their presence was either unsuspected or undenounced; but more often they had to betake themselves to the woods and caves, or to a quarry in the limestone hills, so that theirs was emphatically, what French Protestants still love to call it, 'the Church in the Desert.' Five times the assemblies of Court were surprised by troops. Sir Walter Scott has described with all the charm of his pen, the dismay of a Cameronian congregation when alarmed by the appearance

of the red coats. 'The psalm stifled, and sinking into a 'quaver of consternation, and persecuted Christians sheltering 'themselves in dens and deserts from the swords of their per- 'secutors; famished with hunger, starving with cold, lacking 'fire, food, and shelter and clothing; pleading, watching, 'knocking, and storming the gates of Heaven.' It only requires to translate the eloquence of Ephraim McBriar, and the exclamations of Mause and Cuddie Headrigg into the *patois* of the Cevennes, and to change the piece of Scottish moorland, with its misty and purple distance, and its foreground of heather and peat bogs, into the valleys of the Vivarais, with their undergrowth of box and ilex, of rosemary and spindletree, and you have in the pages of 'Old Mortality' a vivid picture of scenes enacted only too often in France, and that as late as the year 1760. All the elements of force, fraud, and terror were present there: present also, strong passions, a love of liberty, and a resentful remembrance of wrongs not easily to be forgiven or forgotten. Such were the flocks of the Desert.

The revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1686 was, as we have seen, but the commencement of a fresh course of persecution. Condorcet published in 1781 a memorable catalogue of the persecuting laws enacted against the Protestants and still at that day in force. None were more barbarous than the Edict of 1724, which followed fast upon Antoine Court's first revival; and again, in 1745, the persecution acquired a character of aggravated intensity. Between 1745 and 1770 no less than eight Protestant ministers were hanged in France for celebrating divine worship. This brings us down to a very recent period—a period remembered by the generation immediately preceding our own. Indeed, we have ourselves known a lady who died at Geneva in 1836, at the age of ninety-two, whose mother had been one of the victims of the persecution. Her sister, Isabeau Menet, remained incarcerated in the Tour de Constance at Aiguesmortes for fifteen years, from 1735 to 1750; and the immediate descendants of this lady are still well-known in France, Switzerland, and even in our own country. The archives of the old Huguenot families are full of such stories; and we have now before us a very touching and graceful memorial of this same lady from the pen of M. Alexandre Lombard, of Geneva, who is descended from her. The fact can never be forgotten, that long past the first half of the eighteenth century, and down to within twenty-five years of the great Revolution, men were sent to the gallies, and women imprisoned for life in dungeons in France, for no

crime but a fervent attachment to the faith of their forefathers and of the Bible. In 1767 the gay and gallant Chevalier de Boufflers accompanied his uncle, the Prince de Beauveau, then Governor of Languedoc, to that horrible Tower at Aigues-mortes. He describes the scene with genuine feeling. Fourteen women were still languishing there—the youngest of whom was fifty, having been sent to the prison at *eight* years of age. Their only crime was that of having professed the creed of Henry IV. The Governor, shocked by so inhuman a spectacle, set them free—not, however, without incurring a reprimand from the Minister of Louis XV. One of the most precious documents in M. Lombard's little volume is a letter from Antoine Court himself to Pastor Sarazin of Geneva, in 1746, which had escaped M. Hugues' researches. It is signed 'Delingebe'—an anagram of his mother's name, 'de Gébelin:' the contents show with what sense and moderation he conducted the government of the Churches.

Hitherto the programme of Court for them had been simply revival; it was now to be order. He has left in his papers a transcript of his own impressions:—

'Four methods, with the blessing of God, the which I cease not to implore, had presented themselves to my mind. The *first* was to assemble the people and to instruct them in religious meetings; the *second*, to combat that fanaticism which, like a conflagration, had spread on all sides, and to bring back to sound and sane thinking those who had been so unhappy as to have been infected by it; the *third*, to re-establish discipline, the use of consistories, elders, conferences and synods; the *fourth*, to form, as far as lay in my power, young preachers, to summon pastors from abroad, and if they had no disposition for martyrdom, and were not disposed to respond to my pressing invitations, to beg money from foreign Powers to carry out the training and maintenance of young men who might have enough courage and goodwill to devote themselves to the service of their brethren.'

All these plans Court lived to adopt and also in great measure to carry through, but his life was made up of a strange multiplicity of small and often unlovely details. For example, there was no money at his disposal to give to married pastors. How and where was it to be collected? One congregation sent out of its poverty the sum of one *sol*, six *deniers*: another contributed some sacks of corn and a bag of chestnuts: and once when Court found himself master of twenty *livres*, and again of fifty crowns, those sums were distributed over all the churches. For himself, he never asked or received anything, and it is with a pardonable pride that he states in his papers, that he had never cost the churches a *denier*, though in his constant journeys

and correspondence, and still more in his frequent exposure to hardships and fever, he had certainly served those churches at the expense of his own health and life.

The party of order met with many other difficulties and with a good deal of opposition. In one place no bibles or catechisms existed, and dogma would there necessarily exhibit curious variations from the themes of Calvin and Drélincourt; in another, some prophetess had pre-engaged the attention and suffrages of all the Protestants for twelve miles round, while in a third direction, Court would be brought in contact with a pastor of scandalous life, or more frequently with lax Huguenots, who had had their children baptised by the *curé*, out of regard for the powers that be.

If out of such a chaos order ever grew, it was thanks to the energy and integrity of this one man. The curious part of his history is, that Court had no great personal gifts or advantages. Marie Gébelin's son had no beauty of person, or powers of speech; he had neither wit nor wealth at his command; he lived a poor man among the poor, but he had a large heart and a strong faith, a head at once ardent and cool, an administrative talent of an extraordinary order, great determination as well as great foresight, and thus it came to pass that the work grew under his hand, and that he left a shapely edifice where he had found a heap of ruins.

By Corteis he was admirably seconded. Here is a specimen of the labour which he had to share or divide with Court:—

'Thus we started the 11th April from Nismes, intending to administer the Lord's Supper. Some gentlemen of Sommières had found fault with our assemblies, but having listened to the preaching of the Gospel, they also wished to participate in the Sacrament.

'On the 23rd we celebrated it at Manoblet; on the 27th we did the same at Cros; on the 8th of May we gave it in the church of Lassale, and on the 8th again at St. Jean de Gardonegue. What was singular in that assembly was that while I was censuring those whom the elders had brought before me, a man whose sins were unguessed at by the world, but known to the great Creator of all hearts, had his conscience awakened, so that he too fell on his knees before the table of the Lord, weeping and bewailing his sins of cowardice and idolatry. Sobs were heard on every side: I was much moved, and truly one must have been insensible not to be touched by the repentance of this man who of his own accord had thus come to kneel before the sacred table. After this meeting we inducted some elders for the churches of St. Jean and Lasalle. On the 10th we held a meeting in behalf of the parishes of Parolles, St. Roman de Sadorgue, &c. On the 17th it was for the parishes of St. André de Grabiac, Monleson and les Plantiers. Nothing noteworthy happened, except that some families who were at variance were recon-

ciled. . . . On the 24th of June we had an assembly in a great forest called le Faux des Armes. It was a very large one; the Sacrament was administered, a marriage took place, a child was baptised, and some persons made friends again.

'On the 26th July, in another great wood near Ladignant, I baptised a girl of eighteen, who had been brought out of the errors of the Romish Church. There it was that I fell in with M. Court, on his return from Geneva; but as he was down with fever, he could not help me much. On the 1st of November M. Rouvière and I went to the town of Uzès, and gathered the faithful for a meeting, where several happy reconciliations were made, and some lawsuits fortunately prevented. On the 29th, the assembly was held at night for the church in Foissac, in a large sheepfold. Several knelt round the holy table, and two men who were at law were reconciled. As I have lost the greater part of the notes which might have served me for a memoir, I cannot now follow month by month all these meetings. Besides, it does not seem of importance, and I should not have kept any notes had I not thought that it would please those who have the work of religion at heart, to see over what a vast extent of country these assemblies were held.'

It would have been impossible and unreasonable not to have been satisfied with such a lieutenant as Corteis, and the captain acknowledged it with all his heart. It was in his overtures to pastors in foreign countries that Court had the least success and the smallest cause for gratification; in fact, it was not uncommon to find that they felt, as he expresses it, 'no 'vocation for martyrdom.' One celebrated man certainly had not. Jacques Saurin, then a noted preacher at the Hague, simply refused to join him, and added, for himself and some of his fellows, 'that here in Holland they had found ample 'remuneration for the sacrifices they had made when they 'left their country.' The answer seems an ungracious one, especially when we remember to whom it was made; but in Saurin's excuse it must be said that he had left Nismes when he was a mere child, and that the companionship of refugees in many countries and in many professions (for Saurin had once been a soldier in De Ruvigny's regiment), had destroyed any tenderness he might have felt towards the Church left in the Desert. So Saurin continued to preach to thousands of eager listeners, and to sit in synods at the Hague, where the pastors in emigration were often in number over two hundred, and Court continued his all but solitary struggle against wind and tide.

The fatigues of such a life were great, and its perils were even greater, for on the heads of the pastors a price had been set, while the cupidity or the extreme poverty of the peasants furnished as many spies as his enemies could desire. Durand,

Duplan, and Court were repeatedly denounced, and one perilous adventure that happened to Court was very nearly fatal to him. It was in the environs of Nismes that while lying at the foot of a tree he saw some soldiers engaged in his pursuit. He climbed instantly into the thick branches, and from the covert of this leafy 'Boscobel' he watched an ineffectual search made after his person through all the houses of the vicinity. This and his other escapes are always narrated by him with great simplicity. If he had not positively made a pact with death, he was at least so accustomed to face it, that danger affected him little, or far less than did the loss of such friends as the pastor Roussel, who was martyred at Montpellier in 1722.

Yet, gallant as he was, Court was human; and by his marriage in 1722, with Rachel Pagès, he had added a serious care and responsibility to his life. It was one to which he was very sensible, the more so as Mademoiselle Pagès was a bride worthy of his choice, and a woman of uncommon strength of character. For five years she continued to reside in Uzès, her native city, and there three children were born to them. But in 1727, Court discovered that her house was watched by the authorities, and fearful lest the great joy of his life should be ravished from him, he recommended her flight to Geneva. 'My Rachel is now a wanderer,' he wrote in 1728; and, again in the following year, he says, 'her frequent indispo-'sitions dispose me, among other reasons, to rejoin her.' In 1729, we accordingly see him leave France. It was for a long absence and for a sojourn in Switzerland, pregnant with results for the struggling churches which he had left behind him.

From this time dates the rise of the Seminary of Lausanne. It was fostered by Court, and there young pastors, whom he recruited from the numerous Huguenot families in emigration, were prepared for the work which Saurin had thought too arduous to be inviting. The young neophytes who did join his band and shared his hopes can hardly have made themselves any illusions as to the lot in store for them. Though the Protestants in emigration were fed by the subsidies of England and of Sweden, and were soothed by the friendship of the Moravian brethren, yet from France they heard fresh and always fresh edicts fulminated against them by Louis XV., and anyone who crossed the frontier did so with the knowledge that local governors had been especially desired to hang the pastors so as more effectually to terrify the flocks.

From 1715 to 1752, the Church of the Desert had suffered all that is possible to suffer, and in 1752, wearied of such suffering, it organised another emigration. But even this resource

was debarred them, and emigration was forbidden by a government, which, however madly it might enforce uniformity, had at least awoke to the loss sure to result to the country were she to be again drained of her best citizens. Court did not now forsake his old friends or his old post, and when he reappeared in France it was to fight, and with new weapons, for the Protestant cause. He now wrote and published a pamphlet called the 'Patriote,' and there with many arguments, as well as with burning words, did he endeavour to vindicate Calvinists from the accusation of being bad citizens and rebellious subjects. He could say with justice, that when an English fleet had been victorious off Cape Finisterre and had cruised in French waters, he for one had refused to countenance any second rising of the Cevenols, and that his efforts had been all directed to the organisation of a religious sect which, if tolerated, must prove a source of wealth and not of danger to the kingdom. He added to his paper an account of the recent persecutions, and it would have been easy for him to append to it figures which would prove how numerous the Protestants still were in France. In fact they were indestructible, and terror, obloquy, exile, and death had not succeeded in disheartening them, though it was now become the custom at court to speak as if they had ceased to exist, or to vex the orthodoxy of the 'Most Christian 'King.'

Rippert Monclar, writing in 1755, says: 'According to the 'jurisprudence of this kingdom, there are no French Protes-'tants, and yet, according to the truth of facts, there are three 'millions. These imaginary beings fill the towns, provinces, 'and rural districts, and the capital alone contains 60,000 of 'them.' This voice of Monclar's was unfortunately a solitary one; courtiers, philosophers, and prelates all took the opposite side—that of persecution, and military law still pressed hard on the assemblies of the so-called rebels. If hostilities were ever suspended, it was only when troops were not to be had for the service, or because the royal treasury was not equal to the constant drain on its resources. And yet, as M. Hugues has demonstrated, the persecution carried on against the Huguenots had been by the system of fines rendered in great measure self-supporting. From the archives of the Hérault, M. Hugues has extracted returns which show how far the measures were remunerative. In 1742, the Huguenots were fined 34,796 livres; in 1743, 23,813 livres; in 1744, 27,966 livres; in 1745, 76,075 livres; sums which go on increasing till in 1749 the Huguenots were fined 101,336 livres. All this in the single province of Languedoc!

This deplorable state of suffering is repulsive from the very monotony of so much bigotry and cruelty; and the figure of Jean Calas positively appears like a landmark in it, since it was his judicial murder at Toulouse in 1762 that awakened the sympathy of Voltaire, and then by the urgent voice of the philosopher was the first impulse given to toleration and legality in France. Men's minds, too long accustomed to think that uniformity could not be too dearly bought even by oppression and injustice, suddenly awoke at his remonstrance to a sense of their mistake. Once such a conviction spread a great change was sure to take place, but Antoine Court, the champion at once of faith and of toleration, was not to do more than witness the darkness before the dawn. He died at Lausanne in 1760, having survived his wife and the heroic band of his fellow-workers, with the exception of Corteis, Bombonneux, and Duplan.

It is not without intention that M. Hugues, while describing the last years of his hero's life, says, 'but he had seen Voltaire.' The first division of the eighteenth century had indeed passed away, and the century was now about to enter its second phase with Voltaire as its representative man. Toleration, individualism, humanitarian theories, and the rights of men were to become the watchwords of a period which only too logically prepared France for the Revolution, as it led Frenchmen on to that third and last division of the century—one, of which it may be said, that though it numbered but eleven years of duration, yet those eleven years were as a hundred, so terrible and so significant were they in thought, and word, and deed. Hardly then had Court ceased to struggle and protest, than the great reaction against uniformity began. Hardly had he passed from under the power of the French monarchy and hierarchy, than was the axe sharpened by which this once cherished unity, in religion, in philosophy, and in politics, was to be split asunder. Before very long the Huguenots would be terribly avenged. To what extent Court could have sympathised with this movement it would be out of place for us here to speculate. This much is certain that no man, with so many of the instincts of a leader, had ever been so little of an agitator. Unlike Jean Cavallier, he never believed himself to be an inspired person; unlike Robert Owen, in our century, he never considered himself 'the darling of the universe.' He was neither a utopian, nor a socialist, nor an egoist. His life was long and arduous, and when we lay its record down, it is with a conviction that our humanity has seldom worn as pure, as sound, and as intrepid a shape as that of Marie Gébelin's son, the apostle of the Church as it was in the Cevennes.

ART. X. — *The Personal Life of George Grote, compiled from family documents, private memoranda, and original letters to and from various friends.* By Mrs. GROTE. London: 8vo. 1873.

RECOLLECTIONS of the early life, personal tastes, and domestic habits of eminent men are the flowers of biography. We possess their works; we know the public actions which are the fruit of their lives; but the more these are esteemed and admired, the more do we desire a closer intimacy with the men themselves. What page in the 'History of the Decline and 'Fall of the Roman Empire' is so welcome and so familiar as the sentence of his own Memoirs in which Gibbon relates his campaign with the Hampshire militia, or transports you in the serene moonlight to his garden at Lausanne on the completion of an imperishable work? The 'Confessions' of Rousseau, with all their faults, will be read long after the 'Émile' and the 'Nouvelle Héloise' gather dust upon the shelves; and if we had to choose between the Orations of Cicero and his Letters, we should prefer, without hesitation, that correspondence which, with all the life and noise of Rome, brings back to us the grace and playfulness of private friendship. It is only by the men themselves, or by those who have shared in the completest intimacy of their lives, that such details can be preserved. In the three instances we have named, it is mainly due to their own vanity that we know so much about them. The noblest natures in the world are commonly the least understood by posterity, because, silent themselves, there was no one else who could break that silence. Even in an age when biography has become a disease of literature, and every Knight of the Bath must have his memorial, we remain as ignorant as ever of the only things we really care to know—the history of mind and character, the growth and influence of affections, the culture of tastes, and the accidents to which so many of the results of life may be traced.

The widow of George Grote was singularly qualified to supply these *desiderata* in the personal life of her gifted husband. Fifty-two years of married existence had been spent by them in unbroken union. The talents, energy, and ambition of Mrs. Grote fitted her in an extraordinary degree to share the pursuits of her partner, though these lay in severe application to business, in a struggle for political ascendancy, and in a lifelong devotion to a great monument of classical history. Perhaps it may hereafter devolve upon some other

pen to record the life of the historian of Greece more fully as a politician and a scholar; but Mrs. Grote has accomplished in her eightieth year what no one else could have attempted; she has shown us with what incomparable steadiness of application, this young London banker persevered in the course he had the courage to conceive, until, without neglecting any one of the ordinary duties of his calling in life, he rose to be the most conspicuous member of an important political party in Parliament, and to leave a name unsurpassed by any in English historical literature.

There was in Mr. Grote so genuine a simplicity of character—so entire an absence of pretension and display—that one might live with him for years without discovering that he was really engaged in the active prosecution of some of the greatest works of the time. He took an eager and influential part in politics without aspiring to the rank or emoluments of office; he devoted his life to a great historical work without an ardent thirst for literary fame. The distinctions which these performances did eventually obtain for him, seemed to take him by surprise. At his bank, at the University of London, at the British Museum, in the House of Commons, in his study, he thought only of what was to be *done*; all was substance, nothing surface—*esse quam videri* should have been his motto. This equable and unselfish temperament was, doubtless, the source of that old and never-failing courtesy which gave to his manners so peculiar a charm. If there was something of stateliness about him, it was ever ready to relax into kindness; and in one thing he was absolutely singular, that although on many subjects his own convictions were intense and exclusive, he was never betrayed into the slightest mark of asperity or intolerance towards those from whom he differed. Nor was he wanting in that best of faculties, that of unbending from the serious pursuits and duties of life, and plunging with equal interest into its minor pastimes. His friend Lewis used to say that life would be tolerable but for its amusements; but to Grote almost every occupation was an amusement and every amusement a pleasure. A gallop through Burnham Beeches or across the Surrey downs on his favourite mare, a quartett of Beethoven, a game of billiards or of whist, the last new opera or even ballet, a dinner at 'The Club,' or a ramble by the Loire and the Seine, all awakened the same sense of hearty, though temperate enjoyment. Yet above all these pleasures he would have placed discussion on matters of opinion with those whose principles of philosophy agreed in the main with his own, and the exchange of the results of the highest classical criticism.

The very last time we had the happiness to see him, he discussed with singular animation an article on the 'Chorizontes,' which had then recently appeared in this Journal, as if the date and authorship of the Homeric poems were, after all, problems which gave an interest to human life.

If it be true that Judæa and Hellas represent the two ideas or influences which have swayed for two thousand years, in opposite directions, the mind and culture of the human race, it is certain that the 'Muse of Solyma' was not the tutelary spirit of Mr. Grote. The spiritual, the mysterious, the infinite had to his ear no voice, to his intellect no charm. But the clear and distinct forms of Greek art, the graceful reproduction of the powers of nature, the practical tendency of Greek political life, and the conclusions of the Epicurean school of Greek philosophy, found in Mr. Grote a cordial admirer and a willing disciple. For in him, as in many other philosophic minds, there was a living spring of sensibility and passion which unconsciously governed his researches and his reason; and he was so much the creature of his own tastes and associations, that his feelings operated on his judgments more largely than he himself supposed.

But whatever may have been the good fortune of his later years, his boyhood and youth were passed in a very different school. His grandfather, Andrew Grote, had come over from Bremen to London, married in England, and established in 1766 the well-known banking-house of Grote, Prescott, and Company. Mr. George Grote, the eldest child of Andrew Grote by a second marriage, was the father of the historian. He was educated, like his more illustrious son, at the Charter House, and afterwards sent abroad to study and travel till the age of 21, with more liberality than he afterwards showed to his own family. This gentleman married a daughter of Dr. Peckwell, one of the Countess of Huntingdon's chaplains, who brought a very strong cast of Evangelical opinions into the family, and he succeeded in due time to the management of the bank in Threadneedle Street. This memoir brings vividly before us, by a few expressive but not ill-natured touches, the character and habits of these worthy but unamiable people. The strict discipline of parental authority and filial duty, a harsh and ascetic form of religious belief, the abhorrence of innocent amusements, the love of unprovoked restraint, rendered the early life of two generations back a very different thing from what it now is; though we are not sure that these disagreeable and galling restrictions did not contribute to form characters of more strength and endurance than the laxity and

indulgence of modern times. In George Grote they obviously produced an intense aversion for the whole system under which he had been educated, and a sense of positive wrong which he never shook off. The iron had entered into his soul, and the repulsive form of authority to which he had been subjected in early life, gave an irresistible impulse to his thoughts and feelings in the opposite direction.

His school-life at the Charter House lasted only six years, from the age of ten to sixteen. The Waddingtons, the present Bishop of St. David's, afterwards his rival in Greek history, Havelock the soldier and Cresswell the Judge, were among his schoolfellows: but with the utmost respect for the scholarship and powers of tuition of Dr. Raine, then head master, we are utterly at a loss to conceive by what process a lad, who left school at sixteen, never went to college, and was at once chained down to the desk of a banking-house, could have acquired the vast and accurate scholarship which distinguished Mr. Grote. For with strong leanings to intellectual culture of the highest order, he stuck to the drudgery of his bank for two and thirty years, even so much as to accompany the 'walk clerk' with the bills for presentation, and attend in the City to lock up the safe. But whilst he performed these duties with unremitting diligence, living on a comparatively small income, in the City or in a north-eastern suburb of London, he entered upon a course of classical and philosophical reading of extraordinary extent and profundity, and he mastered three modern languages. He was necessarily a self-educated man, and his studies were carried on with scanty time and opportunities, no leisure, no good society, no encouragement. The natural bent of his mind to philosophy and letters must have been irresistible: but the result fills us with amazement.

'George Grote's letters to his friends teem with lamentations over the wearisome obligations to which his father subjected him, in the shape of stupid evenings passed in Threadneedle Street with the City friends, over the bottle, &c. His Diaries, up to 1820, reveal similar complaints.

'"My studies on other subjects have not lately been so regular as they might have been. A routine of business which stupefies the mind (*affigit humi divinæ particulam auræ*), and engagements, if possible, more stupid still, fill up nearly the whole measure of my occupations. A numerous family and the present artificial state of society absolutely imprison me to such an extent, that I can enjoy but very little solitude. And it is dull and wretched to the last degree to a mind which has a glimpse of a nobler sphere of action, to witness the total exclusion of intellect which disgraces general conversation.

" ' O miseras hominum mentes! O pectora cœca!
Qualibus in tenebris vitæ, quantisque periclis
Degitur hoc ævi, quodcunque est!'

' " In my present frame of mind I could preach for hours on the subject of those noble lines of Lucretius."—*Extract from letter to G. W. Norman, April*, 1817.

' With George W. Norman he kept up a steady intellectual and intimate intercourse, and the advantage of such a companion at the age when the character is forming cannot be too highly estimated. They read books in common, chiefly on historical and political subjects, and they both applied themselves seriously to the science of Political Economy, then coming into something like "vogue" among the rising generation, as being a proper object of study.

' Presently, another companion became the sharer of these pursuits, viz., Mr. Charles Cameron, son of the ex-Governor of the Bahamas and of Lady Margaret Cameron, daughter of the Earl of Errol. He lived a good deal with his family (they residing in the neighbourhood of Bromley), though he himself was studying for the English Bar. Charles Cameron's mind was at once vigorous and subtle, delighting in dialectic exercise, wherein he excelled as a disputant, for he was much given to the study of mental science generally. The intercourse with this young man, of nearly the same age as himself (perhaps a year or two older), which George Grote maintained, as well in London as in Kent, served to whet his relish for intellectual labour, whilst the searching analytic turn of Cameron's mind led his friend into that channel of inquiry which almost inevitably conducts the traveller beyond the limits of orthodoxy. Metaphysics now took hold of Grote with considerable fervour, and, between discussions and study, the three friends advanced far in their acquaintance with this tempting branch of knowledge.

' Grote's mind had, from the beginning, a pronounced tendency to the poetic and imaginative vein. Norman was not without a certain sympathy for the sentimental class of literature, and he encouraged Grote in his faculty of poetical composition, which, at this period, really was incontestable.

' Cameron, however, acted more strongly upon the sterner qualities of his friend's intellect, and his example and conversation rather served to exalt the severer exercises in his esteem, whilst they insensibly damped the literary and sentimental cast of his thought and fancy. Cameron thus conducted Grote, as it were a stage, on the great path of development, both of character and objects of study.'

Two important events soon befell George Grote which exercised a decisive influence over his life. The first was the attachment he formed in 1815 for Miss Harriet Lewin, the daughter of a neighbouring Kentish country gentleman, which, after a certain amount of romance, treachery on the part of rivals, and obduracy on the part of close-fisted parents, ended in 1820 in a union of singular congeniality and happiness. It is difficult to speak of the accomplished and venerable authoress

of this volume (especially for one who has long been honoured by her friendship) in terms appropriate to this occasion. But those who are acquainted with the life and labours of Mr. Grote must be well aware that the active and cheering influence of his wife was inseparable from them. Her wit, vivacity, and power of initiation urged him onwards to the full exercise of his powers. She was the wing of the bird—the sail of the ship. Even to the gravest pursuits and achievements of politics and scholarship, she gave a motive force: insomuch that it may be doubted whether they would have been accomplished at all without her; and she kept alive in him those tastes which are apt to fade away in contemplative minds—the love of exercise, the love of art, the love of society. Their differences of opinion were just sufficient to substitute harmony for identity, and to exert on each other a real external influence. Grote was too sensible a man to desire that the opinions of his wife should be the mere echo of his own: Mrs. Grote combined with great vigour of understanding a feminine acuteness rarely united to a masculine intellect.

The other circumstances to which we have referred is the intimacy Grote contracted in 1819 with Mr. James Mill and the leaders of the Benthamite school, which is described by himself and by Mrs. Grote in the following terms.

'*G. Grote to G. W. Norman.*

'May, 1819, London.

'(Extract.)

'"... I have breakfasted and dined several times with Ricardo, who has been uncommonly civil and kind to me. I have met Mill often at his house, and hope to derive great pleasure and instruction from his acquaintance, as he is a very profound thinking man, and seems well disposed to communicate, as well as clear and intelligible in his manner. His mind has, indeed, all that cynicism and asperity which belong to the Benthamian school, and what I chiefly dislike in him is, the readiness and seeming preference with which he dwells on the *faults and defects* of others—even of the greatest men! But it is so very rarely that a man of any depth comes across my path, that I shall most assuredly cultivate his acquaintance a good deal farther.

'"I miss *your's* very much, my dear George, for I despair of finding in my walk through life, any other persons whom I can *love*, in addition to those very few whom I love already. I do not see anywhere around me a single person in addition on whom my heart can rest with any pleasure. My dead friends in *Calf and Russia* still continue faithful and interesting, and, if it were not for them, life would be a very waste indeed! . . ."'

Mrs. Grote then goes on to say:—'

'The intellectual capacity of Mr. Mill was of a very superior calibre.

With the domain of mental science he had an almost unlimited acquaintance, having read every author of eminence, and sounded the depths of metaphysical inquiry in all its ramifications. At the time I am writing about, he was composing a treatise on psychology, which he not long afterwards published under the title of "Analysis of the Human "Mind," in two volumes. It was on this subject, and on the science of political economy, that the young disciple chiefly sought instruction at the hands of James Mill, and in his new acquaintance he found a master of both. As time rolled on, other branches of knowledge also came to be discussed, Political Philosophy, Theology, and Ethics among the foremost.

'Before many months, the ascendancy of James Mill's powerful mind over his younger companion made itself apparent. George Grote began by admiring the wisdom, the acuteness, the depths of Mill's intellectual character. Presently he found himself enthralled in the circle of Mill's speculations, and after a year or two of intimate commerce there existed but little difference, in point of opinion, between master and pupil. Mr. Mill had the strongest convictions as to the superior advantages of democratic government over the monarchical or the aristocratic; and with these he mingled a scorn and hatred of the ruling classes which amounted to positive fanaticism. Coupled with this aversion to aristocratic influence (to which influence he invariably ascribed most of the defects and abuses prevalent in the administration of public affairs), Mr. Mill entertained a profound prejudice against the Established Church, and, of course, a corresponding dislike to its ministers. These two vehement currents of antipathy came to be gradually shared by George Grote, in proportion as his veneration for Mr. Mill took deeper and deeper root. Although his own nature was of a gentle, charitable, humane quality, his fine intellect was worked upon by the inexorable teacher with so much persuasive power, that George Grote found himself inoculated, as it were, with the conclusions of the former, almost without a choice; since the subtle reasoning of Mr. Mill appeared to his logical mind to admit of no refutation. And thus it came to pass that, starting from acquired convictions, George Grote adopted the next phase, viz., the antipathies of his teacher—antipathies which coloured his mind through the whole period of his ripe meridian age, and may be said to have inspired and directed many of the important actions of his life. Originating in an earnest feeling for the public good, these currents gradually assumed the force and sanction of duties; prompting George Grote to a systematic course both of study, opinion, action, and self-denial, in which he was urgently encouraged by the master spirit of James Mill, to that gentleman's latest breath in 1836.

'This able dogmatist exercised considerable influence over other young men of that day, as well as over Grote. He was, indeed, a propagandist of a high order, equally master of the pen and of speech. Moreover, he possessed the faculty of kindling in his auditors the generous impulses towards the popular side, both in politics and social theories; leading them, at the same time, to regard the cultivation of individual affections and sympathies as destructive of lofty aims, and indubitably hurtful to the mental character. So attractive came to be the

conceptions of duty towards mankind at large, as embodied in James Mill's eloquent discourse, that the young disciples, becoming fired with patriotic ardour on the one hand and with bitter antipathies on the other, respectively braced themselves up, prepared to wage battle when the day should come, in behalf of "the true faith," according to Mill's "programme" and preaching.

'To the stimulating influence of the elder Mill was, at this period, superadded that of the venerable sage Jeremy Bentham, who lived in Queen Square Place, Westminster, close to the residence of Mill and his family; which residence, in fact, belonged to Bentham, and was lent to the Historian of India. The writings of this remarkable man were now beginning to tell upon the thinking portion of young public men and lawyers, and to engender a good deal of discussion among the active members of the studious class. Grote caught the infection with readiness, and not only became a reader of Bentham's works on Jurisprudence, Reform of the Law, and Political Philosophy, but he also frequented the society of the recluse author: not without sensible advantage to his inquiring and impressionable mind.

'Mr. Bentham, being a man of easy fortune, kept a good table, and took pleasure in receiving guests at his board, though never more than one at a time. To his one guest he would talk fluently, yet not caring to listen in his turn. He had a certain talent for music, too; had been a decent fiddle-player in his day, and still managed to play on the organ, having one in his dining-room, which was, I may mention, situated at the *top* of the house, looking into and over a spacious garden belonging to Jeremy's residence.

'John Stuart Mill, the eldest son of James Mill, in 1817, then a boy of about twelve years old, was studying, with his father as his sole preceptor, under the paternal roof. Unquestionably forward for his years, and already possessed of a competent knowledge of Greek and Latin, as well as of some subordinate though solid attainments, John was, as a boy, somewhat repressed by the elder Mill, and seldom took any share in the conversation carried on by the society frequenting the house.'

Such was the origin of the Westminster school of Philosophical Radicals, as they were afterwards termed, who boasted in Mr. Grote their most distinguished Parliamentary representative, and who have unquestionably exercised an influence on the politics and philosophy of England altogether out of proportion to their slender numbers and isolated position.

The passage we have just quoted from Mrs. Grote's Memoir does great credit to her candour and her courage, for nothing can be more true, or, to the ardent votaries of the sect, more disagreeable. There was in Mr. Bentham a whimsical originality and a simple gaiety, which threw a disguise over the sterner maxims of the school which was to bear his name. He said of himself in one of his Memoranda that 'he was a 'selfish man; one of the most selfish of men; but in him 'selfishness had taken the shape of benevolence.' But in

James Mill, who, far more than Bentham, was the founder and apostle of the philosophy of Utilitarianism, the logical propositions which he professed had assumed their harshest form. Born in Scotland, and trained for the Ministry in the Divinity class of Edinburgh, it is said that he made his first appearance in London in a Scotch pulpit, or at least as a contributor to some evangelical magazine. We know not what circumstances led him to throw off this, and all other religious belief: but he unquestionably retained all the intolerance of his former creed. In appearance Mr. Mill was strikingly like the portraits of Charles XII. of Sweden—with a lofty forehead, a keen and cutting face. His powers of conversation were extraordinary: but both in his family and among his disciples he was to the last degree tyrannical, arbitrary, and impatient of contradiction. He conducted in person the education of his more illustrious son, who was never sent to any school, lest he should imbibe any fraction of the prejudices which oppress the rest of mankind. But the genius and character of John Stuart Mill, like those of Grote, were of far too lofty and sensitive a class to be content to batten for life on the 'Analysis of the Human 'Mind.' Poetry, music, botany, and the love of the society of women, were quite as congenial to the younger Mill as the pursuit of logic and political economy: indeed he may best be described as a man of feminine temperament allied to vast intellectual power, and these qualities in some degree emancipated him from the narrow bondage of his education. For, whilst they advocated an unbounded liberty of thought and inquiry, this small band of thinkers expressed the most unmeasured scorn and contempt for all who differed from their conclusions. In one of his notes to Grote, written many years afterwards, John Mill said, 'Think of the Kimmerian dark-'ness in which all those were sitting who had not been 'touched by the Benthamian influence.' They were in their own judgment the Elect: and though the thing they detested most was the intolerance of religious belief, no Calvinist or Inquisitor ever asserted with more uncompromising faith the intolerance of logic against the rest of mankind. One ought, said Mr. Grote in a letter to an early friend, to write on the walls of one's dressing-room the caution of the poet Epicharmus—

Νῆφε, καὶ μεμνησ' ἀπιστεῖν· ἄρθρα ταῦτα τῶν φρένων.

The readers of this Journal will not need to be reminded that, whilst we acknowledge the services which the Westminster school has rendered by the diffusion of many sound truths of

political economy and by Mr. Bentham's proposals for the reform of the law, we have ever been, and we remain, utterly opposed to their cardinal propositions in ethics, in metaphysics, and in philosophy. Their design was, if we may describe it under the convenient form of proper names, to revive the philosophical tradition of Hobbes, Occam, Lucretius, and Epicurus, which had fallen as they thought into unmerited obloquy in this country, and to attack and overthrow the structure raised by such thinkers as Bishop Butler, Berkeley, Descartes, and Plato: and they carried on this design with entire consistency. The French Encyclopædists were their immediate precursors and guides, and indeed there is not much in their philosophy which may not be traced to Helvetius, Condillac, Destutt de Tracy, and Cabanis. Mr. Grote himself had, soon after his acquaintance with Mill, published in 1822, under a *nom de plume*, an essay intended to prove that a belief in the interference of a supernatural agency in the affairs of the world has largely contributed to the unhappiness of mankind; and although he never failed to pay outward respect to the religious opinions of others, it is certain that on the most fundamental of all truths, on which the whole theory of human life and duty depends, he was separated by a great gulf from the most cherished convictions of the great majority of mankind. This is the true and grand divergence between the Westminster school and the other schools of religious and philosophical opinion existing amongst us, for it includes all other differences, whether of psychology, morals, or theories of government. To us, of all the enigmas of life the darkest and most impossible would be a world, without an Author, without a Ruler, and without a Future: it is not surprising that starting from principles so entirely opposite, we should arrive at opposite conclusions. The essential characteristics of the Utilitarian school of philosophy are that it seeks to define the faculties and duties of man without reference to his spiritual nature or his spiritual destiny; and that it regards as the highest sanction of moral duty the promotion of the general happiness of the human race, a principle which, Mr. Mill conceives, may assume the force and authority of a religion. Whatever may be thought of these principles, which we shall not here discuss, it is certain that they go to the root of all we believe, or think, or are: and that those by whom they are adopted start from a point at variance with the moral doctrines of the religious part of the world. For, to borrow the language of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, in the last page of a recent work,

'The question whether our present life is all we have to look to and

provide for, or whether there are reasonable grounds for supposing that it is a stage to a longer and probably larger life; and the further question whether the universe in which we live is a mere dead machine, or whether it is under the guidance of a being with whom we share the attributes of consciousness and will, overshadow all moral philosophy. The notion that two men, of whom one does and the other does not believe in God and in a future state of existence, will form the same conceptions of happiness and of the means by which it is to be attained, and of the motives which would dispose them individually to promote the happiness of others, is a dream as wild as any that was ever contradicted both by theory and practice. Let it be distinctly proved and universally understood that religion is a mere delusion; that whatever else we have to lose, to fear, or to hate, we need take no account at all of either God or devil; and the sun at noonday is not clearer than the conclusion that every moral conception which we can form will have to be recast. Morality would no doubt survive in some form or other. There was plenty of morality in Old Rome, amongst men who had little or no religion, but its whole character differed from that which was founded on Christianity.' (*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, p. 349.)

Even on political questions, on which we find ourselves agreed with the writers of the Westminster school on many points which concern the progress and application of liberal opinions, it is possible that we entertain the same opinions on different grounds. We think, therefore, as Mr. Macaulay said of them in these pages in 1829, that their alliance was in many respects more injurious than useful to the advancement of liberal principles and practical reform: and that in spite of the keenness of the logical faculty, which they cultivated with so much confidence, their want of the higher faculty of judgment frequently allowed even the most eminent amongst them to land at last in paradoxes and absurdities, from which the common sense and conscience of mankind indignantly recoil. But it would be unjust to deny that their writings have produced a vast effect on the minds of the present generation. They gave a great impulse to a philosophy founded exclusively on sensuous experience; and to a system of morals founded on the substitution of utility for the ideas of duty and conscience. We might pursue yet further the results of their teaching in the relations of society and the relations of man to God—but we abstain; for there was much in the esoteric doctrines of this singular school which the masters themselves did not willingly make known, and which we should be glad to think is buried with them.*

* Having been led to touch, though cursorily, on this controversy, we cannot pass it by without expressing the interest and advantage we have derived from Mr. Fitzjames Stephen's vigorous book entitled

The French Revolution of 1830 and the Reform movement in England which followed it, roused this little knot of economists and philosophers to some degree of political ambition. They conceived that the time was come when very great changes would be brought about in the constitution of this country, by democratic ascendancy. They imagined that they had found in Lord Durham, who was himself the most imperious and aristocratic of men, a suitable leader; and that they could compel the chiefs of the Whig party to carry on the revolution which they desired to effect. Grote entered Parliament for the city of London, a choice which he owed much more to the universal respect entertained for his character as a banker and a man of letters, than to any sympathy for the more extreme opinions he may have entertained in politics. Sir William Molesworth, Ewart, Charles Villiers, Mr. Warburton, Roebuck, Charles Buller, Mr. Raikes Currie, and Mr. Strutt, were the principal ornaments of this section (which never exceeded fifteen or twenty members of the House of Commons), and they all regarded Mr. Grote as their chief. The Radical party in the Parliament of 1834 was undoubtedly more numerous, and consisted of nearly fifty English and Scotch members. But we are speaking here of the more immediate friends and followers of Mr. Grote, who did not very willingly associate with men of less philosophical principles. An attempt was made in 1835 to discipline the whole British Radical party into what was termed the 'Brigade' by a more regular party organisation; but the scheme failed, because O'Connell claimed to join it, at the head of his Irish band, and the more scrupulous members of the party declined to act systematically with him. For though these distinguished men

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'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' in answer to some of the paradoxes which circulate in the world under the authority of the name of John Stuart Mill. Mr. Stephen claims in some respects to be himself regarded as a Utilitarian, and he would probably assert, with Austin, that the ethics of jurisprudence rest on no other basis. But in the wider field of morals, of belief, of the influence of Christianity, and of the relations of the sexes, he combats Mill with his own weapons, and for the most part, we think, with success. The truth is, that many of the persons who profess an unqualified admiration for Mr. Mill's writings are not aware of what his opinions really were on many subjects, and to what conclusions he was leading his followers. Mr. Stephen has done something towards the removal of the mystery; and we think it possible that the autobiography of Mr. Mill, which is, we understand, shortly to be published, with some posthumous Essays, may throw a clearer light upon his principles.

professed advanced popular and democratic opinions, they none of them had any personal sympathy or acquaintance with the people; still less had they anything in common with the Daniel Whittle Harveys, the Tom Duncombes, and the Wakleys of the day. Their ally Tailor Place was the only link between the Benthamites and the populace of Westminster. And Mrs. Grote has published a very amusing letter from the late Mr. Joseph Parkes, a sort of 'runner' for the party, who appears to have believed that the attitude of the country in 1832 and the final passage of the Reform Bill was mainly due to his own inestimable services to Queen Street Square. The Philosophical Radicals were certainly very much at a loss for adherents in the streets when they were reduced to rely on such agents. But in truth they sought no such adherents. Their own manners and tastes were to a man fastidious and refined. They felt and expressed the utmost contempt for what they regarded as the gross prejudices and ignorances of the class in whose name they fought. They utterly repudiated the doctrines of philanthropy, based on the old maxims of Christian charity and kindness, holding them to be mischievous and pernicious to the general interests of society; they were disposed to make no concessions to the weaknesses and infirmities of human nature; and so far were they from courting popularity, that the measures they would have recommended for the improvement of society were of a harsh and unsympathising character. The rigorous consistency with which they adhered to the sternest dogmas of political economy would, of itself, have deprived them of large popular support; for their whole system was based on a preconceived view of human nature, strangely at variance with all that touches and adorns the flesh and blood we live in. 'No 'man of sense,' said Macaulay in reviewing Mr. Mill's theory of government, 'can be imposed upon by it, because no man 'of sense can live among his fellow-creatures for a day with-'out seeing innumerable facts that contradict it.'

In the political conflicts of the day their attitude towards the Government of Lord Grey, and after him of Lord Melbourne, was that of partial hostility—supporting the Administration on great party divisions and on the great measures of Reform, but opposing and thwarting it on many other occasions, and professing the utmost distrust of the Whigs. The result was that they rendered themselves extremely disagreeable to the Government, and made its tenure of office precarious, without accomplishing any important results. Mrs. Grote has given a very fair account of this state of things.

'Nothing, indeed, could well be more unpleasant than the whole

course of politics at the dawn of this Reform era. What with stormy debates on Irish coercive measures, Irish tithes, Irish Church Reform, including the question termed the "Appropriation Clause," the unlucky division for the repeal of the malt tax, the fruitless remonstrances in favour of economy on the part of the veteran Joseph Hume and other's the unruly conduct of the Irish members, the noisy agitation kept up by the Birmingham Union (resulting in a violent fray in the Coldbath Fields, and the killing of a policeman), the clamour for the repeal of all the principal taxes, the retirement of Mr. Stanley from the office of Secretary of Ireland, the loss of Sir John Hobhouse's seat for Westminster—all these and some other untoward circumstances caused an amount of irritation and disappointment, painful to the mind of one whose life had been hitherto passed in the society of books rather than of men. However, Grote came gallantly to the support of the Government against Sir W. Ingilby's motion for the repeal of the malt tax; he being far too good a financier to sanction the withholding the means of carrying on the Government, without providing a substitute for the tax given up. This vote called forth much displeasure among Grote's City supporters, who, in common with all the new constituencies, considered reform as embodying relief from fiscal burdens.

'Notwithstanding the untoward course of affairs which has been noted above, within the walls of St. Stephen's, the number as well as the importance of the measures pushed through Parliament in this first session is enough to astonish the modern politician. The germ of that principle upon which, thirty-five years later, the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland was based, dates from 1833. The "Ap-" propriation Clause," indeed, set the Cabinet "by the ears" from the beginning, and it was only abandoned for a season (in deference to the sentiments of an influential section of their supporters) to be afterwards revived, to the discomfiture of more than one Ministry. The East India Charter, the Bank Charter, the Irish Tithe Bill, the Committee on Sinecures (resulting in the abolition of thirteen hundred and odd *places*), and lastly, a proposal to emancipate the slaves in our West Indian possessions, at a cost of twenty millions sterling—all these, involving changes of prodigious magnitude, were among the measures brought forward by Earl Grey's Government; a formidable "bill of "fare," certainly, for one session! Grote took an active part in some of the debates, especially those concerning the Bank Charter, as well as in the duty of serving on committees.

'Parliament at length rose on the 29th of August, having sat ever since the 4th of February, nearly seven mortal months! It is curious to reflect how little credit was obtained out of doors in return for these fatiguing patriotic labours. It is not consonant with my purpose to explain the causes which produced so infructuous a result: enough to state the fact that a general dissatisfaction prevailed. No substantive reduction of taxation had been effected; Mr. Tennyson's motion in favour of triennial Parliaments met with the same fate as Mr. Grote's on the Ballot; and the advanced Liberals found themselves decidedly less powerful than they had expected, or their opponents had feared, they would become, in a reformed House of Commons.'

It cannot have escaped the penetration of the accomplished

authoress of this Memoir, that whilst the Whig Ministry was carrying the practical measures of transcendent importance, which she has enumerated, in spite of the harassing support they obtained from their friends below the gangway, the new House of Commons and the country cared but little for motions about Triennial Parliament and the Ballot-box. And we cannot recall to mind any single measure of positive value which was carried at that time by the influence or exertions of the Radical section of the great Liberal party.

Mr. Grote's Parliamentary oratory was elaborate, correct, and impressive, sometimes even ingenious and persuasive. We have recently read over again the speech in which he proposed the Ballot in 1833, and we had the good fortune to hear his speech on the Syrian question in 1840—both were really masterpieces of diction, tact, and good taste; and whilst Parliament rejected his proposals, it admired the manner of making them. His personal standing was far higher than his political influence. He was not contending for office—indeed we doubt if he ever aspired to it. He was not contending for a party—party interests were comparatively indifferent to him, and the friends with whom he acted formed, not a party, but a sect. But he was enunciating in chastened language the dogmas of a political creed, which he believed to be true, and which, if true, would gradually work its way and triumph over all party combinations. It was thus that he, year after year, presented his favourite measure of the Ballot to the notice of Parliament, till it became, to use the expression of one of his friends, 'the last stick on which 'the Radicals could hoist a sail.' But the excessive importance attached to it by the democratic party, as a matter of principle, probably retarded for many years its acceptance and adoption. Had the Ballot been proposed simply as a more convenient method of taking votes and a remedy for the turbulence and expense of elections, it might have passed years ago. Before his death, Mr. Grote perceived that after all, the Ballot would probably not produce, under the altered circumstances of the country, the important results he had once attributed to it, and the interest he took in the question abated. Mr. John Stuart Mill had for some years before his death declared his opinion to be against it.

But although the Philosophical Radicals who sate in Parliament from 1833 to 1841 could hardly be regarded as practical politicians, and those amongst them who subsequently took office, as Sir William Molesworth and Charles Buller, merged the puritanism of their earlier opinions in the general

interests of the Whig party, it must ever be remembered to their honour that they, more than any men of their time, were contending for *principles* of government, and that many of these principles have since obtained universal acceptance. They were the authors of the Colonial policy which has since been adopted throughout the empire. They were the harbingers and most zealous champions of Free Trade. They contributed to the reform of the Poor Law. They were strenuous supporters of the alliance with France. They were at the head of the advancing opinions of the age. In defence of these principles they often found themselves at variance with the Ministers, whom upon the whole they wished to retain in office. Those Ministers were right in resisting the impetuous changes they proposed; but the direction in which the nation was slowly moving onwards was that which they had pointed out; most of the measures they advocated have since been gradually carried, and, we are bound to add, that none of them ever made any sacrifice of principle or consistency for the attainment of objects of personal ambition.

The principles on which this smouldering opposition was carried on are thus described in a letter from Henry Warburton to Mrs. Grote:—

'45, Cadogan Place, London,
'21st December, 1836.

'. . . It is through public opinion that the reforms predicted in the Radical book of fate are to be carried: it is through public opinion that we are to spur the Whigs on to action. Expression is to be given to public opinion, and the Whigs are to be made to feel the force of it, in constituencies, by keeping them constantly in a state of alarm of being ousted by Radical competitors—in Parliament, by occasional threats of being voted against by their Radical allies. In a certain state of disquietude it is our business always to keep them; the pressure is to be heightened or moderated according to circumstances, and the magnitude and proximity of the objects we hope to carry. But so long as there exists any material difference in the weight of liberal measures which the Whigs and Tories, severally, are willing to offer to us, the highest bidder, if in possession, is not to be ousted from the Government.

'Madamina,
'Yours ever,
'HENRY WARBURTON.

'(You see that my rugged brow relaxes!)'

'*Extract from Diary*, 1838.

'"Grote is disheartened at the course taken by the Liberal party, so much so, that he turns wistful eyes upon his long-neglected books, and tries to solace his wounded spirit by communion with the sages and heroes of yore."

'*Extract from Diary of this date.*

'"Mr. Grote, and about five others, find themselves left to sustain the Radical opinions of the House of Commons. One evening, after all other guests had departed, Sir W. Molesworth and Charles Buller remained late at our house, talking of the present aspect of affairs. 'I see what we are coming to, Grote,' said Charles Buller; 'in no 'very long time from this, you and I shall be left to "tell" Moles-'worth!'"'

The temperate influence of the times was not unfelt by the Radicals, as the passionate excitement of the Reform movement wore away. Grote, himself, consented to dine at Holland House and to go to a Queen's ball, and he gradually resumed the place in the upper classes of society which he was so well calculated to fill, and from which nothing but the exclusiveness of his own opinions for a time removed him. It is a curious indication of the strength of what Mrs. Grote terms his 'antipathies' in earlier life, that he insisted on breaking off social relations with his wife's acquaintances and connexions, apparently because they were of a rank superior to his own, and belonged to what he considered the aristocratic classes. Happily he outlived this weakness, and found out that cultivated persons of all ranks in life may subsist very happily together. Indeed the extraordinary suavity and distinction of his own manners on all occasions, the exquisite refinement of his taste, his classical culture and his love of art, gave a very aristocratic character to his social habits, which was curiously at variance with his theory of democratic government. Never was a man less fitted to live under the sway of vulgarity, ignorance, and mutability. Indeed the manners of the age had become too democratic for him already. The current of popular delusions and passions left him untouched, and he wrote to his friend Sir George C. Lewis:—

'In this age of *steam and cant*, I find so very few people whose minds take the same track as my own, that the small number who exist become to me as precious as the Sibylline Books, and I treasure them up with equal care. I see plainly that the stream of events at present sets more and more against what I consider the *ideal*, *τὰγαθόν*; this will not last for ever, undoubtedly, and I persuade myself that there will be a turn of the tide; but probably not during my life. It is lucky that literature and philosophy, and the *βίος θεωρητικὸς* which they both employ and ennoble, still retain their full charms for me—especially when I have the pleasure of discussing them with so highly congenial a person as yourself.'

His conception of democracy was that of an Athenian gentleman and statesman; but he had no more sympathy than

Pericles for the Helots, and his true social position was in the first rank of intellect and intellectual luxuries and enjoyments.

Sydney Smith is said to have whispered in the ear of Mrs. Grote, 'Now that you have been seduced, my dear, I may tell 'you that your virtue was sometimes uncommonly disagree-'able.' It is alike characteristic of, and honourable to, both parties, that Sydney Smith, who had laughed Mr. Grote's mouse-trap ballot-box out of court for a quarter of a century, became one of Mrs. Grote's warmest and most intimate friends. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that Grote resolved at the election of 1841, which brought Sir R. Peel into power, to relinquish his seat in Parliament; nor was he ever tempted to regret his decision. The Philosophical Radicals of 1832 had played out their hand as a party, but they only became more valuable and agreeable members of society at large.

Our limits do not allow us to dwell upon the interludes of travel and society, which diversified the life of the politician and the scholar, though Mrs. Grote has recorded them from her journals with the utmost good taste and simplicity. But one of these passages is so pleasing and characteristic that we must cite it as a specimen of the rest:—

'In the month of December, 1841, we set forth from Rome on our road to Naples, drawn by four stout active grey horses harnessed to our own carriage, and driven by one postillion, he having long reins to the leaders. This was our first essay at "travelling *vetturino*," and we covered about forty miles per day. The first experience we had of the vigorous and glowing vegetation of Southern Italy was at Terracina. Never can I forget the enchanting sight. Grote, not generally given to raptures over the beauties of nature, was nevertheless warmed to enthusiasm at the succession of orange groves, arbutus fringes, scented shrubs, wild flowers, with bright blue skies over all, as we rolled in midwinter through the region between Mola di Gaeta and Capua. At Naples, where we arrived on January 10th, we had unusually rough and cold weather, as indeed was our portion also at Rome. This winter of 1841–1842 was confessedly the most rigorous known in Italy for twenty years.

'Our American friend, Mr. Greene, introduced us to a young Italian gentleman at Naples, whose society we found eminently agreeable as well as instructive. He was a man of property, and professionally a lawyer, but being a liberal in politics he came to be regarded with dislike and aversion by the Bourbon rulers of that kingdom. He accordingly observed a certain caution in his dealings with society, the leaden hand of despotism being so close a neighbour. His name was Giacomo Lacaita. He had acquired considerable knowledge of the English language and literature, the study of which formed his chief solace under these hateful political conditions, whilst his ability to converse in that tongue made our commerce profitable to both parties.

'At the expiration of ten days' *séjour* in Naples we were impelled, by Grote's ardent curiosity to behold the ancient temples of Pæstum, dear to his classic mind, to undertake the journey thither, Signor Lacaita obligingly consenting to accompany us. Passing the first night at Salerno, after a thoroughly drenching journey, we started early the next day for the Temples. The river Sele was much swollen by the rain of the previous twenty-four hours, and we had some difficulty in reaching Pæstum, for our carriage could not be ferried across. We set off therefore on foot, in search of a conveyance, and were lucky enough to borrow a "carriole" and horse of the steward of Prince Angri, whose *podere* lay on the road. In this "carriole" Grote and I placed ourselves, whilst Signor Lacaita mounted on to the footboard behind. We obtained admittance into the great temple of Neptune (or Poseidon, as Grote always respectfully called that ancient divinity) by the payment of five francs each, exacted by the Royal Authority.

'This visit to the temples of Pæstum was one which afforded the deepest interest to George Grote. The remote past of Poseidonia rose to his mind, long familiar with the circumstances of its origin, and with the reverential objects of these grand edifices; the sight of these awakening the solemn memories of the people whose early history had formed the favourite subject of his studies through life. He strolled through the temple of Neptune rapt in thought, speaking but little, and moved to wonder and admiration by the beauty and grandeur of the architecture, the imposing size of the columns, and the harmonious colours of the marble, mellowed by the effect of two thousand years of time.

'We quitted these immortal structures, after two hours and upwards of explorings, and rejoining the carriage on the banks of the river Sele, retraced our steps to Salerno through a desolate flat tract of waste lands, in which we saw only a few cattle at graze for miles. Before we finally left the temples, I plucked a handful of acanthus leaves as a "souvenir" of our journey, and, removing Grote's hat gently, as he sat on a fallen column, I placed the leaves within its crown carefully, restoring the hat to its former position in silence. We reached Salerno late in the evening. On taking off his hat in our inn parlour, Grote exclaimed, "Why, "bless me! how could these leaves possibly have got into my hat?" He had been wholly unconscious of the incident, his mind being abstracted from all *present* facts.'

Few Englishmen of our time have been more appreciated in foreign society than Mr. Grote. His learning was respected and admired in Germany, his zeal for liberty and independence was ever kindled by the hopes and struggles of Italy, his warmest political sympathies were with the United States of America, his strongest literary and intellectual ties were with France. The languages of these countries were familiar to him, and he conversed readily in them all. His knowledge of their literature extended from their classical writers to the last publications of the day on the subjects which interested him. But above all, he threw off, in his intercourse with his

foreign friends, that insular stiffness which they commonly reproach us with; he was in the largest sense a man of the world; approach him on which side you might, you were in no danger of treading on a British prejudice; and, accordingly, with many of the most eminent men of his time he had contracted a cordial friendship. Auguste Comte indeed found a recognition from Mr. Grote and his English friends, which took the practical form of liberal assistance, long before his claim to the rank of a philosopher was admitted in France. And France, ever grateful to those who approach her with marks of sympathy and affection, paid both to Mr. Grote and to Mr. John Stuart Mill the highest honour she has to bestow by electing them to be Foreign Associates of the Institute. In the autumn of 1870, when the seeds of the malady which was soon to terminate his life began to be apparent, the disastrous course of the war which France had so rashly provoked was watched by the historian with painful interest, and he exclaimed, 'Poor 'France! I shall never see thee again. I could not bear to 'revisit her, indeed, humbled in the dust as she is.' But we have been led to anticipate.

Mr. Grote's retirement from Parliament in 1841 was soon followed by his withdrawal from the banking firm in Threadneedle Street in 1843, with which until that time he had been steadily connected. From that moment he belonged unequivocally to letters. The design which he had formed as early as 1831, on the suggestion of his wife, of writing a History of Greece, and which he had not neglected even amidst the calls of Parliament and of business, now wholly absorbed him, and he resolutely began in his forty-sixth year the composition of the work which is the most enduring monument of his labours and his fame. A small country residence was purchased under the shade of the venerable Burnham Beeches, amidst some of the most beautiful forest scenery of England. It was an old-fashioned house, the very same to which Sheridan had taken his lovely bride, the Linley, after his first marriage; but this residence was afterwards superseded by another abode, built out of the profits of the first volumes of the History, and called in Mrs. Grote's expressive vernacular 'History Hut.' We think this was the happiest and most delightful portion of Grote's life. His studies, which occupied all the morning hours, were only interrupted by a stream of agreeable company; and if he quitted the society of Thucydides, Plato, and the Greek poets, it was to meet assembled round his board such guests as Mendelssohn, George Lewis and Lady Theresa, Jenny Lind, Lord Lansdowne, Rogers, Charles Greville, John Mill,

Milnes, Thirlwall, Sydney Smith, Lord Liverpool, Senior, and a host of others, of whom, alas! how few survive. We are scarcely conscious of the full charm of the society of highly-gifted men and women until we have lost it. It seems at the time so natural, that we only learn by comparison how rare and how extraordinary is such a confluence of wit, good breeding, learning and originality. Lord Houghton has himself recently given us in his Monographs a charming picture of a similar society at Bath House and in Curzon Street. We are now living on the scraps served up long after the feast, but still not without relish.

Grote with his usual modesty had formed to himself no lofty conception of the success of his History. He expected to have to publish it at his own expense, and when Mr. Murray undertook it, the author only rejoined, 'I hope the poor man will not 'be a loser by me, and then I shall be content, come what may.' Thus was one of the most considerable and successful literary productions of our age ushered into the world. The two first volumes were published in 1845. They were necessarily confined chiefly to the mythological and legendary ages of Greece, and consequently were no fair specimen of what was to come in the field of politics, philosophy, and art; but from the first their success was not doubtful.

'Grote was unusually agitated and curious as to the result. He had not long to wait, however; for the perusal of these original and learned disquisitions upon the early history and legends of the ancient Greeks awakened among students and literary societies the liveliest impression. From all sides congratulation and eulogy flowed in upon the author; insomuch that he himself now began to entertain something like confidence in the success of his long-cherished work. Thus I became, for once, witness of a state of feeling on his part approaching to gratified self-love, which at times would pierce through that imperturbable veil of modesty habitually present with him.'

It would be idle for us to attempt to repeat in this place any further criticism of Mr. Grote's scholarship and merits as a historian. The successive portions of the History were reviewed, as they came out, in our own pages by John Stuart Mill, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Mr. Freeman, and these articles, anonymous at the time, have since been republished or acknowledged in other places. It has sometimes been the good fortune and the pride of this Review to have published contributions, which, though appearing anonymously, have made themselves a name and have retained a permanent place in literature: and it was so in this instance. Nor shall we now say anything of his subsequent work on Plato or his

posthumous Essay on Aristotle, these publications having been reviewed by us at the time with equal care, and by the same or not less able hands. But amongst the selected correspondence with which Mrs. Grote has adorned this volume, we find a letter from Mr. Hallam, which is in itself a piece of criticism of such remarkable excellence, and so characteristic of the two illustrious scholars, *by* whom and *to* whom it was written, that we desire to appropriate the greater part of it.

'*Henry Hallam to George Grote.*

'York Crescent, Clifton,
'December 7th, 1846.

'My dear Mr. Grote,—My letter may seem almost like the embassy of the Ilieans to Tiberius on a family loss (of his daughter) so long after the time, that he, in return, expressed his sympathy with them on the death of Hector; but I have a good apology for writing to you so late about your History—namely, that the avocations of London at one time, and a tour on the Continent afterwards, gave me no leisure till lately to do more than look cursorily at one volume. I have now had the pleasure of going through it, and cannot refuse myself that also of telling you how greatly I admire your work, and of congratulating you on the very high place it entitles you to take among living historians. I am even less struck by the copious learning it displays, than by the general soundness of the thinking department. It is not necessary that I should always agree with you—in fact, I do not; but I believe that I am likely to come nearer to no person who may take a different view. For, *on the whole*, I am with you on the great historical question about the ante-Olympic events of Greece; and perhaps you are prepared to expect that the public will cling much more to the established creed. I am old enough to remember Bryant's book, and the reception it met. Almost every one resented it as a sort of affront to himself. And it may be observed that men regard any excess of scepticism in matter of fact, even when there is neither an overt nor tacit intermixture of religion, with something akin to moral indignation; while paradoxes of assertion and credulity, which they admit to be excessive, meet with indulgence, and are only smiled at.

'You have *approfondi* so thoroughly the mythic story of Greece, that I should hesitate to dissent from you on any matter of detail. The propositions to which you would assent, as well as myself, with some little limitation, seem to be the following:—1. As Greece was peopled and had some sort of society during the period which we call heroic, or from 1300 to 1000 B.C. in round numbers, there must have been some history, some events, wars and chiefs in wars, kings and their successors. 2. It is highly probable that some fragments of events, as well as names, have descended and become incorporated in the legendary poems. But, 3. We have not the means of determining, in any instance, what portion of those legends has an historical basis, even of the narrowest kind. With respect to this third proposition, I am not, as you, quite prepared to assent to it without limitation. All chronology antecedent to 776

B.C. I wholly give up, and I do not like to be confident about any events. Nevertheless, as probability admits of all degrees, I am not yet sure that I do not think some things are worthy of being accounted probable, leaving every man to determine the value of the fraction which expresses it. Thus I adhere, subject to better advice, to the opinion that there was a Trojan war of some kind.

'But it is of most importance in these questions of fact to fix in our minds and our language a precise definition of what we mean by assenting to an historical fact, consisting of many circumstances. Else we may be disputing without knowledge the point on which we differ. Every fact—at least, every complex fact—has something analogous to the principle of individuality in substance, something which cannot be taken from it, leaving us at liberty to say it was true; while it has other accessory circumstances—parts of the narrative—which we may strip away, and yet leave untouched the general verity.

'Thus, in the war of Troy, no one, by asserting it, is pledged to the Trojan horse, the ten years' duration, or even, perhaps, to the abduction of Helen. On the other hand, a predatory expedition from the coasts of Thessaly against a Phrygian city—though, as we see by example of some mediæval legends, it might be the legendary groundwork—could not be called an historical basis. Thus, also, the existence of a Welsh prince, named Arthur, which is said to have been lately better ascertained, would not authorise us to say that there is an historical basis for the victories ascribed to him, though, as they contain, as a general fact, nothing inconsistent with history, the proof of his existence might be said to add some presumption to the tradition. But though it be true that Attila was a king of the Huns, that Theodoric was born at Rome, and that there was a Gunther who reigned at Worms, these mere names cannot be said to furnish the slightest basis for the Niebelungenlied.

'To return from this digression, I do not quite agree with you, that there is no difference between the war of Troy (the essential principle of individuality as to which I consider to be a general confederacy of Greeks against the city of Troy) and the other legends of the heroic age, such as the Argonautic voyage. It is a Pan-Hellenic conception, and flattered no city, or nation, or family, or divinity. For though the "Iliad" is dedicated, principally, to the glory of Achilles, nothing can be more evident than that the whole mass of legend relative to Greece and Troy had accumulated before the time of Homer.

'Bryant split on the rock of fancying that the story of the "Iliad" was as much the creation of the author as that of the "Fairy Queen." But this is refuted by the first few lines (which would be unintelligible on this hypothesis), and, indeed, by the whole poem.

'Again, if the Trojan war were the invention of one poet, he must have been a pre-Homeric Homer, as to the magnitude of his work, if not its excellence. And as the story in itself is a single one, notwithstanding its immense copiousness of detail, we cannot ascribe it to a series of unconnected bards. I incline also to think that the catalogue of ships—not pretending that it is accurate history—bears something of an historical character. With respect to other parts of the myths, I

think Peloponnesus could only be named from Pelops, and that, as no city bore that appellation—nor is it found to express anything but a proper name of man—we have a fair probability that such a person existed.

'The mediæval romances, when they are most fabulous, are apt to contain real names, as in the instance of the Niebelungenlied. Names wholly fabulous are more often of knights and private heroes than of kings. Brute is an exception, but then he is a mere creation of Geoffrey of Monmouth, forged to do honour to the English crown: we find no earlier tradition about him.

'You are very forcible on the analogy of these mediæval romances to those of Greece, and I do not see how the historical school are to get over this argument. It may be added (though, perhaps, you have already said it) that the Carlovingian cycle of romance, and, in some degree, that of Arthur, laboured under two disadvantages relatively to the Greek myths, in spite whereof they obtained credence. The first is, that instead of squatting on a *terra incognita*, and taking possession of what no one could claim as the domain of truth, they sprang up in defiance of a recorded authentic history, contained in numerous chronicles, and certified by other vouchers, so that, at all times, some must have known the romance to be false, but for some centuries did not make themselves heard. The second, and not less important difference, is, that though the practice of *apotheosis* was not less established in the middle ages than in Greece, its principle was wholly different. No one thought of *sainting* Orlando or Lancelot du Lac; hence they had no body of men interested in keeping up a belief in their prowess, and very little, in comparison with Hercules or Theseus, of local association to rivet such belief on the minds of men. Nor had they any benefit from sculpture and painting. The saints, generally speaking, are historical persons; but some are not, and yet were as much believed as the rest.

'I ought to conclude here this tiresome letter, but there is one point of importance on which I do not share all your opinions. I am glad to perceive that you are not a Wolfian. Homer's body is not to be torn by wolves, like those of some whom he describes. Yet you go too far, in my judgment, about the double authorship. Like the German critics, you hardly assign enough to æsthetic considerations. If the "Iliad" be one of the greatest works of human genius—if, moreover, a striking unity of style is manifest in the two portions which you separate—is it agreeable to any experience that we should suppose two poets, so great and so similar, to have appeared nearly in the same age? Nor is it necessary, even on your hypothesis, since it is quite conceivable that Homer may have enlarged his original poem—an alternative which you put, though you seem to favour the other. And a reason might be alleged for his doing so. The Achilleis, as you call it, sacrifices, in some measure, the national glory to that of one man. It might be found expedient to soothe the Greek hearer by exhibiting Diomed, Ajax, and Agamemnon in their due proportion. It has always struck me that the early books were designed by Homer in this Hellenic spirit;

they manifest the real superiority of the Greeks till Zeus threw his might into the scale.

'Νίκην μὲν Τρώεσσι δίδου, ἐφόβησε δ' Ἀχαίους.

But whether they were an afterthought, as you suggest, or part of the original conception, I do not determine.'

It may no doubt be said, and the remark justly finds a place in a notice of the personal life of Mr. Grote, that his history of Greece is by no means an impartial history—it is not more impartial than Lord Macaulay's History of James II. or Mr. Froude's Defence of Henry VIII., though it is infinitely more honest, candid, and learned than Mitford's work on the same subject. But this book is essentially the reflexion of Mr. Grote's own mind, and of the intense convictions, we may almost say passions, that pervaded it. The idealised democracy of Athens, as Mr. Grote regarded it, is an everliving protest against those forms of monarchical, aristocratic, and priestly government which he abhorred. He found, or thought he found, in the old world institutions and opinions that counterbalanced the injustice and the evils of modern life. So again in his celebrated defence of the Sophists, he found, or thought he found, in them the champions of a school of philosophy, much more congenial to the disciples of Locke, Hartley, and Condillac than the traditions of the Academy or the Stoa. Throughout his work, that which gives to it so much animation and interest is the vehement current of modern thought running through it and the passion which pervades it. For strange as it may seem, we rate Mr. Grote's sincerity and manliness of purpose far above his judgment—he was often blind to the defects of those he admired and to the merits of those he disliked—he had more in him of the advocate than of the judge—and beneath the admirable serenity of his outward demeanour rolled a flood of intense sympathy and aversion, which powerfully affected the conclusions of his fine intellect.

The life and labours of the man of business, the politician, and the scholar, never obliterated in him the passionate tenderness, which in early life had found expression in poetry, and which clung with a sentimental fondness to every object of his affections, down to the domestic animals about his house. This peculiar vein of his character was, indeed, known only to his most intimate friends, for he shaded it with a sort of bashfulness from the light: but under the most reserved and sedate forms of manner, he was a man of the warmest feelings, and he threw these feelings, or rather these feelings threw him, into political movements congenial to his own opinions—

sometimes, we venture to think, at the expense of his better judgment.

Thus, to quote an example, he was one of the very few men of real intellectual eminence in Europe who hailed with genuine enthusiasm the French Revolution of 1848, and the proclamation of the ephemeral Republic that followed it. It was happiness to him to live under anything that bore the name of Republic. He described it as 'a real progress and upheaving 'in men's feelings, so as to be instructive and important as an 'object of study:' though even then dimly foreseeing 'the 'numerous chances and possibilities' which have led the French nation from that fatal moment, through every stage of revolution, reaction, tyranny, civil and foreign war, humiliation, and defeat. But these disasters he attributed to the repressive policy and measures of the National Assembly 'in crushing 'everything like public liberty and the popular force.' That brought about the *coup d'état* of 1851: and again in the last months of Mr. Grote's life he witnessed the recurrence of the same cycle of revolution, civil war, and reaction against the excesses of the Commune. It has ever been a maxim of the Westminster school, repeated to satiety by John Stuart Mill, that the excesses and horrors of the French Revolution are attributable to those who resisted the small minority of persons who made the revolution, and that this revolutionary party was justified in resorting to violent measures in self-defence. Strange that men of so much learning and sagacity should not have discovered, that the names and outward forms of government have but little to do with the true spirit of progress and freedom: that there may be arbitrary and intolerant republics, serving too often as the pretext for the dominion of some military adventurer, just as there may be free and liberal monarchies, whose stability opposes no barrier to the advancement and improvement of mankind. The civil war between the United States, in 1861, put the faith of the admirers of Republican institutions to a severe test. It proved that the most entire freedom is no pledge of social and domestic peace. Mr. Grote was strongly of opinion that the North had not the right to coerce the Southern States, and to deny their right of separation, by virtue of the terms of the federal compact. In this he differed totally from John Stuart Mill, who discerned, with greater truth, on which side the real interests of freedom lay: but Mr. Grote differed also from the view he had himself taken of the Sonderbund War in Switzerland, in which the Catholic Cantons were vainly contending for the rights of the clerical party. The principle was the same, but the objects of

the struggle were quite different; and we can only conclude that Mr. Grote's choice on these questions was determined more by sympathy than by pure reason.

A sketch of the life of Mr. Grote would be incomplete which contained no reference to the eminent administrative services he rendered to the three boards or bodies with which he was for many years connected—the University College of London, where he caused a gallery to be adorned with the beautiful 'Marmor Homericum' by Baron Triqueti, which he presented to that institution in memory of his connexion with it from its foundation—the University of London, of which he became Vice-Chancellor and the most active Governor—and the British Museum, where he succeeded Mr. Hallam as a Trustee. Never having held any public office, never having received a fraction of public remuneration, or even of public honour, except the offer of a peerage from Mr. Gladstone, which he declined, Mr. Grote was one of those public servants of England, who, without fee or reward, devote a large portion of valuable time and labour to the unrequited service of their countrymen. His admirable habits of business, his tact and courtesy in discussion, and his vast learning, rendered him an invaluable coadjutor in the management of the affairs of learned bodies; and so entirely did he devote himself to their interests, that whereas other men commonly dedicate to such tasks the spare hours of their lives, Mr. Grote made them (after his retirement from the bank) his chief business, and gave them ungrudgingly all that could be taken from the great literary labour of his life. Indeed, the punctilious discharge of every duty which affected the welfare or convenience of others was one of his distinguishing virtues. He had in perfection that highest principle of politeness which proceeds from consideration for other men; and when there was a question of serving those in whom he felt interested, his munificence to his poorer literary brethren and his zealous kindness knew no bounds. Mrs. Grote, with great delicacy and good taste, has scarcely glanced at this part of his personal life; but it is one not to be forgotten by others.

After this brief sketch of the contents and the subject of this volume, we need hardly add that we have read it more than once with the greatest pleasure, and that we feel deeply indebted to Mrs. Grote for the affectionate energy which prompted her, at an advanced age, to undertake and accomplish it. It is written without art and without exaggeration; but every page beams with reality and truth. The large interest it has already awakened in the public to the lives and cha-

racters of a secluded circle of scholars and friends, whose habits and pursuits had nothing in them to captivate the world, is a proof of the irresistible attraction of every genuine and natural picture of life and society. We are glad that so simple a picture should be left to posterity and exhibited to foreign nations, of the private and literary life of our own times. There is in it, not the eloquence of Burke, not the rhetoric of Johnson, not the wit of Sheridan, for in the play and light of genius the society of the nineteenth century may be contrasted unfavourably with that which preceded it. Though we have had a Brougham, a Macaulay, and a Sydney Smith—dear especially to our own memory. They too are gone. But there is still a high standard of culture, learning, good sense and sound argument amongst us—a sufficient amount of originality to resist that empire of public opinion, which Mr. Mill regarded as the bane of individual liberty—and a social cohesion, not disturbed by party differences or personal detraction. That is the picture which Mrs. Grote's memoir leaves on the mind. The details are the details of daily life, but nothing in them is trivial or vain; and we think this book deserves not only to be read, but to be remembered, as the record of a most honourable and useful life, which commands the respect and admiration even of those who differed from Mr. Grote in many of his theoretical opinions.

ART. XI.—1. *The Indo-Russian Question.* By Capt. F. FRENCH, 20th Hussars. London: 1869.

2. *Correspondence with Russia respecting Central Asia, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty.* 1873.

IT is one of the most singular facts in modern history that two great European empires, stretching their vast dominions in broad bands across Southern and Northern Asia, should find themselves separated—and usefully separated—by the territory of a fierce and free people, which interposes between them a barrier more impassable than the Hindoo Koosh or the Steppe of Pamir. The reception recently given in this country to the Shah of Persia is a conspicuous manifestation of the value the British nation sets upon its Asiatic allies, and of our sincere desire for their prosperity and independence. But Persia herself, with all the traditions of her ancient power and splendour, is not more important to this

country and to India, than the hardy race of warriors who inhabit the valleys and command the passes of Afghanistan. The recent debates which have taken place on what is termed the Central Asian question, all bring us back to the conclusion that Persia and Afghanistan are the outworks of our own possessions, and that we are deeply interested in the maintenance of their native power. From ourselves they have nothing to apprehend, for we are well assured that whoever first attacks and invades them will encounter a formidable enemy. From Russia, we believe, they have little to dread, but they are the objects of Russian intrigue, if not of Russian aggression. Their chief danger lies in their internal weakness, and the difficulty of establishing and maintaining in Afghanistan a strong and settled government. The history of the struggles and revolutions which have harassed that country since the death of Dost Mahommed is long and intricate, and it has not yet been written. We trust that those of our readers who estimate the real importance of these questions, will bear with us if we make a more than ordinary demand on their patience in the following pages. The story we have to relate is very imperfectly known in Europe, but we are in possession of materials of indisputable authority on the subject, and entire reliance may be placed on the accuracy of the following narrative.

About six years have elapsed since a writer, whose premature death shortly afterwards afflicted the world of Indian politics not less than that of letters, first unravelled in our pages the tangled web of Afghan history since the death of Dost Mahommed.* He told how Shere Ali, not the eldest son, but the chosen heir of the deceased Ameer, had succeeded for the first year of his reign in quelling the attempts which one brother after another had made to oust him from power: how his faithless act in sending one brother, Ufzul, the eldest by the half-blood, as a state prisoner to Ghuznee had roused fresh attempts against his authority: how another brother by the full-blood, Ameen Khan, had, in a hand-to-hand encounter, killed Shere Ali's eldest son—his pride and delight, being himself killed the next moment: how this loss had plunged Shere Ali into a stupor of melancholy or madness, during which, while he remained inert at Candahar, Cabul was lost through the incapacity of his second son Ibrahim, and the energy of Ufzul's son, Abdool-ruhman, leading down a force from Bokhara and Bulkh, and

* 'Foreign Policy of Sir John Lawrence,' Edin. Review, vol. cxxv. p. 17.

joined, as he advanced, by brothers, uncles, and cousins, who flitted restlessly from side to side, till they could make up their mind which was likeliest to enjoy the longest lease of power: how the fall of his capital roused the Ameer from his stupor; and how, after raising a fresh army, advancing past Ghuznee high in hope, and receiving back the allegiance of the fickle tribe of relations and courtiers, who looked to see his cause speedily triumph, he was, by the defection of his Candahares, baulked of that triumph just when the victory seemed to be his.

That, for the time, decisive battle was fought at Sheikhabad on May 10th, 1866, nearly three years after Dost Mahommed's death. The story, as told in our pages, went on to show how, while Shere Ali retired to Candahar, declaring his resolution to continue the struggle, but giving his followers free permission to seek a luckier master, Ufzul, released from confinement, betook himself to the capital, and, after the first delights of recovered liberty and acquired dominion, sank back into the sensual enjoyments which had been his solace during two years of prison life, leaving, perhaps because he could not help himself, all power in the hands of his full brother Azim,* than whom perhaps no man in Afghanistan was more qualified to give the new administration a bad name for rapacity, oppression, and cruelty: lastly, how Azim, by every art, endeavoured to entice or frighten Sir J. Lawrence into supporting him; but could only elicit the answer that while, if he was able to consolidate his power in Cabul, and desired to be an ally of England, he would be accepted as such, yet it would be inconsistent with the reputation of the British Government to break off its alliance with Ameer Shere Ali, so long as he retained his authority over a large portion of Afghanistan.

The receipt of this letter caused great dismay to Ufzul and Azim, and, when its tenor became generally known, took much from their hold over the people of Cabul, already groaning under their oppressions. It arrived on August 5th, 1866, and the ensuing days were spent in conferences and discussions as to the next step to be taken. Several plans were suggested of avenging the discouraging answer by some act which should damage British interests, or, if this were not possible, by some

* Azim is well remembered by many in India, where he sought a temporary asylum in the interval between two of his attempts against Shere Ali—a very tall man, with a slight stoop and particularly harsh countenance, who before he left his shelter manifested a very intense hatred for his shelterers, on account of their niggardliness in contributing only a very moderate allowance for his wants.

form of reply which should wound British pride. Afghan prudence eventually prevailed over Afghan vindictiveness: and a very civil reply was sent, conveying thanks for the Viceroy's friendly words. Later on, in the middle of November, when the prospects of the usurping rulers were at their worst, and their chance seemed least of holding out against one brother approaching from Bulkh, against another approaching from Candahar, against manifold insurrections without, and unceasing desertions from within the city, a fresh attempt was made to procure British assistance—this time by working on fears, supposed to exist, of an advance into Afghan territory on the part of the Russians. Thereupon, by Sir J. Lawrence's desire, the ruler of Cabul was told that the most friendly relations existed between the Governments of England and Russia, and that there was no reason to think Russia had any wish to molest those who were on friendly terms with England. This answer arrived when Ufzul was alone at Cabul. He asked what if Bokhara should ask of him assistance against Russia? and was told in reply, that the Governor-General could by no means advise the gift of any such assistance.

While Sir J. Lawrence's first letter bitterly disappointed the hopes of the usurping brothers, its expressions of sorrow over the dissensions of the family and sympathy with Shere Ali were treasured up by his adherents, who had already begun to see reason to hope for a speedy return of good fortune.

No long time had passed after the battle of Sheikhabad, before Shere Ali was joined by his nephew and most unswerving partisan, Futteh Mahommed; and, presently, the virtually independent Governor of Afghan-Toorkistan declared in his favour. This was another half-brother, Fyz Mahommed, who had helped Abd-ool-ruhman on his way down from Bokhara in 1865, and had, in return, been promised a continuance of the Governorship. Azim's refusal to fulfil this promise converted him from a friend into an enemy—a formidable enemy, inasmuch as he knew how to bind the people to his side by remissions of revenue, the troops by regularity of pay, and the Oosbeg chiefs, the former rulers of the province, by a partial restoration of one of their old possessions. One chief, the Meer of Maimuna, held out for a time; but even this remnant of opposition was presently removed, for after Fyz Mahommed had finally pronounced in favour of Shere Ali, the resources of that principality too were placed at his disposal. Thus made secure in Afghan-Toorkistan, he kept the people of Cabul in a state of perpetual flutter by movements in the

direction of the Hindoo* Koosh, in one of which he routed an advanced body of Cabul troops. But from each successive move he was recalled by attempts on the part of this or that member of the old princely† families of Koondooz and Budukshan to turn out others to whom he had allowed possession.

There appears never to have been any attempt at concerted action between Fyz Mahommed and Shere Ali. Had such been possible the predicament of Ufzul and Azim at Cabul would have been hopeless: but, even as it was, they were kept in a state of constant vacillation and doubt as to which enemy was most immediately to be dreaded. The result was a succession of contradictory determinations: moves in one direction; counter-moves in the other; and a general conviction that a cause, the leaders of which found it so impossible to take a decided line of action, had small chance of ultimate success. Among a race of fighting men so eager to be on the winning side, this conviction naturally led to additional desertions; and, from a very early date in the period of his career, these desertions, and the consciousness of a falling cause, acting on Azim's harsh and gloomy disposition, had driven him to commit himself more and more to a course of oppression, ending in savage terrorism. During all this time Ufzul did not count, being habitually intoxicated, and never seen in public after four in the afternoon. His high-spirited son, Abd-ool-ruhman, chafed at the control over all State affairs exercised by Azim, but was told by his father that he had better imitate his example, let things be, and not add to the difficulties of their house by altercation. Uncontrolled thenceforth by either the milder disposition of his brother, or by the more generous instincts of his nephew, Azim, using his brother's authority as a screen, freely indulged in those acts of rapacity and violence to which his natural inclinations led him. A few instances of oppression out of many will convey an idea of what Cabul suffered under his rule.

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* Commonly spelt Hindoo Khoosh, but wrongly so, it is believed. The range gets its name from the tradition of a large caravan of Hindoo merchants who perished in its snows.

† It would be tedious to describe these several attempts, and the changing politics of Afghan-Toorkistan out of which they arose. The province had been conquered by Dost Mahommed's sons; but members of the former ruling families had for the most part been kept on as subordinate governors of the several little principalities. The name of one such member who had not been kept on—Jehandar Shah of Budukshan—will turn up frequently in the following pages as a constant disturber of the peace of the province.

While in straits for the means of sustaining his troops during the preceding winter, he had collected contributions of grain from the people, promising to make a corresponding allowance when the time came for collecting the revenue. Not only did he now repudiate those promises but he enhanced the revenue demand. He ignored the amount of custom duties paid at Jelalabad, and made the merchants pay them over again, and at increased rates, at Cabul. Finding that the approach of caravans from Bulkh was stopped by Fyz Mahommed, with the openly expressed motive of depriving his enemies at Cabul of the transit dues which they would collect therefrom, he wrote to promise that dues would not be collected twice over from any caravan that was allowed to proceed. But from the very first caravan that did so, he levied 60,000 rupees as customs duty and a forced loan of 160,000 rupees more. Forced loans indeed from all who possessed money became his common resort whenever there was a deficiency in his fisc. He established a monopoly of all the grain brought into the capital, retailing it at famine price. He cut down all the allowances, the grant of which to all persons of influence and authority is the characteristic of an Eastern monarchy. He even interfered with the allowances of the Moollahs; but they had spiritual weapons wherewith to avenge themselves, and presently pronounced that continued obedience to him and his brother was displeasing to God, inasmuch as they were usurpers.

Up to August 23 his blows had been directed not against persons but against property. But on that day he entered on the career of terrorism which he thenceforth pursued. At Cabul there was an elder brother of Fyz Mahommed, Wullee Mahommed by name, who had in the previous struggle shifted from side to side with almost as much alacrity as any other son of the Dost. When his brother declared in favour of Shere Ali his conduct, of course, began to be regarded with extreme suspicion. It was naturally supposed that he would himself follow that example; and indeed, relying on his great influence at the capital, and on the privilege of unobstructed tergiversation, which all the brothers appeared to consider their right, he made no effort to conceal either his negotiations with Shere Ali, his intrigues in favour of his brother, or his support to the several insurgents who, from time to time and in different parts of the country, started up in revolt. And in all these acts he was imitated and seconded by another group of half-brothers, Uslum, Hussun, and Hoossein, whose names will figure largely in the subsequent narrative.

All July and the first three weeks of August were spent in negotiations between these parties; promises broken as soon as they were made, and reconciliations which only served as a screen for continued hostile intrigues. But on August 23 Wullee Mahommed was arrested, his two chief partisans were deported, and Uslum and his brothers received a strong hint that liberty to intrigue with impunity had ceased. Four days afterwards another blow was struck, which by its violence and astonishing ingratitude first showed the Cabulees the character of the rulers whom they had got in exchange for Shere Ali. This was the arrest of three leading Cabulees, men of peace and intrigue, and of Mahommed Rufeek, the general, whose martial abilities had brought victory to whatever cause he espoused. He had faithfully served Shere Ali during the early struggles with his rivals; but just as they were closing round Cabul in the winter of 1865, had been driven into their ranks, by insults endured at the hand of the incapable Governor, the Ameer's son Ibrahim. In the capture of Cabul and the battle of Sheikhabad his abilities had been conspicuous. Since that battle he had resisted repeated invitations to rejoin the side from which he had been driven, saying it were better he were dead than that he should ever again appear before Shere Ali's face. He had manfully, in open Durbar, resisted all Azim's attempts to embroil the State with the English Government, and when the reply of that Government came, openly attributed its discouraging tenor to Azim's mischievous words, and shortsighted but successful efforts to create dissensions in the Barukzai family. Within an hour of his arrest he was strangled, his women insulted, and his property confiscated. His body was thrown out without burial, and remained so for some days, till permission to inter it was given to one of his followers. Another follower was tortured to death—boiling oil being poured over his head—for not disclosing his late master's secrets. Lastly, when his papers came to be examined, Azim levied fines from the merchants who were found to have traded in his name. The excuses given for this deed of violence were twofold: first, that Mahommed Rufeek was in the pay of the English Government, for the purpose of stirring up dissensions in the Barukzai family; secondly, that he was about to rejoin Ameer Shere Ali. Other executions of influential men followed from time to time, whenever it appeared that the terror caused by Mahommed Rufeek's death was beginning to wane; and, in October, Uslum and his brothers were thrown into prison at Ghuznee, on the ground, doubtless correct, that, disregarding the warning

they had received, they were about to join Shere Ali. Meanwhile there had been a revolt of the Ghilzais in the country south of Ghuznee; another among the Shinwarees, denizens of the hills which stretch to the east of that place; others in two of the valleys that debouch from the north on that of Jelalabad. They had been put down without much difficulty; but the people had again risen immediately, and Uslum soon heard from his prison at Ghuznee of a fresh rising among the Shinwarees, whom, escaping from confinement, he found no difficulty in joining. He found them led by almost the most fickle member of the whole family—Futteh Mahommed's brother Jelal-ood-deen—who, as well as can be counted, had already ratted from side to side just half a dozen times in the last three years.

There was at this time yet another rising to suppress on the skirts of the Hindoo Koosh, north-west of the capital, but a very small force could now be spared by Ufzul and Azim to restore their authority in the disturbed districts. A fresh advance from the north on the part of Fyz Mahommed was continually imminent; and Shere Ali, having completed all his preparations, was slowly moving up from the south. For a time he had been weakened by the necessity of parting with his Heratees, and sending them to assist his young son Mahommed Yakoob Khan to maintain order in Herat itself, where there had been a rather formidable conspiracy, detected in time and put down by Yakoob with remorseless severity. Fresh desertions from Cabul soon filled up this gap; but, as his following became strong in numbers, factions began to weaken it. There was a Cabul party, headed by Shere Ali's only surviving full brother Shureef, who had surpassed even Jelal-ood-deen in the agility with which he had changed sides; had unluckily for himself made his last change just before the battle of Sheikhabad; and was now, after his wont, intriguing with the party which he had most lately quitted. And there was a Candahar party, headed by the Ameer's cousins Sirdar Shere Ali and Meer Ufzul, sons of the brothers of Dost Mahommed who had so long maintained against him a separate principality at Candahar. It was the aim of these two factions to gainsay each other's advice, and to thwart each other's efforts; and there was the utmost difficulty in so balancing the distribution of appointments and emoluments as to prevent an open breach. At length, about the beginning of October, an advance was commenced in the direction of Ghuznee, in a very slow and hesitating manner; and before the force had gone far a stop was rendered necessary by the open defection of

Shureef, who went off into the territory of the Khan of Khelat to the south-east, and by offers of assistance endeavoured to procure a reconciliation with the authorities at Cabul; but before his assistance could be of any avail matters had settled themselves without him. Moving down in as hesitating a manner as Shere Ali, and disturbed by frequent rumours of treachery, Abd-ool-ruhman first, and, after a considerable interval of time, Azim set off, towards the end of the year, on what was generally prognosticated to be a vain attempt to stop Shere Ali's advance; but as usual in Afghan affairs, the prognosticators were wrong. The two armies met in the last days of 1866. On December 30th there was an indecisive skirmish, followed by more than a fortnight of inactivity, probably spent by the two parties in endeavours to break up each the other's force by intrigue; and then on January 16 and 17, 1867, was fought the for the time decisive battle of Kelat-i-Ghilzai. At noon, on the 16th, Azim and Abd-ool-ruhman encountered Shere Ali advancing from his camp at Kujbaz where, nineteen months before, he had won his first victory and lost his eldest son. The two forces cannonaded each other till dark, without doing much harm, and then drew off. Next day there was a renewal of the cannonade till three in the afternoon, when a general advance was made by the Cabulees, and the cowardly, if not treacherous, Candaharees gave way. Had it not been for a diversion made by the Heratees, who were still with Shere Ali, his force would have been severely cut up.

From the battle-field he fled with his broken troops past Candahar, the gates of which were shut upon him. Apprehending that this example might be imitated at Herat, he halted for some time, *en route*, doubtful whether it would not be better to strike across country to Toorkistan, where he was sure of support from Fyz Mahommed. But, under the stern rule of Yakoob,* defection had not much chance at Herat.

* Yakoob was now about nineteen years of age, and is described as of short stature, with frank manners and an open countenance. It is known that he possesses some knowledge of English, having been taught by a Mahommedan from India, and having manifested an extreme keenness in the study, chiefly, it is believed, from a wish to learn the European system of drill. Owing to some jealousy on the part of his elder brother Ibrahim, he was in the summer of 1863 left at Herat as titular governor, with an Afghan nobleman of experience to act as his dry-nurse. He soon, however, showed that he needed no dry-nursing; set himself to subdue and then to conciliate the wild Toorkoman tribes in the hills north-east of Herat; and, by marrying the

Shortly before the battle of Kelat-i-Ghilzai there had been another attempt at a rising, in which some of the notables were concerned; but this, too, had been severely repressed by Yakoob. Consequently, Shere Ali's mind was soon made easy as to his reception; and as he approached the city he was met by a great procession of the people and notables, who were loud in expressions of devotion to his cause. To them he said he had now retired from all worldly cares, and would no longer continue the struggle. The despondency, which was natural so soon after his defeat, did not, however, last long, and he soon braced himself up again for a renewal of the fight.

At Herat he stayed till May, contenting himself with promises to despatch troops to the aid of Fyz Mahommed in Toorkistan. To this Fyz Mahommed replied that what was wanted from him was moral not material assistance: not the presence of his troops, but that of himself. Doubtless Fyz Mahommed reflected that his own ambitious projects would be more furthered by the presence of the legitimate ruler as a dependent on his support than as a coadjutor and necessary superior. And he had already satisfied himself as to his power to maintain, till at all events the next turn in the wheel of Afghan politics, that independent position north of the Hindoo Koosh, which was all he coveted. His liberal treatment of the people had made his hold of the province secure. A dispossessed princeling might every now and again attempt to oust those whom he maintained in possession. If he were to pass beyond the great barrier to the south, some such attempt might succeed; but so long as he stayed on his side of that barrier he had only to show himself to restore order. As for any fear of aggression from the south, the series of difficult passes through the Hindoo Koosh, and the bare and elevated steppes on its northern skirts, were in themselves almost sufficient protection, and he had on two occasions proved his power of, with no great effort, driving back the scanty bodies of men that could make their way through these difficulties. Before the year 1866 had quite closed he had severely punished Azim's son Surwur, who had struggled through the passes and was already in sight of the rich plains beyond; and though Surwur managed for a time, in that inclement season, to maintain a

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daughter of Khan Agha Jumsheedee, the most influential chief of those tribes, secured their support in all his subsequent enterprises. His own mother belonged to the hill tribes who live between Jelalabad and Peshawur, and *they* can, if need be, give him even more valuable assistance.

small detachment in a slight depression between two of the most formidable passes, he could do so only so long as he had none but winter and scarcity to contend with, and was forced back with loss into the secluded valley of Bameean, as soon as Fyz Mahommed was at leisure to make a move. This was towards the end of April, 1867. From making any further advance in the direction of Cabul, even had he felt any temptation to do so, Fyz Mahommed was prevented by a fresh move on the part of Jehandar Shah, the dispossessed ruler of Budukshan. This time he turned that unquiet spirit quite out of the province, and drove him into Chitral, whence the chief, Aman-ool-Moolk,* presently expelled him and left him no refuge but to seek assistance at Cabul.

Immediately after his expulsion of Jehandar Shah, Fyz Mahommed was joined by Shere Ali's son Ibrahim, with a force of 2,000 men, and three weeks later by Shere Ali himself. It is difficult to account for the inaction of the thus united confederates for the next four months. The Cabul authorities were continually disturbed by rumours that one or the other was advancing; that one force was threatening Bameean, and that another, crossing the Hindoo Koosh to the east, was about to descend on the gardens of Chareekar. These successive rumours were all groundless. Shere Ali, Ibrahim, and Fyz Mahommed remained quiet in Toorkistan till late in the autumn.

Dissensions speedily broke out among them. The first cause of offence was an imprudent and cruel act of revenge on the part of Shere Ali—the execution of two Afghan† officers of distinction, who had once deserted from his cause, but had since then, on Surwur's defeat, gone over to Fyz Mahommed. Soon afterwards, to Shere Ali's urgent entreaty that a move might be made, Fyz Mahommed replied that he had no interest in the matter, but would further Shere Ali, if he wished to take the venture himself. Next, after making this offer, he asked Shere Ali to provide him with funds, a request which, considering the relative circumstances of the two personages, savoured of bitter irony. A further excuse for inaction was furnished by an outbreak of brigandage in Akcha, and by a temporary display of recusancy on the part of the Meer of Maimuna.

* He who in 1870 gave harbour to, and still harbours, his nephew, Meer Wullee, the murderer of Mr. Hayward.

† On hearing of their execution, Azim at once confiscated their property. A characteristic of the times! One rival kills a man, the other annexes all his property!

When all these causes of delay had disappeared, people began to attribute Shere Ali's quiescence to anxiety on account of his son Yakoob, who had gone to pay the Shah of Persia a visit at Meshed. For just about that time the Shah had found himself impelled to satisfy the spiritual needs of his nature, by paying his devotions at the holy shrine of Imam Reza. Of course a journey to the neighbourhood of the Afghan frontier, at a time when Afghanistan was convulsed, set agoing the tongues of all the *quid-nuncs* of Central Asia, and indeed in some other places too. Yakoob certainly thought he could turn the visit to account, and sent off an emissary to see if he could procure a supply of arms and ammunition from the Persian Sipah Salar (the Commander-in-Chief). But it happened to be convenient that Mr. Ronald Thomson, the Secretary of the British Legation, should also visit Meshed at the same time, and he was in the Shah's camp when Yakoob's emissary arrived; so that, as the result, the request was met by a distinct refusal on the part of the Sipah Salar. It was hinted, however, that perhaps a visit from Yakoob himself might produce good results, and would certainly be acceptable. Accordingly he went to Meshed, but nothing ensued except an abundance of civilities. He found that there was just then in Meshed another applicant for Persian assistance, a cousin of his own, one Shah Newaz, son of that 'Sooltan * Jan,' who had come to be ruler of Herat after the Persian war of 1856–7; had subsequently turned against Dost Mahommed, but had died during the siege of 1863. Since then Shah Newaz had resorted in turns to one after another of the different parties who were struggling for power in Afghanistan; but finding himself distrusted by all, and having just been summarily turned out of Candahar by Azim, had now come to see whether the Persians were disposed to treat him with as much favour as they had shown to Sooltan Jan, during, at all events, the later years of his life. The Shah however could only promise him a sustenance if he chose to come on to Teheran; so Shah Newaz, leaving Meshed, made a dash on Herat, where, as Vambéry found in 1864, the memory of his family was regarded with much affection. At Yakoob's request he was pursued by a party of Persian soldiers, who arrested, but presently let him go, as one incapable of giving real trouble. Contemptible however as his personal qualifications may have been, in this case he was seconded by a fresh conspiracy among

* The name by which he was generally known. His proper name was Ahmed Khan.

the Heratees, and was presently joined by some 2,000 horsemen, deserters from that city. Before, however, anything further was done Yakoob was back in his governorship, and at once crushed the plot with his wonted vigour and severity, putting eight of the principal conspirators to death. At his instance, moreover, the Persian authorities expelled Shah Newaz from Persian territory proper. He took refuge in the disputed district of Seistan, and from thence was able for a time to make a sufficient show of designs on Herat to keep Yakoob on the alert.

It seems possible that all these events at Herat contributed to keep Shere Ali motionless. His attitude of repose does not appear to have weakened the belief, which again grew up, that, when he did make a move, he would win at last. During the latter part of this period, just as there had been in the interval between the battle of Sheikhabad and the battle of Kelat-i-Ghilzai, there were frequent desertions to his side from Cabul. There Ufzul was alone, and, for a short interval after the battle of Kelat-i-Ghilzai, free from overbearing anxiety. His first care had been to ascertain whether the fresh success that had befallen his cause had brought him any nearer to the grant of British assistance. To the letter announcing that victory he received the following reply :—

'Your Highness must pardon my saying that I feel pity for Shere Ali Khan personally. He succeeded your Highness's renowned father as the ally of the British Government, and he adhered to the alliance, giving me no cause of offence at any time. Nevertheless, the general welfare of the great Barukzai house of the Afghan people has higher claims on my consideration. With great sorrow and solicitude I have for three years past seen that house and people a prey to the most calamitous dissensions. I am disposed, therefore, to hail hopefully any event which may tend to bring Afghanistan nearer to the attainment of a stable peace and strong government, under one of the sons of Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan. And in this spirit I beg to tender to your Highness my congratulations on the recent victory, secured for your Highness's arms by my friend Sirdar Mahommed Azim Khan and your Highness's gallant son Sirdar Abd-ool-ruhman.

'My friend! the British Government has hitherto maintained a strict neutrality between the contending parties in Afghanistan. Rumours, I am told, have reached the Cabul Durbar of assistance having been granted by me to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. I take this opportunity to request your Highness not to believe such idle tales. Neither men, nor arms, nor money, nor assistance of any kind, have ever been supplied by my Government to Ameer Shere Ali Khan. Your Highness and he, both equally unaided by me, have fought out the battle, each upon your own resources. I purpose to continue the same policy for the future. If, unhappily, the struggle for supremacy

in Afghanistan has not yet been brought to a close, and hostilities are again renewed, I shall still side with neither party.

'My friend! as I told your Highness in my former letter, the relations of the British Government are with the actual rulers of Afghanistan. Therefore, so long as Ameer Shere Ali holds Herat, and maintains friendship with the British Government, I shall recognise him as ruler of Herat and I shall reciprocate his amity.

'But, upon the same principle, I am prepared to recognise your Highness as Ameer of Cabul and Candahar; and I frankly offer your Highness, in that capacity, peace and the goodwill of the British Government. I shall expect your Highness, in return, to recognise, as binding on your Highness's Government of Cabul and Candahar, the engagements concluded between the British Government and your Highness's father, the late Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan, as contained in the Treaty of March 30, 1855, and that part of the Treaty of Jan. 20, 1857, which is still in force.'

For a time, too, there was quiet in the provinces, all the risings there having ceased with the news of the unexpected issue of the battle; and the two most formidable leaders of rebellion, Uslum and Jelal-ood-deen, having given up the game and retired to Peshawur. But in May there was again a rising of the Ghilzais, followed by another, and, after the first had been suppressed, yet another rebellion among the Shinwarees, and by a reappearance of the irrepressible Jelal-ood-deen in the hills above Jelalabad. This time, too, there was no force available to suppress them, for the state of the capital was already such as to give Ufzul the gravest cause for anxiety. His habits prevented him from exercising a proper control over the administration; consequently little or no money came into the treasury, so that he could see no other means of paying the troops on whom his power rested, than by continued exactions, imprisonments, and even executions, on the ground ostensibly of disloyalty, but really of the possession of some money which could be confiscated. He thus incurred hatred as deep as ever Azim had stirred up; but did not possess the qualities which, in Azim, had caused hatred to be swallowed up by dread. Consequently he soon began to press for Azim's return from Candahar, in tones which increased in querulous urgency as desire to throw off his rule became more intense in Cabul, resistance to his authority more common in the provinces, the danger from the side of Toorkistan more and more imminent, and Azim's intention more evident to avoid implicating himself too deeply in his brother's expected fall. At first no one could have been more anxious than Azim himself to return to his brother's side; there was no particular danger in doing so, and the Candaharees—at no time an easy set of

people to rule—had never been so factious as now. Shureef had returned from Khelat with his money bags and determined spirit of intrigue; Shah Newaz had come down in Azim's train, with his dreams of a future when all his cousins should bow to himself; and the hot-blooded Abd-ool-ruhman was there, openly refusing to bow to his uncle's authority. But this was at an early time after Azim's departure from the capital, when Ufzul was first beginning to feel how pleasant it was to have his own way, unchecked by his sterner brother; so, while Azim pressed that some one else should be sent to manage affairs at Candahar, Ufzul in reply urged on him that no one could do so as well as he. Later on, when Ufzul's tone had changed, and, instead of deprecating he began to entreat Azim's presence, the latter had found means of ridding himself of his principal hindrances. Abd-ool-ruhman he had sent off, nothing loth, to Cabul; Shureef he had put under surveillance; and Shah Newaz he had expelled in the direction of Seistan and Herat, there to keep Yakoob on the alert by the attempts which have been already recounted. At Candahar therefore he remained till the beginning of August, and then began to move up in a most leisurely manner towards the capital, squeezing the people for money as he passed.

It was indeed time that he should look after his interests as the probable successor to the Ameership, for about that time his brother Ufzul fell into a wasting illness, which ended in his death two months later.

Abd-ool-ruhman, arriving at Cabul, had remonstrated at the course of tyranny which his father was pursuing, and for a time his remonstrances had some little effect; but things were now too far gone for reform. Abd-ool-ruhman was compelled to move towards the Hindoo Koosh, to meet the advancing forces of the enemy from the north; and Ufzul found all power of controlling events ebbing away with his ebbing life. On September 17 he wrote to his son that his state was hopeless, and that he must soon pass away; that Azim must succeed him; so that unless Abd-ool-ruhman felt he could get on with Azim, he had better make terms with Shere Ali.

On that very day, however, on the southern slope of the Hindoo Koosh there was fought a battle which again unexpectedly crushed Shere Ali's hopes of recovering his capital. In the end of August he and Fyz Mahommed had at length despatched their vanguard to the front; and then, when everybody was expecting their advance by the easier route of Bameean, they went up a lateral valley to the east, and, dividing into two bodies, crossed the Hindoo Koosh by the

difficult passes of Punj-shuhur* and the Sal-aulung. The movement, so long delayed, was at last so quick and so well veiled, that it had nearly proved successful; but, with so good a soldier as Abd-ool-ruhman in their front, division of their forces was fatal. Hardly had Fyz Mahommed got clear of the pass—the Sal-aulung, the western of the two—when Abd-ool-ruhman fell on him, and routed him before he could be joined by Shere Ali, who had crossed his pass unopposed, and was hurrying down the Punj-shuhur valley. From an old castle called Killa Alladad, overlooking the scene of battle, Fyz Mahommed witnessed the rout of his first line, and hastened to their support; but while doing so was killed by a cannon-ball. His troops at once began to retreat up the pass; but in doing so many of them were intercepted. Fyz Mahommed's body was the next day taken into Cabul, and was buried by those of his half-brothers, sons of the late Dost Mahommed, who were still in the capital. Ufzul at first ordered illuminations and music for three days, but countermanded them on reflection, Fyz Mahommed being, after all, his own half-brother.

Three days after the battle which had again, contrary to expectation, removed danger from his path, Azim arrived in the capital, found his brother dying, and at once took the whole management of affairs. A fortnight afterwards Ufzul died, and Azim then assumed the title of Ameer of Afghanistan. As Ameer, not of Afghanistan, but of Cabul and Candahar, he was, as Ufzul had been, recognised by the Governor-General of India. Abd-ool-ruhman made an attempt to put forward his claims to succeed his father; but his mother, a princess of much strength of character, and, for Afghanistan, considerable wealth, seeing clearly that an open quarrel between him and his uncle would bring on the immediate downfall of their house, persuaded him to withdraw. This he did reluctantly; and, after staying at Cabul long enough to see that cordial co-operation between himself and Azim was altogether impossible, took his army off into Toorkistan, to expel Shere Ali from thence. It was not a march to be performed in a hurry at that season of the year, and it occupied him from the beginning of December to the middle of January. The sufferings of his army during this march were dreadful, and when he arrived in Toorkistan he found Shere Ali gone. After the battle of Killa Alladad the once-again-defeated Ameer had re-

* Which exactly of the passes along the Punj-Shuhur valley is not known.

crossed the Hindoo Koosh, with some loss of men and guns at the hands of the hill tribes; found the Toorkistanees quite willing to accept him as their ruler instead of Fyz Mahommed; but, as soon as he heard that Abd-ool-ruhman had put the barrier of the Hindoo Koosh between himself and the capital, saw with a keen eye that now there would be an opportunity of recovering power by a bold dash on Candahar. Accordingly, to embarrass Abd-ool-ruhman, he made over to indigenous chiefs the different principalities of which the province was composed; and taking with him 6,000 troops, six guns, and all the treasure accumulated by Fyz Mahommed, he returned to Herat, being escorted on his way by the faithful Meer of Maimuna, whom he was wont to call his son, and who now gave him renewed assurances of devotion to his cause. The measures taken were effectual in seriously delaying the recovery of the province by Abd-ool-ruhman. He arrived with starving troops, who had not seen any pay for months. He found that stores and money had all been carried off; that nothing would come into his treasury till next harvest, and that the restored Oosbeg chieftains had no idea of losing their regained independence without a struggle. He made an effort to get a supply of money from Azim, but met with the reply which he must have expected. However, he had never yet been defeated, and his men followed him cheerfully. With one of the native chieftains he patched up a hasty arrangement, which secured him a supply of provisions, and then he marched against the rest assembled to oppose him at Akcha, in the north-west of the province. No Oosbegs have ever been able to hold their own against even a small number of Afghans in a stand-up fight; so Abd-ool-ruhman was able without any very great difficulty to recover possession of Akcha, Mailik, and Shiburghan. He then went to Maimuna, rejecting in his confidence the terms which the Meer offered him, and refusing to be content with anything less than a year's pay for his troops and the surrender of the Meer's big gun 'Jehangheer.'

Had this place fallen, his way was clear to Herat, which Shere Ali could hardly have ventured to quit. At Maimuna, however, he underwent a check, the first he had ever known, and the first in a series of disasters which was to end n leaving him a well-watched exile in a Russian province. Maimuna is a strong place, in an opening of the mountain range—a prolongation of the Hindoo Koosh—which separates the plain of the Oxus from the hilly regions to the south. Successive attacks were beaten off by its defenders; and after

wasting some time before it, Abd-ool-ruhman was forced to retire, suffering during his retreat considerable loss from the Meer's cavalry. After recruiting and refreshing his force near Bulkh, he renewed the attack; but after another siege, characterised chiefly by mining and counter-mining operations, was obliged to accept the terms offered—some 15,000*l.* down, the promise of some 9,000*l.* more, and the surrender of a gun—probably 'Jehangheer'—and then retired on Bulkh.

This was at the end of May; and meanwhile much had happened in the south to darken the prospects of Abd-ool-ruhman's house. Immediately after his return to Herat, in January 1868, Shere Ali had pushed on his vanguard to Furrah. He was invited on by news of the extreme restlessness of the Candaharees, under their governors, two sons of Azim, who rivalled each other in oppression; but during two months there was an interval of inaction, due apparently to an access of ill-temper in Shere Ali, which drove all his supporters into the sulks, and two of them into the arms of his rivals. The Heratees, too, wearied by a long course of exaction and merciless severity, showed signs of a disposition to try a fresh fall with their Barukzai rulers. While, in fact, Shere Ali was, on the one hand, attracted by the accounts that reached him from Candahar of the eagerness of the inhabitants to be delivered from the rule of his rivals, he was held back, on the other, by the knowledge that the Heratees were only watching for an opportunity to rid themselves of his own yoke. This state of feeling is a characteristic result of the tyranny of Afghan rulers, and the restiveness of Afghan subjects. Whoever is the ruler of the day, the people are sure to sigh for his removal. Groaning under his tyranny, they forget that of his various predecessors, and, with each successive prospect of change, imagine that the change must be for the better.

At length, towards the end of March, Shere Ali remaining behind at Herat, Yakoob and Futteh Mahommed, with Feramaz, a faithful and able slave of Shere Ali's household, moved on in the direction of Candahar. They were encountered at the town of Girishk by one of Azim's sons, who entrenched his force on the north bank of the Helmund. Desultory fighting ensued for a week. At last Yakoob led his foes into an ambush, completely routed them, and, following up his victory, obliged Azim's other son, conscious that there was a hostile population at his back, to abandon Candahar hastily. This event was followed by an outbreak of insurrection in every part of Afghanistan. Feeble attempts were at first made to put them down, but soon these attempts ceased. It

was now Azim's turn to seek assistance from Abd-ool-ruhman. He sought it, but in vain.

Indeed, Abd-ool-ruhman himself was just now weakened by the desertion of his cousin Ismail (son of Ameen Khan, who had been killed at the battle of Kujbaz, in 1864). He had long been in a state of disquiet at the little regard paid to his claims for some lucrative appointment, and now came down towards Cabul, with a small body of men, to liquidate whose arrears of pay he asked Azim for a grant of money. Of course this request was refused, and he then threw off the mask, set up the standard of revolt in the hills west of Cabul, called all the adherents of Shere Ali to his side, and received strong accessions of force through desertions from the city.

As his downfall approached, Azim appears to have fallen for a time into a stupor of inactivity, spending his time closeted with a mysterious personage, a 'Synd Roomee,' from some country to the west, whose counsels were distinguished by a strong anti-English bias. But the scenes of violence at the capital never ceased. One influential Cabulee, a man of peace, who had figured in all the intrigues that had kept the country in commotion for the last five years, died of starvation in prison; and another, a brother-intriguer, had only escaped a like fate by a natural death just before. A general of Fyz Mahommed, who had been kept in prison since the defeat of his master, was now killed. There were continual imprisonments of men supposed to be partisans of Shere Ali, and continued forced loans from the few merchants who had survived the troubles of late years.

All this time the two youngest sons of Shere Ali, Ayoob and Abdoolla, had been in Azim's hands. They were now taken out of the citadel, the Bala Hissar, by the remaining partisans of their father; and proceeding to the hills south-east of Cabul, summoned all the insurgent Ghilzais of that neighbourhood to their standard.

Shere Ali himself had quitted Herat as soon as he heard of Abd-ool-ruhman's second withdrawal from before Maimuna; and, picking up Yakoob and his leading officers at Candahar as he passed, was now (July 26, 1868) approaching Ghuznee. To save that place, Azim quitted Cabul; but as soon as he did so Ismail pounced down from the hills, easily made himself master of the city, and summoned the Bala Hissar, the garrison of which, however, replied that they must await the issue of the struggle that was impending in the neighbourhood of Ghuznee. Ismail then wrote to Shere Ali, saying he was prepared to storm the Bala Hissar; but was in reply warned

of the probable consequences to their respective families still confined there; and as each day men, pinched by the want of food, deserted to his force, he was content to wait for a time. By August 18, however, his patience was exhausted, and he took the place by storm. Plundering was commencing, when one of Shureef's sons proclaimed an amnesty in the name of Shere Ali, and thereby restored order.

Meanwhile, the armies of Shere Ali and Azim remained facing each other south of Ghuznee. No attack was made, Azim's army being left to dissolve gradually by desertion. On August 2 Shere Ali slipped past him, and took a bye-road to Cabul by the Zoormut valley. Azim followed; but as soon as he left Ghuznee it was occupied by two of Shere Ali's adherents, who even pursued Azim's retiring force and cut up his rearguard. Shere Ali himself soon turned and inflicted some loss on his enemy, now coming up in his rear; and then the two armies entrenched themselves, desertion continuing to weaken Azim's power of maintaining his ground, and increasing at a great rate after news came of the fall of the Bala Hissar. As a last attempt, on August 26, he concocted a midnight attack on the opposing force; but about 10 P.M. heard cannon-shots in his camp, at once understood what they meant—that his army was in mutiny, and fled with 1,000 horsemen, men of his own district (Khost), escorted by whom he managed to escape pursuit; and arriving in Toorkistan in the second week of September, wrote to Abd-ool-ruhman, proposing, if he had no objection, to pay him a visit. He was told in reply that he might do as he pleased in the matter.

On September 8, Shere Ali entered Cabul. The punishments inflicted on the adherents of his usurping brothers were limited to executing two of them and cutting off the ears of a third.

He had at last attained the object for which, with unabated spirit, he had striven through three and a half years of continuous defeat; but it would be difficult to exaggerate the difficulties that surrounded him. The little wealth of the country had entirely disappeared during the last five years of trouble. Commerce was almost entirely at an end; great numbers of the cultivators had been drafted into the ranks of the opposing forces; and those who had been left had seldom been able to reap in peace the reward of their industry. The revenue had been forestalled; the State supply of arms had vanished. He was surrounded by hungry courtiers, ready to quarrel over the distribution of the spoil for which they had striven. His richest province beyond the Hindoo Koosh was

still occupied by a compact army, under a young and energetic leader. And though he had throughout his troubles received assurances of sympathy from the English Government, he could not tell whether they had now anything more than sympathy to offer him.

But Sir J. Lawrence was quite convinced that the time had come to hold out a helping hand. The policy of non-interference had passed through a grievous trial, but its rigid observance, so long as it was necessary, had rendered a relaxation possible now. It had been a hard thing to see a gallant nation torn and weakened by intestine struggles, which a small expenditure of British money and a small grant of British arms would, it might seem, have composed. It had been a hard thing to resist solicitations for aid from successive rulers of Afghanistan, supported by pressure from a great section of the public opinion of England and India. But Sir J. Lawrence had considered it first of all necessary to avoid committing his country to the support of a competitor for power, who might be found to have no hold on the affections or the judgment of his people, and who would therefore be dependent on the continuance of foreign support. What, he asked himself, would have been the consequences if the British Government had so committed itself? Nearly all those which in 1839–41 converted a nation of willing and admiring friends into one of bitter enemies. All the resentment caused by the oppressions of the ruler would have been directed against the foreign Government which gave him an artificial support. As the discontent so engendered grew in bitterness and extent, it would have been necessary to afford support of a more and more pronounced character; and, as the British Government could not look on while the ruler so protected was, by acts of oppression, increasing the disaffection of his people, each fresh grant of support must have been followed by more minute interference in the administration. To the path thus entered there could be but one ending—the ultimate reduction of Afghanistan to the condition of a feudatory state, such as that administered by Holkar or Sindia. But if ever the remembrance of the British interference of 1839–41 was to be wiped out of the Afghan mind, so that there might be a means of, without engendering instant alarm and offence, offering the friendly counsel which a strong state has the right to tender to a weaker neighbour, now was the time. Since the catastrophe of 1841, this was the first opportunity for testing the policy of non-intervention which had been subsequently announced. And rigid abstention from interference was the more necessary

that the Afghans had in their minds, not only the recollection of a period when the independence of their country had almost entirely succumbed under the administration of the foreigners, but also that conviction which is never absent from an Eastern people—that a powerful neighbour must of necessity be aggressive, and that when aggression ceased, it could only be because power had already departed. But the cruel trial through which the Afghan nation passed in the years between 1863 and 1868 had put it, at least, beyond doubt that any aid now rendered by their English neighbours could not have aggression as its ultimate object. That long trial had moreover cleared the field of the competitors, who, if assistance had been rendered earlier, would have been only urged on to more bitter rivalry by the thought that, at Cabul, not only was power to be won, but English gold to be enjoyed. Dost Mahommed had left sixteen sons. Of those numerous competitors—the brothers by whom Shere Ali had found his path beset in the summer of 1863—who, in the autumn of 1868, was there left with power to oust him? Ameen had been killed; Ufzul had died. Azim, attended by a scanty following, was seeking refuge with a nephew who hated him. That nephew had failed to make good his pretensions when Azim was his rival. How should he be able to make them good against Azim's conqueror? Of the minor brothers who had disturbed the peace of the country, and might have advanced claims to supreme power, Shureef was a prisoner in Azim's camp, dragged about with him wherever he went. Wullee Mahommed had been a prisoner in the same camp till released by the mutinous soldiery at the time of Azim's flight. His spirit had been broken by long confinement. His brother Fyz Mahommed had been killed. Uslum had veered from side to side, never showing himself able to do more than foment a local revolt, and was now Shere Ali's most devoted adherent and trusted counsellor; and the remaining brothers had never been able to do more than join in an intrigue got up by others. Help given now would have for its object—not the purpose of enabling one competitor to overcome another, who might really have as good a chance of success as himself, but the purpose of giving the one that *had* overcome, means to disperse the last relics of armed opposition, without wringing afresh the people from whom so much had already been wrung; means to secure the adhesion of a lot of hungry and fickle partisans; means, lastly, to conduct the administration with some regard for order and justice. And with this purpose in view, help was given with a liberal hand.

Immediately after resuming his royal seat in the Bala Hissar, Shere Ali wrote to the Governor-General announcing the recovery of his kingdom, and received a reply congratulating him on his success, due to his courage, ability, and firmness; expressing hopes that his good fortune would continue, and that he would deal leniently with his opponents, knowing that by generosity towards them he would take the best means of establishing his rule.

'It has,' Sir John Lawrence said, 'always been to me a cause of sorrow that the family of your great father, the late Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan, should have broken up into contending factions, who have resorted to civil war, causing the ruin of many brave chiefs, and the general weakening of Afghan power. I trust that your Highness will be able, by the exercise of those excellent virtues—kindness, foresight, and good management—to restore peace and prosperity to your country. I am prepared, not only to maintain the bonds of amity and goodwill which were established between Ameer Dost Mahommed Khan and myself, acting on the part of the British Government, but, so far as may be practicable, to strengthen those bonds.'

This promise Sir J. Lawrence fulfilled by, in the course of November and December, when the news from Cabul had shown the Ameer's extreme need of arms and money, ordering the despatch of at first two, and then four more lakhs of rupees, and of 3,500 stand of arms, with due accoutrements and ammunition. Moreover, in the first days of 1869, just before the close of his Viceroyalty, Sir J. Lawrence gave orders for the despatch of, within the next three months, six more lakhs of rupees, and took the opportunity of the receipt of a complimentary letter from the Ameer to address him in the following terms:—

'It is,' he said, 'the earnest desire of the Government of India, as I have already intimated, to see your Highness's authority established on a basis of solidity and permanency; and to cement the bonds of friendship and alliance which ought to exist between the British Power and your Highness as an independent ruler.

'You have been already apprised by the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab that a sum of six lakhs of rupees has been placed at your unreserved disposal. For this the British Government looks for no other return than abiding confidence, sincerity, and goodwill.

'I regret that obstacles of an insuperable nature should have prevented my meeting your Highness at some suitable place on the frontier of both kingdoms.

'As a further proof of the desire of the British Government, which fears no aggression and which wishes for no conquest, to see a strong, a just, and a merciful Government established by your Highness at Cabul and throughout Afghanistan, I have to inform you that, in the course of the next three months, three sums of two lakhs of rupees

each, or, in all, of six lakhs more, will be placed at your entire control, to be applied by your Highness in the manner which you may think most conducive to the furtherance of your interests and to the consolidation of your authority.

'For this, again, the Government of India will expect no return, save one of the kind just indicated in the preceding part of this letter.

'I am leaving the country almost immediately, and am handing over the high office of Viceroy and Governor-General to my successor.

'But the policy which I have advisedly pursued with regard to the affairs of Afghanistan is one which I have entered on with anxious deliberation, and which has commanded the assent and approval of Her Majesty the Queen of England; and as long as you continue by your actions to evince a real desire for the alliance of the British Government, you have nothing to apprehend in the way of a change of policy, or of our interference in the internal affairs and administration of your kingdom.

'It will remain for the head of the Administration to consider, in each succeeding year, what further proofs may be given of our desire to see your power consolidated, and what amount of practical assistance, in the shape of money or materials of war, may periodically be made over to your Highness, as a testimony of our goodwill, and to the furtherance of your legitimate authority and influence.

'But be assured that you will never err in shaping your course with a view to British alliance, and in considering Her Majesty the Queen of England and her Viceroy in India as your best and truest friends.'

The assistance thus given had in the meantime made it easy for the Ameer to overcome the feeble opposition which the relics of his rival's party were still able to offer. As soon as news came of Shere Ali's recovery of the capital, people and princes in every quarter of Toorkistan threw off Abd-ool-ruhman's control. His power was at once reduced to the limits occupied by his soldiers, and even they, wherever they were to be found in small numbers, found themselves subjected to insult at the hands of the country people. For a time, while Shere Ali, in grievous want of money wherewith to pay, and weapons to arm his army (for as yet British assistance had not come), was hesitating whether to move against them at once, or to maintain a defensive attitude till snow closed the passes, or even (so desperate was his need) to send back great part of his force to Herat, where it might better be maintained, and where it could wait till spring re-opened the route *viâ* Maimuna, Abd-ool-ruhman and Azim, each shunning the other's presence, were hesitating over schemes for retrieving their fallen fortunes. At length, in the end of October, finding that if they were to keep any part of their troops together, they must make a move, they set off together, but in a temper of acknowledged despondency, towards Bameean. As their garrisons withdrew

from the several towns, the people rose in their rear, defied their authority, and even cut up their detached parties. A little beyond Bameean they found themselves close to Shere Ali, who had come out to oppose their further advance. It was not, however, their policy to force a conflict; so a small party was sent, under Azim's son Surwur, to slip past the opposing force, and join a revolt which had thus early been raised by Azim's brother-in-law Surfuraz in his section of the great Ghilzai tribe. Surwur was successful in effecting his object; passed close under the walls of Cabul, and entered the Ghilzai country. Thither, however, he was pursued by a detachment from Shere Ali's army, which, with the aid of the more powerful section of the Ghilzais, quickly and entirely crushed him and his followers. Meanwhile Azim and Abd-ool-ruhman had turned aside into the hill country on their right, and by devious bye-paths made for Ghuznee. There they made no impression, the commander refusing to surrender his charge unless they should prove their ability to overcome Shere Ali; so there they encamped, losing men constantly by desertion, nearly surrounded by the forces which Shere Ali had brought up from all parts, and grievously straitened for supplies.

So closed the year 1868. On January 3 in the new year, Abd-ool-ruhman thought he saw an opportunity of cutting up an outlying detachment of the enemy. Shere Ali's movement in support brought on a general action, which ended in Abd-ool-ruhman's complete defeat. Then, when it was too late, Azim brought out his own troops, but they broke away from his control; so he fled, and Abd-ool-ruhman with him, into the Zoormut country, and thence, watched, but not pursued, into that of the independent Wuzeerees, above the British station of Bunnoo. From that place they sent to ask for an asylum in British territory, and doubtless thought that from that refuge they might, as Azim had done before, watch for an opportunity to return and renew the struggle. This time, however, they were told that, if admitted into British territory, they would not only be precluded from intriguing with partisans in Cabul, but would not be allowed to depart when they chose. For such a complete abandonment of their schemes they were not prepared. After flitting from place to place among the robber tribes of the Sooleyman range, and being plundered of nearly all they possessed by one of those tribes, they set off for Persia, and passing through the sandy desert north-west of Beloochistan, the oasis of Seistan, and the arid ridges of Beerjund, Toon, and Tubbus, appeared at Meshed in

July. During this harassing and hopeless journey, what must have been the recriminations of that ill-matched pair, with their recollections of past quarrels, mutually inflicted injuries which had brought profit to neither, and selfish struggles that had brought them to this end! After a quarrel of more than usual violence, they parted in the autumn, Azim going on towards Teheran, but dying at Shahrood on the way, and Abd-ool-ruhman making his way across the mountains to Khiva, not without molestation from the Toorkomans. Their overtures for Persian assistance had been absolutely rejected.

By this time the bazaars which they passed through were filled with rumours of the additional assistance which Shere Ali had received from Lord Mayo, the new Viceroy of India, and of the aggressive purposes to which this gift of assistance was to be turned. Afghanistan, again united and fortified by British help, was again, so it was said, to resume her former character as an active and invading power. Rumours of this change reached the Russian press, and even gave rise to some uneasiness in the minds of Russian statesmen. The truth was this. At an early period of his recovered power Shere Ali had signified to Sir J. Lawrence his desire to go down, even as far as Calcutta, to pay him a visit. The necessity of guarding against an advance of the hostile force from Toorkistan had prevented for a time the fulfilment of that desire, and by the time the Ameer was free to move from Afghanistan, Sir J. Lawrence's viceroyalty was over. Lord Mayo suffered a little time to pass, and then, in answer to a fresh expression of the Ameer's wish for a meeting, named Umballa as the place, and the date of the annual Viceregal migration to Simla as the time for the interview. The occasion was one well fitted to mark a new stage in the development of British policy in its dealings with Afghanistan. Through the cities which Shere Ali traversed as an honoured guest, successive Afghan rulers, his predecessors, had swept with fire and sword at intervals extending through a period of eight hundred years. There were still living men in whose childhood India had been in terror of yet another invasion from the same quarter, an invasion commenced indeed, but happily averted in time. Through these same cities Shere Ali's father had been taken as a captive by the nation whose succour the son was now imploring, and through them he had been sent back as a friend to reoccupy the throne from which as an enemy he had been ousted. The meeting was attended with all the stately ceremonial, the value of which no one knew better than Lord Mayo; and when he and his royal guest parted, the foundations had been laid

for an understanding, based on no treaty that might hereafter interfere with freedom of action, but on such a personal interchange of explanations as forms a much surer basis for continued friendship. Shere Ali departed an assured and contented man; but what he had got was something very much less than what he had desired. He had wanted a treaty which should commit the British Government to be the friend of his friends and the enemy of his enemies. He had wanted a public assurance that the British Government would never acknowledge any friends in the whole of Afghanistan save the Ameer and his descendants; and he had wanted a promise of assistance, not at such times as the British Government should judge proper and convenient, but at such times as *his* welfare should require it. What he received was the following letter:—

'I regard this visit as a mark of the confidence reposed by your Highness in the Government of the Queen, which will ever be remembered. I earnestly trust that, on your Highness's return to your own country, you may be enabled speedily to establish your legitimate rule over your entire kingdom, to consolidate your power, to create a firm and a merciful administration in every province of Afghanistan, to promote the interests of commerce, and to secure peace and tranquillity within your borders.

'Although, as already intimated to you, the British Government does not desire to interfere in the internal affairs of Afghanistan, yet, considering that the bonds of friendship between that Government and your Highness have lately been more closely drawn than heretofore, it will view with severe displeasure any attempt on the part of your rivals to disturb your position as ruler of Cabul and rekindle civil war; and it will further endeavour from time to time, by such means as circumstances may require, to strengthen the Government of your Highness, to enable you to exercise with equity and with justice your rightful rule, and to transmit to your descendants all the dignities and honours of which you are the lawful possessor.

'It is my wish, therefore, that your Highness should communicate frequently and freely with the Government of India and its officers on all subjects of public interest; and I can assure your Highness that any representation which you may make will always be treated with consideration and respect.

'By these means, and by the exercise of mutual confidence, I entertain well-grounded hopes that the most friendly relations between the British Government and that of your Highness may ever be maintained, to the advantage of the subjects, both of Her Majesty the Queen and of your Highness.'

To this he replied by saying that as long as he lived, or as long as his Government existed, the foundation of friendship between his own and the powerful Government of Great Britain would not (please God) be weakened. He hoped that the

British Government would always be kind to him and keep him under its protection.

He was followed to Cabul by a remittance of the six lakhs of rupees, the remainder of the aggregate sum of twelve lakhs which the late viceroy had taken measures to send, and also by 6,500 more stand of small arms, four 18-pounder siege guns, two 8-inch howitzers, and a mountain battery of six 3-pounder guns, presented to him by the British Government, with a due proportion of ammunition, draught cattle, and nine elephants with their gear. It is believed in many quarters that since then Shere Ali has been regularly subsidised. The facts are, that in the spring of last year, in order to enable him, without wringing his people too much, to recover from the financial embarrassments into which he had been thrown by Yakoob's rebellion, he received 20,000*l.*; that in the end of 1869, and again in the spring of 1872, he received presents of small arms of inconsiderable amounts, and that besides these occasional gifts he has received *nothing.*

During the interchange of friendly letters which followed his return, the Ameer congratulated himself on having, he said, been able, as one of the results of the interview, to remove from his people the impression, consequent on the events of former times, that the British Government had an inclination to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan. He at once plunged into a career of reformation and innovation, which was prolonged over the next three years, and which has filled his well-wishers with alarm lest he should be going too fast. Many indeed of his changes soon ended in nothing, being quite unsuited to the times, and the tempers and habits of his people. But his attempts extended to everything, from establishing a council of advisers, a system of watch and ward, a postal service, a new revenue, and a new military system, down to directions—always under the penalty of imprisonment if they were disobeyed—that the shoemakers should make none but shoes of a European pattern; the tailors only coats instead of *chogas.** At intervals throughout these years, there were attempts to abolish the regular Oriental system of paying the courtiers and officials by assignments of land revenue for their support, and to introduce the plan of regular cash payments; but to work such a system requires obviously a more regularly organised administration than Afghanistan possesses, or is likely to possess for some time to come. The same remark applies to an attempt on the Ameer's part to do away with the system of

* The long dressing-gown which the Afghan wears.

farming out the revenues, and to obtain from the local governors an exact account of the collections and disbursements. Somewhat more success has attended his endeavours to remodel the arrangements for the military defence of the kingdom. Those arrangements were twofold. First, there was a varying number of regular regiments, entertained and paid by different members of the ruling family, and officered by dependents, and in many cases by slaves of their households. And secondly, there were their regulars, consisting of all the able-bodied men in the population. In the wilder parts they served under the heads of the several clans, whenever an emergency rendered it necessary to summon them from their homes. In the less wild parts they were at the beck and call of the local governor. For the rude militia thus provided, the Ameer, convinced of its inefficiency, has set himself, with as yet only partial success, to substitute regulars. He has attained more completely the other object of his policy—to place all the regular regiments under officers nominated by himself, rather than under men looking to his fickle relatives for their fortunes.

Early in 1870 he made an attempt at the most difficult of all his reforms—the reduction of expenditure. He found the annual income to have been, in the time of his father, about 710,000*l.*, after paying some 230,000*l.* in pensions, assignments, revenue free grants, dues to headmen of villages, and so forth. Of this income some 7,600*l.* were devoted to his own privy purse; 25,500*l.* went as allowances to his sons and those of his half-brothers who were still with him; 230,000*l.* were set apart for the support of the court in general, including the other members of the ruling Barukzai tribe. The army cost 430,000*l.*, and the very insufficient amount of about 17,000*l.* was left for the miscellaneous expenditure, military stores, carriage for the army, expenditure in state ceremonials, &c. On the whole then he found that, even if everything went well; if the income collected by Dost Mahommed, after many years of peace, was realised by his own officers; if there were no defalcations, embezzlements, wars, pestilences, or famines, there would be an annual deficit of some 62,000*l.* To meet this deficit and to raise money for fresh regiments he set his most trusted accountant to work to reduce the assignments of revenue, allowances to the ruling tribe, and religious endowments; and at the expense of a lot of irritation managed to effect a few paltry savings. But he was as far as ever from an equilibrium. His officials experienced the utmost difficulty in getting in the revenue, and had continually to employ troops

for the purpose. In 1869 the people were only beginning to recover from the ravages of war and the oppressions of the previous years. In 1870 there was a very scanty rainfall.* In the end of that year and the first half of 1871, occurred the rebellion of Yakoob, which, in the parts of the country affected, renewed the sufferings which the people had undergone before Shere Ali's restoration to power. There were frequent instances of peculation and misappropriation on a large scale; and, lastly, the unceasing factions of the Ameer's sons, nephews, cousins, and courtiers in general, rendered it necessary for each local governor to study rather the shifting aspects of party politics at Cabul, than the economical or profitable administration of his charge. On the whole, however, each year there has been a gradual improvement. Resistance to the collecting officers seems to have become less, and the Ameer's power greater of controlling peculation. He has succeeded in keeping his army pretty regularly paid. Lastly, the principal leaders of faction have been one by one removed from the scene. In October 1868, within six weeks of his restoration to power at Cabul, he found that three of his half-brothers—minor figures who had played their little part in the vicissitudes of the past five years—were conspiring against him. He accordingly deported them into the independent Wuzeeree country, whence they came on of their own accord into British territory. There a refuge had already been found by their and the Ameer's nephew Jelal-ood-deen, after many shifts from party to party, and aimless wanderings among the mountains, when his instability had wearied all parties. And he and they were, at a long interval, followed by the Ameer's own brother Shureef, who had shifted from side to side oftener and more unblushingly than even Jelal-ood-deen. Azim had found that the only way of keeping him quiet was to keep him in confinement. He was released by the break-up of Azim's army in January 1869, and for just three years more he was suffered, with many warnings, to continue his old practices of lending the influence of his money and his power of intrigue to every tribe, party, or person that seemed disposed to overturn the ruling power. But in the beginning of 1872, at the request of the Ameer, whose patience was at an end, the Indian Government consented to take charge of him, and assigned him a retreat in the sub-Himalayan valley of Dehra Dhoon, where

* Or rather snow-fall, for on the melting of the winter snows and the artificial irrigation therefrom the harvests of Afghanistan almost entirely depend.

his father had spent a portion of the period of his captivity. For all these Afghan princes the Indian Government provides a modest subsistence-allowance, and exercises a strict watch to prevent them from fomenting discontent in their native country.

To the list of these exiles one family has yet to be added; but their story must be told at greater length, as the adventures of their head were much mixed up with the most stirring events in Afghanistan during the Ameer's first year of recovered rule.

It will be remembered that while Shere Ali was coming up from the south in the summer of 1868, his nephew Ismail seized the occasion when Azim quitted Cabul to seize it and presently the citadel, in his name. He therefore looked on himself as one of the principal, if not the very principal, of those to whom the Ameer owed his restoration; and, though the act came after three years of devotion to the cause of the usurpers, he considered that no reward could be too great for him. Consequently he watched with jealous eyes the distribution of places of power and emolument among the members of the now triumphant party; and when governorship after governorship was given to others, while he received nothing, his new-found loyalty changed into sullen discontent; discontent ripened into disloyalty, and he was soon ready to take the most desperate means of avenging himself on his ungrateful uncle. He presently quarrelled with Uslum, whom, as the Ameer's most trusted counsellor, he regarded as the immediate cause of his disappointment. He next quarrelled with Yakoob, whose service to the Ameer had been infinitely greater, and whose discontent was ere long to assume a far more serious shape. He next showed his displeasure by the usual resort of an Afghan noble—absenting himself from court. The Ameer made several attempts to reconcile him, and by holding out some hopes of a lucrative governorship, led him to part with the command of his troops. Finding however that the gift of a governorship was put off, Ismail soon came to the conclusion that he was being humbugged, and announced his intention of rebelling. Things of this kind are often done in a very deliberate manner in Afghanistan, more especially if the opposing parties are near relatives, when the attitude of the two much more resembles that of belligerent potentates than that of ruler and rebel. One day in the middle of July 1869, Ismail retired to his garden-house, summoned a lot of the Ameer's courtiers about him, and told them pretty plainly what his intentions were. They remonstrated with him and reported matters to

the Ameer, who wrote to warn him of the consequences of the course he was pursuing. This had some effect, and Ismail set out on his return, but had hardly re-entered the city when he again changed his resolve, made up his mind to rebel, and—another common course with an Afghan malcontent—proclaimed a war for religion and the Prophet, destruction to the infidel and those (his uncle to wit) who leaned for support on the infidel! However, to his surprise, the people in that ward of the city refused to join him, and he was presently seized by a party of men sent by the Ameer, who a few days afterwards despatched him with his two younger brothers to the British frontier. Just before he reached a British station he effected his escape, and, while his two brothers were taken on to Lahore, managed by devious routes to get across the wilderness of mountains which separated him from Budukshan.

There, as an enemy of the ruling power in Afghanistan, he was welcomed by Jehandar Shah, who had in the preceding autumn at last induced Abd-ool-ruhman to permit his re-occupation of the old possession of his family; had expelled his cousin, who had hitherto been supported in possession by successive Afghan governors, and had up to the time of Ismail's arrival been left unmolested the Ameer's lieutenant in Afghan, Toorkistan having in truth other and very grave cases to distract his attention.

Immediately after the flight of Azim and Abd-ool-ruhman in the first days of 1869, the Ameer had despatched a confidential agent, named Mahommed Alum Khan, to effect in some way the recovery of that province. No troops could be sent with him across the Hindoo Koosh at that season, but he was to do what he could by diplomacy. This man was a Heratee of low birth, and had been a common trooper. He had managed however to make himself so very useful that now, though he was a Sheeah, and, as it has since turned out, a bigoted Sheeah, he was sent to win back the allegiance of a thoroughly Soonnee population; and though a man of no name or local influence, was singled out to recover, without arms or money, an alien province, the latest acquisition of the Afghan nation. His success must have astonished even the master who chose him. He found the troops of Azim's son Ishak (Isaac) still in occupation of the principal towns. One by one however, all but Taskkoorghan and Tukhtapool, were gradually recovered by the Oosbeg chiefs. In Koondooz, which was the first to shake off the yoke, Alum was well received; and early in the spring, making a dash from thence with what local force he could collect, seized a post which, lying on the only

practicable route from Bameean, barred the way against the troops who were then at last advancing to his succour. Heading them, he then, in the end of April 1869, marched against Ishak, who, after making ostentatious preparations for defence, fled by night as he approached, first to Shereabad across the Oxus, and then to Bokhara. On his flight the chief men of the capital, Tukhtapool, made arrangements for the security of the city and the protection of the government property, took effective measures against some attempts at marauding, sent congratulations to meet Alum in his advance, and, in fact, behaved just as a well-conditioned provincial government should.

Alum then sent the Oosbeg chiefs to pay their respects to the Ameer at Cabul, and himself continued his work of consolidating his hold over the province. From this occupation he was, in the middle of June, disturbed by the approach of the Ameer of Bokhara, bent on recovering possession of his own revolted provinces in the south-east of his dominions, and with it was not known what other possible designs in his head. The first revolted Bokharian possession to be attacked was Shereabad, the chief of which fled across the Oxus. The Ameer of Bokhara demanded his expulsion, but Alum replied that he required reciprocity, and that certain known enemies of his master were harboured in Bokhara. The Ameer of Bokhara then took his army down to the Oxus at Kirkee—an alarming move at the time, though, as it turned out, caused by nothing but the hostile movements of Ameer Mozuffur-ood-deen's own eldest and rebellious son Abdool Mullik Tora. That Prince had joined the party of fanatics who in the autumn of the preceding year had risen in arms against the Ameer, denouncing his betrayal of Islam in making peace with the infidel Russians. He had headed the revolt of the southern and south-eastern districts. Russian troops had however been sent to the Ameer's assistance; the Prince had been utterly defeated, and had fled across the Oxus into the practically independent wilds of Khorassam east of Meshed. In the summer of 1869 he quitted his retreat in expectation of support from the Toorkoman tribes; and it was to put a stop to this movement that the Ameer's march to Kirkee was directed. The Toorkoman tribes however refused assistance, and then the Prince threw himself on the protection of Alum. This being reported to Shere Ali, he desired Alum to receive the Prince hospitably, and send him on to Cabul with due honour. His arrival there was a cause of much gratification to the Ameer. But lately himself a suppliant for assistance, it

flattered his vanity to find the son of the Head of Islam in those parts now coming to him for aid. Some one too suggested that now there was an opportunity of avenging the wrongs which both he and his father Dost Mahommed had suffered at the hands of Bokhara. Were it not well to take advantage of the coming of the Bokharian Prince, espouse his cause, and, under that cover, seize on Kirkee and Charjooee, thus commanding the passages of the Oxus? Would not such an advance immensely please his benefactor the Viceroy of India, who of course was on the look-out for some strong place whereat resistance might be offered to the advance of the 'Roos'? But when Lord Mayo heard of the proposal, he, in strong and impressive words, repeated a caution which he had already given—that the Ameer would do wisely to abstain from taking part in the affairs of the tribes and nations lying beyond his own border. The Government of India, he was told, could not favour an attack on a State allied with a European Power which was on terms of close friendship with England. Such an attack might be productive of danger to the Ameer, and might weaken the ties between himself and the British Government. This was the last occasion on which such a caution had to be given. Shere Ali has since then shown himself foremost in avoiding interference with the affairs of his neighbours, and, in spite of much temptation and indeed provocation, maintaining, in the direction both of Bokhara on the north and Seistan in the south-west, an attitude of mere self-defence. A message had just come to Alum from the chief of Shuhur-i-Subz in the mountains east of Bokhara praying for assistance. The Ameer told Alum to send him back sharp, and not in future to receive such a one from beyond the border without special permission. And Prince Abdool Mullik was plainly told that he would receive neither countenance nor support in his designs against his father: that he might stay on at Cabul if he chose to remain quiet: or, if he preferred, would be escorted as far as the Oxus, but in that case, would not be allowed to re-enter Afghanistan. He chose this alternative, and by the first week of November had betaken himself to Koolab,* which was still in revolt against his father. He had not, so native accounts say, much of the cut of a leader of insurgents, being rather a small youth, with a weak constitution and a depressed air.

* When Koolab was recovered by his father, he went up into the hills to the north, and eventually found his way to Kashgar, where the Atalik Ghazee gives him a subsistence-allowance.

Meantime, on being relieved of any apprehension of immediate mischief on the part of his son, the Ameer of Bokhara had quitted the bank of the Oxus and betaken himself afresh to the task of recovering his revolted districts. He left however a thorn in Alum's side, having given Ishak the disposal of 600 Toorkomans on the south bank of the river. With them Ishak advanced against the Afghan Governor of Akcha, who was imprudent enough to leave the town and meet him in the open field, trusting in the fidelity of his Oosbeg soldiers. They nearly all however went over in a body to Ishak in the engagement which followed. Akcha was at once invested, and the Oosbeg garrison compelled the Afghan Governor to surrender. Ishak then went on towards Tukhtapool, and the whole province would have been in serious danger, had not Alum, just the day before, been reinforced by a body of troops from Cabul. With their help he completely dispersed Ishak's force, and forced him to fly back to Akcha; to abandon it; and to re-cross the Oxus. There he managed to collect another body of Toorkomans, but his neighbourhood was no longer a cause of uneasiness to Alum.

Our narrative has thus been brought down to the time when Ismail arrived to give a new cause of anxiety in another quarter. Alum was now, however, free from anxieties in the western part of the province; was at the head of troops whom he could trust, and in possession of instructions from Cabul as to the disposal of Budukshan. The Meer of Koondooz, as one of the conditions on which his own district was to continue in his possession, was to get Jehandar Shah turned out and the cousin whom *he* had expelled invited back from the other side of the Oxus. This was done without difficulty. The nobles of Budukshan, at the request of the Meer of Koondooz, seized Jehandar Shah, threw him into prison, but presently let him go to Koolab, and placed his cousin at the head of the principality. Jehandar Shah's flight involved that of Ismail, who accompanied him to Koolab. That place was however soon rendered insecure by the approach of the Bokharian army, reducing the several revolted towns in its advance; and Ismail resolved to seek for pardon from his uncle at Cabul. He sent a message to that effect, and, following it hard himself, arrived in Cabul on December 11th. He presented himself before the Ameer, who kissed his beard in Afghan fashion, but was not friendly in his demeanour; and a week afterwards sent him off into British territory. He was permitted to join his young brothers at Lahore, where he is believed to have since found some interest and occupation in furnishing the

local paper with veracious news* from Afghanistan and Central Asia—all exceedingly unfavourable to the prospect of a secure and continued rule on the part of his ungrateful uncle.

After Ismail had left Koolab, the revolted governor waited just a little while longer, till the Bokharian army was close at hand, and then fled into Afghan-Toorkistan. The Bokharian general insisted on his extradition, and threatened an attack on Afghan territory in case of refusal. Message followed message to a similar effect, couched in increasingly menacing terms. They were all passed on to the Ameer at Cabul, by whom Alum was told to regulate his treatment of the refugee by that which the Afghan refugees received at the hands of the Ameer of Bokhara. If *they* were harboured and given an allowance, *he* was to be sent on to Cabul, with, however, a warning that he would not be allowed to leave it again. Those Afghan refugees now included the most formidable of all—Abd-ool-ruhman himself. Having passed from Khorassan through Khiva, he was now in the camp of the Ameer of Bokhara, who for a time appeared disposed to favour his pretensions. Nor was this all. To Jehandar Shah Ameer Mozuffur-ood-deen gave a grant of Budukshan, as if it were his to grant, and in the middle of December Jehandar Shah himself crossed the northern branch of the Oxus with a body of armed men and entered his coveted principality.

To the letters which, following each other hard, brought to Cabul news of these unfriendly acts,† Shere Ali replied by repeated admonitions that Alum was to observe an attitude of strict self-defence; was emphatically to assert that Jehandar Shah would not be allowed into Budukshan, which was an Afghan possession; and, if he entered it, was to be expelled; but that on no account was Alum to advance beyond the border, or do more than call the attention of the Ameer of Bokhara again and again to the wanton unfriendliness of encouraging men who lived only to disturb the peace of Afghanistan. And he spoke to the British Agent at Cabul at some length about the expediency of addressing the Government of Russia, with a view of getting that Government to prevent its

* Thus at short intervals there appears in that paper intelligence that Abd-ool-ruhman has left his retreat with the Russians, and is coming down on Cabul. The intelligence is copied into other Indian papers, and has more than once formed the subject of a telegraphic message to those in England.

† There seems reason for thinking that some violent words used by Alum against the heretic Soonnees of Bokhara, the persecutors of the Sheeahs, may have had the effect of irritating the Ameer.

tributary, Bokhara, from aggression on Afghan territory. By this time, fortunately, the chance of a collision, which for six weeks had seemed great, had disappeared. The Ameer of Bokhara acting, it is believed, on Russian counsel, had recalled Jehandar Shah * from Budukshan, and had shown a very cold shoulder to Abd-ool-ruhman and Ishak, so that they presently abandoned his camp, and went off to the Russian Governor of Sumurkund. And, lastly, a Bokharian envoy was now sent to Cabul to clear up all possible misunderstandings. Ever since then, in fact, there has been a constant interchange of missions, mostly of a merely complimentary character, and the chance of a question arising to provoke an estrangement between the two states seems small. As for the Afghan refugees, while Ishak remained at Sumurkund, Abd-ool-ruhman went on to Tashkund, and there tried to persuade the Russian Governor-General, M. Von Kauffmann, that it was for the interest of Russia that he should be assisted to conquer the throne of Cabul, and thereby remove the impediment which English influence would offer to the prosecution of Russian designs in Central Asia.† He was told in reply that hospitality had been afforded to him in consideration of his destitute circumstances, and not as an enemy of England, or as a pretender to the throne of Cabul; that the relations of Russia with England were of the most friendly and harmonious character, and that she wished every possible prosperity to Shere Ali, who

* His subsequent history was as follows:—While in Bokhara he gave his daughter in marriage to Abd-ool-ruhman. After staying there for a while, he passed over into Yarkund to see if the Atalik Ghazee would help him. He got no comfort in that quarter, and in the spring of 1871 appeared in the desolate region of Shignan, bordering on the Budukshanee province Wakhan. There he was suffered to remain till the autumn, when, by Alum's instructions, the Meers of Koondooz and Budukshan effected his expulsion, the Meer of Shignan having made his submission on their approach, and being carried off to Tukhtapool, while an officer of the Meer of Koondooz, with an Afghan agent, were appointed to manage Shignan.

Jehandar Shah next shifted his point of attack from the north-east to the south-east, taking up his abode in Chitral. In an attempt made from this quarter he gained some success a few months ago, but has not managed to establish a footing north of the Hindoo Koosh.

† According to the most recent accounts, Abd-ool-ruhman, hopeless of a successful prosecution of his designs on the throne of Cabul, has resigned himself wholly to idleness and luxury. He is now described as a heavy and dull man, who has lost all the spirit and energy of his youth. His family has been from the first, and is still, allowed to remain at Candahar.

had never given any cause for dissatisfaction. And, in fact, between General Von Kauffmann and Ameer Shere Ali there has for the last three years been a frequent interchange of friendly letters, in which the assurances of mutual non-interference have been abundant.

Nevertheless, only a very little interval has passed since the time when the Ameer was firmly persuaded that the independence of Afghanistan, like that of all its neighbours, was seriously menaced by the unceasing advance of Russia. So rooted was this belief that the arrival of the first of the series of friendly letters from General Von Kauffmann threw him into a state of uncontrollable alarm, the more so that he could understand neither the Russian nor the English, and hardly even the Toorkee-Persian in which it was written. 'What 'cause of quarrel can the "Roos" now be seeking with me?' was his exclamation; and the second of the series caused him to say something very like 'Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes.' His view of the inevitable Russian advance was that of all the politicians in all the bazaars of Central Asia; and, receiving fresh colouring matter as the distance increased, was nowhere so strong or general as amidst the native public of India. Were that feeling at any time to become extreme there could be but one result. Amidst an excitable nation, containing entire classes of men, who sigh over the present orderly days, and would welcome a return to those in which force was the only law, the prevalence of a sense that a Power was approaching, from which all the suppressed barbarism of the country would receive sympathy and support, would render it necessary to counteract this evil influence by a large increase to the strength of England's hold over India, which would mean increased expenditure and increased taxation. In fine, so long as the apprehension of a Russian advance continues in the native Indian mind—and with each fresh step it will continue and even increase—so long as Russians are animated by lust of fresh territory rather than by a desire to improve the condition of what they have got, so long will the minds of Indian statesmen never be free from the apprehension that a time may come, not when they will have to increase their precautions against invasion from without—of that they have no fear, but when the repression of the disorderly elements in the Indian community will not be so easy and inexpensive an affair as it now is. That any real danger to the continuance of British rule would be caused by the fresh impulse to the latent barbarism of the country, which the near approach of Russia (while animated by its present longings) would give, is

again not an idea that ever for a moment disturbs the peace of a British statesman. The elements of disorder to which additional strength would be given are well known. It is the strength of the classes who owe wealth, liberty, and security, all in fact that is dear to them, to the continuance of British rule. But it might be needful to make a fresh and serious call on the resources of these classes, and the blow to the contentment and growing prosperity of the country would be considerable.

Something, however, can be done to allay the sense of uneasiness in the public mind. In the tendency on the one side to get into a panic, in the delighted anticipation of days of misrule in the other, there exists the real immediate evil* which has to be encountered. For so long as the quiet and orderly classes in the empire are subject to the fear that a Power is advancing on the north, at whose nearer approach the existing sense of security would disappear, so long will there be, to that extent, a weakness and want of completeness in their support of the Government on which alone the continuance of order depends. So long too will there be *pro tanto* a retardation of the process by which the disorderly elements in the country are becoming gradually absorbed. And the principal cause at once of the sense of coming change and of the difficulty of allaying it, has been the uncertainty attaching to the movements and designs of the approaching Power. There was, indeed, something awe-inspiring in the spectacle of that veiled Colossus striding slowly over the forms of prostrate monarchies, interrogated by no one, but occasionally condescending to propound to the world a statement of its programme, from which 'unforeseen circumstances' presently caused it to depart. The first necessity was to get the veil withdrawn; to question the advancing Power; to bring its movements, in fact, within the range of civilised diplomacy.

This then was the course recommended, after the most mature deliberation, by Sir J. Lawrence in the very first days of 1869, a week before he handed over the reins to his successor. His suggestion was followed by a series of discussions between

* And of course the evil which, at its worst, attains to comparatively slight dimensions in India, assumes a very palpable and formidable shape among the semi-savages of Central Asia. The never absent impatience of control, the belief that there is nothing which will last, the lust of rapine—all are fed by the approach of conquerors at whose approach everything changes. In those regions, too, the class interested in tranquillity is so feeble that it may be said not to count at all.

the Governments of England and Russia, which terminated in the understanding lately proclaimed. At a very early period in the course of these discussions, it was found necessary to remove an impression on the part of the Russian Government, that Shere Ali was encouraged by Lord Mayo in schemes of aggression on his neighbours. When this impression was removed, and it was shown that on the contrary Lord Mayo's influence had been exerted to withhold Shere Ali from the path of aggression which he had been tempted to take, Russian influence was in its turn exerted to withdraw the Ameer of Bokhara from the policy of aggression and interference on which he had actually entered.

Indeed from a very early stage in the discussions the Russian Government had disclaimed any aggressive intentions. Its mission was not one of war but of civilisation. His Imperial Majesty was of the opinion that 'extension of territory was 'extension of weakness.' Russia had been drawn on by circumstances beyond what her rulers had contemplated; and indeed it was admitted that in those 'circumstances' the aims of ambitious generals, who had on that account been successively recalled, had played no small part. 'Afghanistan was of course 'entirely beyond the sphere of Russian influence;' and though there was a question what Afghanistan included, it was one which turned on an issue of fact, and could therefore be settled without difficulty. These were assurances of a very general character, but they were put into a more formal shape in the course of the autumn of 1869. Mr. Forsyth, Commissioner of one of the frontier districts in the Punjab, who had done much to develope the scanty trade between India and Toorkistan, had been deputed by Lord Mayo to lend the assistance of his large local knowledge to the Foreign Office. By Lord Clarendon he had been vested with a demi-official character, and in communication with the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, went over with the Czar's Ministers all the possible points of dispute. It was then agreed that all the territory in the actual possession* of Shere Ali should be viewed as Afghanistan. 'Beyond that limit he should not attempt to 'exercise any influence or interference, and the good offices of 'England should be exerted to restrain him from all thought 'of aggression. Similarly Russia should exercise all her influence to restrain Bokhara from transgressing the limits of 'Afghan territory.'

* 'Possession effective' is the word which occurs in the late discussions, as that which was used by the Russian Ministers at the time.

Budukshan was regarded by the Russian Ministers as independent; but it happened that an envoy from Bokhara was at that time in St. Petersburg, and he plainly stated that the province belonged to Cabul. It was finally settled that reports should be called for, from the Governor-General of India and the Governor-General of Russian-Toorkistan respectively, as to the limits of Shere Ali's actual territorial possession.

Towards the middle of 1870, the Government of India complied with this call, and stated the northern limits of Shere Ali's actual possessions, in accordance with the evidence in their hands. Those limits it is not here necessary to state. They were in substance the boundaries eventually accepted* by the Czar's Government. But their acceptance was long delayed. At first, in July 1870, the only doubt thrown out by the Russian Ministers related to the quite insignificant matter, whether a little place called Khojah Salih on the Oxus was just within or just without the Afghan possessions; but in the end of 1871, they asserted both Maimuna and Budukshan (with its dependency Wakhan) to be quite independent principalities, whose neutrality should therefore be respected. The Government of India then set forth the quite overwhelming evidence which was in their hands, proving those districts to be actual and effective possessions of Shere Ali; and the conclusions drawn from that evidence were at the close of 1872 communicated to the Government of Russia, with the remark that Shere Ali's right to repel invasion of his territories—and they included the provinces in question—had been acknowledged; and that he had been told so. This of course practically settled the matter, and Russia, after one more attempt to exclude Budukshan and Wakhan from the acknowledged possessions of Shere Ali, has given up the point, and withdrawn the one objection which interfered with the completeness of the understanding attained at the time of Mr. Forsyth's visit to St. Petersburg.

It has been supposed in some quarters that this understanding leaves Russia free to annex up to the Oxus, and thereby to perpetuate the sense of insecurity which all her movements have hitherto excited among her neighbours. But this is not the case. Shortly after Mr. Forsyth's visit to St. Petersburg the Czar's Government accepted a definition of a non-aggressive policy in Central Asia, couched in words the importance of which cannot be exaggerated. When reviewing the events

* Their precise geographical description is based on a sketch by Sir H. Rawlinson.

of the period that had succeeded the Umballa Durbar, Lord Mayo had, with just pride, claimed for his Government that, by frank and friendly communication, it had established in Afghanistan an influence till then unknown. That influence had been, and would still be, exercised in the cause of tranquillity in Central Asia. On the side of India, then, all that could be done had been done. It rested with the Czar's Government to complete the attainment of the desired object, by adopting in like manner the policy of establishing on his borders a series of states, influenced indeed in the interests of peace, but not tributary, and of securing their national independence. That, said the Russian Ministry, when they heard the policy described, coincides exactly with our programme. Nor has the definition so given remained an idle word. An occasion for testing its value is now occurring in the case of Khiva, and, so far, the pledges of the Russian Government are in exact conformity with their assurances in 1869–70.

Again an apprehension has been entertained as to the possible consequences of leaving without reply one passage in Prince Gortchakoff's final despatch:—

'We do not,' he said, 'refuse to accept the line of boundary laid down by England. We are the more inclined to this act of courtesy as the English Government engages to use all her influence with Shere Ali in order to induce him to maintain a peaceful attitude, as well as to insist on his giving up all measures of aggression or further conquest.'

But there is no cause of alarm. The engagement is not new, but has been in existence since 1869. It is not one-sided, but is completed by a similar engagement on the part of the Russians. And whether it existed or not, if anything at all is to be done in the interest of tranquillity in Central Asia, it is indispensable that England shall show herself prepared to act in the manner therein contemplated. It is indeed of the essence of the policy accepted by the English and Russian Governments, in the words used by Lord Mayo, that England on one side, and Russia on the other, should exercise their influence in the interest of peace over Afghanistan and Bokkara. If influence is to be used for *any* end, it must be for *this* end; and if influence fails to attain this end, it had better cease altogether. It did, in fact, attain its end when at Lord Mayo's advice Ameer Shere Ali abandoned his meditated aggression on Bokhara. It did attain its end when at General Kauffmann's advice Ameer Mozuffur-ood-deen abandoned his incipient acts of aggression on Afghan-Toorkistan.

In fact to the good understanding between England and Russia, the final ratification of which has of late given rise

to so much comment, is due the entire cessation of foreign alarms which the province of Afghan-Toorkistan has enjoyed since 1869. Its history since then has been one of complete peace, comprising little beyond the record of the bickerings of the Afghan officers in the administration.

Towards the close of 1869, the Governorship of Herat was assigned to Shere Ali's eldest surviving son, the lethargic Ibrahim, Alum remaining there as his deputy. But when Ibrahim began to exercise the power of a governor, he was sharply pulled up by his father, who, in fulfilment of his policy—that of giving real power, not to his sons or relations, but to dependents who owed all to himself—told him plainly that he was a lay figure in the administration, and that while Alum was to be supreme in civil matters, and the General, Daood Shah, supreme in military matters, he was to content himself with the dignified position of Shah-zada, that is prince fainéant. Ibrahim submitted to this decision, and, though with frequent bursts of impatience, continued in the province till the beginning of 1870, when, finding his position intolerable, he returned to Cabul, with his father's permission. When Yakoob went into rebellion, Ibrahim's adherents urged him to follow his brother's example, but he rebuked them for their disloyal proposal. He has lately been appointed governor of the city of Cabul, but plays a very unimportant part in the politics of the country.

Meanwhile, and ever since, Alum seems to have used the great power trusted to him in a manner which has roused general hatred. He has collected great treasures which, apprehensive of a downfall, he has packed off to Meshed. He has alienated the troops by keeping them long without pay, and has had to face one serious mutiny, which nearly destroyed his power. Successive attempts have been made by the Oosbeg nobles, by the military commanders of the province, and by the Ameer's own counsellors to put the character of this man's administration in its true light; but as he is adroit enough to retain the support of the party of the Ameer's favourite son, his Benjamin Abdoolla,* all these attempts to injure him have failed. There has been no attempt on the part of the vassal Oosbeg chiefs to shake off his yoke. In the spring of 1870, the Meer of Maimuna, who had been so loyal to Shere Ali during his troubles, appeared to be meditating an assertion of

* Abdoolla has quite lately been betrothed by the Ameer to Alum's little daughter, who is being trained up in the Ameer's harem for the high position which he hopes awaits her.

independence, but in September 1871 he sent an agent to the Ameer to profess fealty. As for Budukshan, regarding the *de facto* independence of which the Russian authorities expressed such strong opinions in the recent correspondence, in the spring of 1870 an arrangement was made that the newly appointed Meer (Mahmood Shah) should pay an annual tribute of 50,000 Rs.—an arrangement which was sanctioned by Shere Ali for that year, subject to reconsideration at its close. Since 1859, indeed, the successive meers had always paid an almost nominal tribute in one form or another.

We now come to the narration of an event which for a time occupied the whole attention of the people in Afghanistan—the rebellion of Yakoob. To him more than to anyone else Shere Ali owed the restoration of his kingdom, but the sense of this obligation was not pleasant to the Ameer, who had already, while at Herat, found that his son's hold over the officials and people quite overshadowed his own. He could not altogether slight his son's claims, and on the recovery of the capital in September 1868, made over to him the chief direction of affairs, with the exception of certain specified matters. At first, too, Yakoob found himself supported by the Ameer's half-brother and most favourite counsellor Uslum. This man was a son of Dost Mahommed by a woman of low birth, and, indeed, was illegitimate according to strict Soonnee law. Even among the members of that fickle family he had been distinguished for the frequency with which he had changed sides, and, in one of his many changes, had even brought on himself expulsion from Cabul, on a charge of conspiracy to assassinate Shere Ali. Nevertheless, he was the only brother whose desertion Shere Ali completely forgave—so completely, indeed, as to place an unreserved confidence in his counsel and to regard him with an affection which never ceased to increase. He was a man of great adroitness, able to win the entire confidence of his master, while concealing designs most injurious to his master's family; given to a profuse magnificence which accorded well with the Ameer's own tastes; credited with constitutional reluctance to expose his person or fortunes to risk, not therefore likely to venture on any desperate stroke, but quite unscrupulous as to the character of less hazardous means of gaining his ends. Opposed to him and to Yakoob was the Candahar party, near relations by the mother's side of Shere Ali's youngest and favourite son Abdoolla, whom it was soon no secret he wished to name as his successor. This Yakoob endeavoured to avert by, at a very early period, preferring an open request to be

declared heir-apparent himself. His father temporised, saying it was not the time to arrange for the succession while as yet an usurper was in the field. It was Abdoolla and not Yakoob whom Shere Ali took down with him to Umballa; and though for the time Yakoob was left as lieutenant of the kingdom, soon after the Ameer's return all power and influence began to depart from him. He had already seen his own principality, Herat, made over to his elder brother Ibrahim, and though this was only for a time, and Ibrahim presently showed his incapacity to manage so difficult a province, yet, when he was replaced, it was not by Yakoob, but by the Ameer's loyal nephew Futteh Mahommed. Another governorship which he made many endeavours to obtain—that of Candahar—was given to Shere Ali Candaharee, who was to act as a warming-pan for young Abdoolla. No long time elapsed before Uslum deserted his side entirely, being won over to Abdoolla's party by finding that they were successful in getting for him what Yakoob had asked, but in vain—an enhancement of his allowance. And presently Shere Ali began to find fault with Yakoob's conduct of the affairs committed to his charge, and one by one took away his powers. The irritation thereupon manifested by Yakoob produced a further estrangement. In the middle of August, 1870, there was an apparent reconciliation. Yakoob waited on the Ameer in the harem, fell at his feet, and implored forgiveness. This Shere Ali granted, saying, not very graciously, he was glad to find his son conscious of his misdoings. Some trivial appointment was then assigned to Yakoob, but within a fortnight the Ameer undid the effect of this little indulgence by giving away the whole of the property which had descended to him from his mother to Abdoolla alone of his children.

Three days afterwards Yakoob broke forth into open rebellion. On the morning of September 2 he went out of the Bala Hissar with the cavalry regiment which was his bodyguard, on pretence of feasting them at a country-seat. Thence he wrote the following letter to the Ameer:—

'My story is as follows:—My life being oppressed, I took flight. For the sake of God and the Prophet reflect, and do not persecute me. As I am desperate, if you come you will receive no profit from me. The whole of Cabul had sided with me. Had I chosen to do so I could have taken you also, but shame prevented me from doing this. For God's sake do not attempt to come in pursuit of me, or, by the aid of God, I will make piles of dead bodies.'

He then collected his adherents, and taking his younger brother, Ayoob Khan (about thirteen years old), and some 600

horsemen, went off to Candahar in the hope of gaining over that place and Herat. He was refused admittance into Ghuznee and Kelat-i-Ghilzai as he passed down, the governors having received warning from Cabul; but many men went over to him from the garrison of the latter place. To supply his necessities he plundered the passengers he met, levied contributions from the peasantry, and, being joined by some of the militia from about Candahar, where the people—the true Dooranees—are always glad to have a hit against the powers in Cabul, sat himself down in front of the city, and endeavoured partly to win over and partly to starve out the garrison. The Governor, Shere Ali Candaharee, had an overwhelming superiority of troops, but made no attempt to crush Yakoob; perhaps because he distrusted their fidelity, but more probably because he thought it improbable that his nephew Abdoolla could ever fight his way to the succession, even though declared heir-apparent by the Ameer, and because he saw that Yakoob's ruin would clear away the last obstacle to Uslum's ambitious designs. Even now, to the Ameer's surprise and wrath, he sent a recommendation that the governorship of Candahar should be made over to Yakoob—an application which was angrily rejected, Shere Ali Candaharee being told that to make over the governorship to one who had manifested so evil a disposition would open the door to all manner of mischief. He and the military governor of Candahar were resolutely to protect their charge. This injunction was superfluous, for, though both of them in favour of conciliatory measures, they had steadily resisted every endeavour on Yakoob's part to get possession of the city, had defeated an attempt to obtain an entrance by stratagem, and had even carried off provisions from his camp. One of his foraging parties was also about this time worsted by a detachment from Kelat-i-Ghilzai; and, observing his reverses, the tribesmen ceased to flock to his standard; desertions from the Candahar garrison, which had been numerous at first, ceased, and discouragement came over his friends in all parts of the country.

At the time of his son's flight Shere Ali had been without his most trusted counsellor, Uslum, and his ablest commander, Feramoz. The former was away in Khost, appeasing the leaders of the little *émeute* there; and the latter was still in Toorkistan, where he had been deputed to assist Alum in consolidating the arrangements with the Oosbeg chiefs. Both were at once recalled; but it was not till the end of September that they were able to collect a force and set off for Candahar. When they were quite close, Yakoob fled to the west, was

beaten off in an attack on Girishk, and then retired down the banks of the Helmund in the direction of Seistan.

While Uslum and Feramoz were following him an attempt was made at negotiation. On receiving news of the rebellion Lord Mayo had written to Shere Ali counselling him to spare no pains to be reconciled to his son, whom he should attach to his person as a friend and a supporter, instead of allowing his dissatisfaction to excite disturbances in Afghanistan. He replied by thanks for the counsel, but by a strongly-worded statement of his son's misconduct; and was then again, by a second letter, urged to terminate, if it were possible, the unfortunate civil war then going on, by the adoption of measures characterised not only by firmness, but by moderation and a spirit of conciliation. The former rather than the latter was the characteristic of the letter which he had already, on the receipt of Lord Mayo's first counsel, addressed to his son. The delivery of that letter was committed to Uslum, who, there seems reason to think, distorted Yakoob's reply. Anyhow, nothing came of the negotiation, and Uslum and Feramoz drew closer in pursuit. With the few followers now left Yakoob flitted about for a time in that mixture of swamp, sandy desert, and rich cultivation which constitutes Seistan, hovering always on the border of that portion which had come under the dominion of the Persians, and ready to take refuge therein if there were no escape. A fresh opening for a friendly accommodation now turned up. The father of young Abdoolla's mother, Meer Afzul Khan, Governor of Furrah, himself offered to mediate, and forwarded to the Ameer a letter from Yakoob praying for forgiveness. This was granted, and he and Meer Afzul were invited to Cabul. But then Uslum discovered—so he said—that Meer Afzul had been deluded into granting altogether inadmissible terms—the Cabul troops to withdraw to Candahar, while Yakoob's men were to occupy Girishk and the country behind it. Uslum refused to permit this, and asserted that Yakoob should either entirely disband his troops or leave them where they were, and go up to Cabul alone. Yakoob refused, and then Uslum made an attempt to surprise him where he was resting in hopes of a peaceful close to his rebellion. He heard of the attempt in time, and fled into Persian territory, but had to abandon the remainder of his force. Men, however, quickly joined him, and he was next heard of as accompanied by a force which was fed by the Persian governor. The Shah's Government assured the British Minister at Teheran that he would not be allowed to pass up through Persian territory to attack Herat,

and would, if he entered that territory, be sent off to Meshed; but promises made at Teheran, even if there be ever so strong a desire to fulfil them, are apt to come to nothing, if they do not accord with that which the local governor thinks expedient. And the Governor of Persian Seistan is a very masterful man, who has laid his Government under deep obligations by adding* very considerably to their possessions in those parts. Yakoob did pass up through Persian territory, and, being unguarded, quitted suddenly the direct route to Meshed, and on March 26 presented himself before Ghorian (the frontier post of the Herat province), the garrison of which went over to him at once. He then went on to Herat itself, which he invested, being joined by the hill tribes of the country to the east. Futteh Mahommed, however, wrote in a confident spirit to Cabul; and Uslum and Feramoz, who had been withdrawn, under a false sense of security—the former to Cabul, and the latter to Candahar—were despatched with all speed to his relief.

For a time Yakoob's adherents in Cabul were again depressed into a belief that he would fail after all; but at early dawn on May 6, 1871, he took advantage of a time of carelessness on the part of the garrison of Herat and effected an entrance by escalade. Some street-fighting followed, in which Futteh Mahommed was killed, and then the Heratees turned on the Cabulee garrison and massacred them.

Even now, however, Yakoob's success was not secure, for Uslum and Feramoz were approaching with an army very much superior to any that *he* could command; and the Ameer himself determined, with the force left at Cabul, to march to Herat by the short but difficult route across the mountains. But at this time a last attempt at mediation was made by one Abdoolla Nasiree, the man to whom (Futteh Mahommed, loyal as he was, being much too near a relation to be trusted entirely) Shere Ali had committed the real control of the administration. At his advice Yakoob wrote to Feramoz, adjuring him to avoid a collision; not that Yakoob entertained any fear of the result, but that in any case it would be a grievous disaster to Afghanistan. Such a disaster would be prevented, if Feramoz would consent to wait where he was, till Yakoob should have thrown himself at his father's feet and procured a reconciliation. Now Feramoz, like many

* In this article no attempt has been made to narrate all that passed on the Seistan border during the years under review. There is a long story to tell of Persian encroachments in that quarter.

other influential men in Afghanistan, had no wish for Yakoob's ruin; and his associate, Uslum, was only too delighted at the prospect of avoiding hard blows, and at the opening for a renewal of negotiations, in aptitude for which he feared no rival. His letter to his brother Hoossein, then Governor of Cabul, gives a good insight into the character of the man and the situation of affairs. If Yakoob could be got to leave Heerat for Cabul all was well. He could never, if unforgiven, return with a chance of being received again by the Heratees; and if the Ameer wished it, Uslum could undertake (disregarding the armistice, of course) to gain possession at any moment while Yakoob was away. Or, indeed, if Yakoob was to stay on, all might be well, provided he were let alone for a time. His temper would soon disgust the Heratees; and next year, the Ameer, having consolidated his rule in the other provinces, would be received at Herat as a deliverer, as surely as, if he went there at that time, he would be beaten and betrayed. If the army then advanced on Herat it would go over to the enemy. Had the Ameer another army which he could send to replace it? If he left Cabul at this moment rebellions would start up on all sides. Hoossein was to watch carefully what was said by the emissary whom Yakoob was now sending to Cabul, and to find out whether he or any enemy told of the matters in which Yakoob and Uslum had once been colleagues. Whatever he had to say for himself and his brother, he was not to say it in public—their enemies would be sure to distort what he so said—but in private, in the harem, where it was sure to be brought to the Ameer's ears through the best-disposed channel. And, above all things, he was to procure Uslum's recall from the army, where his position was hateful to him. Animated by views such as these, Uslum readily concurred with the wish of Feramoz to grant an armistice. Yakoob had already sent off Abdoolla Nasiree to the Ameer with professions of penitence, and with a band of holy men as intercessors. He arrived in Cabul on June 1; but the Ameer became so angry on hearing his account of the fall of Herat, which seemed to prove collusion with Yakoob on the part of many officers of the garrison, that he told him angrily to go back with his company of Syuds and Moollahs; that it was now too late for an arrangement, as ere that time Uslum and Feramoz must have settled matters one way or another. By this time, however, Yakoob had procured the desired armistice, and before Abdoolla Nasiree could get back from his bootless mission had written to the Ameer, announcing that he had

determined to seek forgiveness in person, and was fast following* his letter.

The day after he heard this, Shere Ali received the following letter from Lord Mayo, written as soon as he learned of Yakoob's penitent message:—

'My honoured and valued friend,—I have received through the Commissioner of Peshawur information that Sirdar Mahommed Yakoob Khan has again written, on the 9th May, entreating your Highness's forgiveness.

'My friend,—You are aware from my former letters of 24th Sept. and 16th Nov. last, how strong is the desire of my heart that you should be reconciled to your son, and that those unhappy differences, which distract your kingdom and cause anxiety to your friends, should terminate.

'I am not fully aware of the causes of these differences between yourself and Sirdar Mahommed Yakoob Khan. I offer no defence of his late conduct, but, remembering his services to the State in past times, the courage and fidelity that he then displayed, his near relationship to your Highness; and further, knowing what grief these troubles must occasion to yourself, what loss to your revenue has occurred, and above all what distress and suffering have fallen upon your subjects, it is my duty as your true friend to urge you to a reconciliation.

'If fortune has for the moment turned somewhat against you, and friends in whom you trusted have wavered or have deserted you, accepting the will of Providence, you should make such concessions as your honour will allow; and, acting with prudence according to the circumstances of the time, endeavour speedily to secure safety for your rule and peace for Afghanistan.

'Further, my friend, the British Government have endeavoured, by many means and in various ways, to procure for you and your rule such securities as the nature of the case admitted.

'These friendly efforts, which have never been relaxed, will possibly be frustrated by the unhappy state of internal strife which has arisen.

'The enemies of your State are many. They already evince a disposition to take advantage of the present state of things to work evil against you. Our desire to support you is as strong as ever, but our power to do so is weakened by your quarrel with your son.

'It is therefore with no other object but the warmest desire for your welfare, and as a token of true friendship, that I make this request. Accept, then, this my advice, disregard the recommendations of interested counsellors, be reconciled to your son, and thus restore peace to your country.'

This letter turned the scale. On reading it the Ameer said, 'No person on the surface of the earth desires to be at enmity

* Before doing so, however, he took the precaution of putting to death four men who might have plotted against him in Herat during his absence.

'with his son, but all people rather consider their children the 'chief treasures of their life.' He wrote, therefore, a reassuring letter to his son, saying that, if he had truly repented, he might wait on him without anxiety. This was on June 17. A week later, some men who had been engaged in removing the chief obstacles in the mountain route, by which the Ameer was to have proceeded to Herat, carried into Cabul the astounding news, brought by Yakoob's advanced troopers, that Feramoz had been assassinated by Uslum; that the army had risen and demanded Uslum's death, from which he had only been saved by an influential Barukzai noble, who placed a Koran before the infuriated troops, affirmed his belief in Uslum's innocence, and swore that if on investigation the charge should turn out to be true, he should not be spared. The Ameer at first quite discredited the account of Uslum's guilt, and wrote to him, saying he had better leave the army and come into Cabul, where he would be welcomed. But as each day fresh evidence came in to corroborate the charge, the Ameer's confidence disappeared; and when Uslum was brought, by night, ironed, into the capital, he himself admitted that jealousy had incited him to the deed. He had invited his victim* to dinner, and had been sitting playing backgammon with him afterwards, when the fatal shot was fired by one of his adherents from outside the tent. His punishment involved that of his brother Hoossein. They were both thrown into a dungeon in the Bala Hissar, Hoossein cursing his brother for the ruin he had brought on the family, and receiving for reply that 'no one could help God's will, and that what God wished to 'do would happen.' The Ameer long debated what to do with them, till, six weeks afterwards, the two youngest brothers came to him and asked permission to wipe out the disgrace of the family by killing them. Being told in reply that they might do as they liked, they went at night to the prison, strangled their own two eldest brothers, and threw their bodies into pits as they were.

Before this tragic end came, Uslum's crime and disgrace had removed the chief impediment to a reconciliation between Yakoob and his father. The young prince arrived in Cabul

* It is a characteristic of Afghan ways that the Ameer thought it no shame to sequestrate all the property of Feramoz, excepting just a pittance for his widows. Was not the man, distinguished as he had become, still a slave of his household? Feramoz had been carried off as a boy from one of the black-garbed non-Mahommedan tribes of Kaffiristan, on the south-eastern slopes of the Hindoo Koosh.

on July 5; waited on the Ameer at night bare-headed with a Koran in his hands; and was received without manifestation of feeling of one kind or another. A week afterwards a preliminary arrangement was made. Herat was to be committed to Yakoob's younger brother, Ayoob, with a devoted partisan of Yakoob as his deputy and dry-nurse; and two trusty adherents of the Ameer (Shah Moorad and Meer Akhor Ahmed) were sent to fetch away those who had been Yakoob's principal adherents during the rebellion. But there were still many men in Cabul whose interest lay rather in a revival of the troublous period that had passed, than in a cordial reconciliation which would place the administration on an orderly footing. These men busied themselves in inspiring the Ameer with distrust; and a long and anxious time passed before it was arranged what position Yakoob himself should in future occupy. Perhaps to try his son, perhaps because he was really weary of the cares of government, the Ameer frequently announced his intention of abdicating. These declarations, however, only produced fresh bursts of penitential confessions on the part of Yakoob, who said he lived only to be forgiven, and would welcome death at his father's hands, if pardon were once obtained. And, careful to avoid any action that could be misinterpreted either by his enemies or his adherents, he told the latter not to visit him, and remained in seclusion. At length, in the beginning of September, Yakoob's principal coadjutors in rebellion were brought into Cabul by Shah Moorad and Meer Akhor Ahmed, and as they got the little Abdoolla to intercede for them, and he and they came into the Ameer's presence bare-headed, carrying Korans, he forgave them. Three days after this scene he committed the governorship of Herat to Yakoob; but to watch and check him, and, if it might be, apply there as elsewhere his favourite policy of entrusting all real power to his own agents—his near relations acting as honorary governors—sent with him Meer Akhor Ahmed and Abdoolla Nasiree as deputies, and one Hufeez-oolla as the commander of the army. But he must have pretty well known that these withes were not sufficient to bind the hands of his young Samson. Yakoob has been everything, and the Ameer's men nobodies, in the province. Indeed, they have found their position so unpleasant that they have made several attempts to procure recall. So has Yakoob's younger brother, Ayoob, who finds that his nascent capacity for rule is quite under a shadow at Herat. Between Yakoob and his father the relations are still more strained. The memory of what has happened is indeed sufficient bar to the restoration of cordiality

between them. Nothing apparently will induce the Ameer to abandon his pet idea of declaring Abdoolla his successor. Yet unless the boy developes into a man of exceptional wisdom, tact, and energy—and the pet of the harem has little chance of attaining such qualities—he could hardly hold his own for a day against the approved capacity of Yakoob, or withstand the wild delight with which the robber chieftains of his country would rush into the fray—either for or against him, little matter in their eyes. If only tranquillity could be maintained for a dozen years or so, the class whose interest lies in the continuance of orderly government would recover their past losses, and become, what they now are not, a power in the State, able to afford an effective support to the ruler who was best able and willing to protect them. The attainment of this end foreign Powers can do but little to promote, but much to impede. On the one side aggression on neighbouring States, even though Afghanistan itself were spared, would assuredly keep alive that sense of insecurity and coming disturbance which is among the worst barriers to peace in Central Asia; and, on the other side, interference however restrained, and even counsel however sound, might at any moment be carried just so much too far as to rouse up all the old antagonism, which Sir J. Lawrence was so successful in appeasing. His successor was able on two occasions to interfere effectually, by, in the first instance, a prohibition of aggression on Bokhara, and, in the second instance, repeated counsel to apply the remedy of conciliation rather than of severity to the suppression of a great rebellion. This latter counsel went sore against the grain; but the Ameer, whose strong natural affections are at once his excellence and his bane, never ceased to regard the giver as a warm personal friend. There were few in India who mourned his assassination more truly; and the letter of sorrow and sympathy which he then wrote, is among those most prized by the relations and friends of the departed Viceroy. But Lord Mayo was careful to say no word in favour or disfavour of any particular successor. Such a word would have immediately aroused the jealousy of foreign intervention, which is perhaps the dominant passion in that strong-passioned and uncontrollable race.

NOTE

On the Operations against the Forts at the Mouth of the Peiho in June 1859.

In a Review of the 'Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin,' which was published in this Journal in January last, we quoted (p. 52 of our last volume) a passage from Lord Elgin's Memoranda, in which he mentioned that his brother, Sir Frederic Bruce, had abstained from stating in his own justification all the circumstances of the unfortunate affair at the Peiho; and in corroboration of this note, the writer of the article added from information he had received, that Sir Frederic Bruce had done all he could to dissuade the Admiral from making the attack at all, and had even written a despatch to that effect, which has never been produced.

It has been represented to us by unquestionable authority, that this statement is not correct, and that no such despatch was written by Sir Frederic Bruce; and undoubtedly the papers laid before Parliament clearly establish that he accepted his full share of the responsibility in the affair. As we have unintentionally given currency to a version of the story which was founded on a misapprehension, we think it due to the distinguished officer who commanded her Majesty's naval forces in North China at that time, to quote one or two passages from Sir Frederic Bruce's own despatches which rectify the error.

When it became apparent that the Chinese Government were taking measures to evade the fulfilment of the Treaty of Tientsin, and to prevent the British and French Plenipotentiaries from ascending the river for the exchange of ratifications, Sir F. Bruce wrote to Admiral Hope in his own name and in that of M. de Bourboulou, on the 21st June, 1859, that 'we have resolved to place the matter in your hands, and to 'request you to take any measures you may deem expedient for clear-'ing the obstructions in the river, so as to allow us to proceed at once 'to Tientsin.' Admiral Hope had left Shanghai with his squadron five or six days before the Plenipotentiaries. The place of rendezvous was fixed at the Sha-loo-tien Islands, whence the Admiral was to communicate to the Chinese authorities the approaching arrival of the Ministers of France and England. These islands are, we understand, 60 or 70 miles from the mouth of the Peiho. On arriving at the rendezvous in the 'Magicienne' frigate, Sir F. Bruce found the squadron no longer there, but it was already assembled at the mouth of the Peiho on the 20th June, the Admiral having sent the gun-boats over the bar, on account, as was alleged, of the heavy sea running outside. The instruction to the Admiral, above quoted, was written on the following day. On the morning of the 25th the attack on the forts was made, unfortunately without success. But in his despatch of the 13th July to Lord Malmesbury, Sir F. Bruce gives it as his opinion, that at that moment and under the circumstances to have adopted a different course 'would have 'been to enter on a path which must have ended in disgrace and 'failure;' and he adds, 'nothing would have justified us in consenting

'to it, unless the only competent authority to pronounce a judgment on 'such a question had expressed doubts as to the result of an attempt 'to force the passage of the river. But I can state positively that if 'Admiral Hope had expressed doubts on the subject, they would not 'have been shared by the squadron, nor by those who have had most 'experience of warfare in China; and if it be decided that the means 'at our command were insufficient to justify us in pursuing so bold a 'line of policy, it is but right that I should share that responsibility 'with him.'

We have no wish to prolong this discussion or to reflect in the slightest degree on any of the distinguished persons who were called upon to act in these difficult circumstances. But if any error of judgment was committed, it appears, from this brief narrative of the facts and a comparison of dates, to have occurred before the Plenipotentiaries rejoined the squadron. When the Plenipotentiaries and the squadron found themselves off the mouth of the river, some of the gunboats having already crossed the bar, and within a few days of the expiration of the term fixed for the exchange of the ratifications, there was no alternative but to attempt to force the passage.

Erratum, page 13, line 19.

We are informed that the statement in the article on the Trevelyan Papers, that the ancient abode of the family in the parish of St. Veep near Lostwithiel has been repurchased by the present representatives of the name, is not correct.

No. CCLXXXII. will be published in October.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1873.

No. CCLXXXII.

ART. I.—1. *The Man with the Iron Mask.* By MARIUS TOPIN. Paris and London: 1869.

2. *La Vérité sur le Masque de Fer.* Par TH. IUNG, officier d'état-major. Paris: 1873.

THE subject of these volumes forms one of those curious riddles of history which, if not of special interest in themselves, become, nevertheless, important from the associations and mystery connected with them. Ever since the brilliant pen of Voltaire gave definite shape to the strange legend, the story of the Man in the Iron Mask has stirred the fancy or perplexed the judgment of students of the reign of Louis XIV.; and few tales in the annals of France are more dramatic and suggestive of awe than the phantom of this imprisoned victim, withdrawn from the sight of men by his pitiless gaoler, and, after a life of fearful seclusion, disappearing finally within the shadow of the Bastille, one of the untold secrets of that terrible prison-house. Increasing research and knowledge, indeed, have, in the opinion of judicious critics, put an end to most of the extravagant guesses of the eighteenth century upon this subject; and the incident is not so attractive now as it was in the days when it was thought to hide a state secret which perhaps affected the fortunes of France and even of Europe. Few at present imagine that the prisoner of Saint-Mars was an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria, a twin brother of Louis XIV., or even a personage of great distinction; and still fewer, probably, think that the tale points to some horrible and nameless deed which the House of Bourbon was afraid to divulge even at the period of its highest power. Of late years three views only have been commonly held on this

question; and it has been generally supposed that the Mask was either Mattioli, an Italian agent of the Duke of Mantua, of no great note, or else an unknown prisoner of obscure station, or, finally, that the tale is a myth, and that the existence of the Mask is incapable of proof. The vagueness, however, of notions like these has obviously left the problem unsolved; and as it remains one of no ordinary interest, we purpose to examine it in detail, and to review this tragedy of the seventeenth century with the aid of the latest information on the subject. That information has, in the main, been gathered from the volumes before us; and our readers, we hope, will be of opinion that, if not as complete as could be wished, it is, nevertheless, of real value.

A word, however, must first be said as regards the character of these publications, which may not unfitly be placed together, although of very unequal merit. M. Topin's is an agreeable essay abounding in interesting and useful matter, and written in a singularly pleasing style; but though it refutes with clearness and force what at one time were popular theories as to the identity of the masked prisoner, it puts forward, we think, a false hypothesis and arrives at an incorrect conclusion. The elaborate treatise of M. Iung is a work of a very different kind, and we do not hesitate to assert is the most earnest attempt to master the real facts of the question which any writer has hitherto made. This gentleman, a staff officer in the French army, has examined with the most praiseworthy care, and analysed with no little ability, the evidence which the state papers and archives of the War Department in France yield upon the subject; and the result has been, that although he has not succeeded in proving his case, he has certainly narrowed the field of inquiry and reduced it within a small compass. His diligent and exhaustive studies, too, have thrown a great deal of fresh light on passages in the age of Louis XIV. which had not attracted sufficient notice; and if, as we think, the chief value of investigations of this description is the addition they make to historical knowledge, we must characterise his work as very successful. We repeat, however, we believe he has failed to establish the identity of the Mask; and his book, we must add, swarms with errors of the press, which occasionally greatly obscure the narrative.

Who then was the Man in the Iron Mask, and is it possible to ascertain the name and rank of the captive whose fate Voltaire records so vividly and with such a parade of circumstance? It is necessary, however, first to show that

the story has a foundation in fact; for, as we have said, some critics have held that the existence of the Mask is a fiction, and that the tradition is simply untrue. It is idle, however, to reject the mass of evidence forthcoming on this subject; and though M. Iung has clearly proved that more than one instance of masking prisoners appears in the state papers of that age, the individuality of the Man in the Iron Mask has, we think, been established beyond question. The register of Dujunca, the chief turnkey of the Bastille, admittedly an authentic document, is the first proof that the mysterious personage, who has been the theme of so much inquiry, was a prisoner who arrived at the fortress in the month of September 1698, having been accompanied from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, where he had been detained a considerable time, by Saint-Mars, the notorious satellite of Louvois, and gaoler of the reign of Louis XIV., to whom the governorship of the Bastille had been recently confided. The following lines occur in this most important record:—'On Thursday, the 18th September, 1698, 'at three o'clock in the afternoon, M. Saint-Mars, the governor, 'arrived at the Bastille for the first time from the islands of 'Sainte-Marguerite and Saint Honorat. He brought with 'him in his own litter an ancient prisoner formerly under his 'care at Pignerol, and whose name remains untold. *This* '*prisoner was always kept masked*, and was at first lodged in 'the Basinière tower. . . . I conducted him afterwards to 'the Bertaudière tower, and put him in a room which, by 'order of M. de Saint-Mars, I had furnished before his arrival.'

The same unimpeachable witness fixes the date of the death of the secluded captive:—'On Monday, the 19th of November, '1703, the unknown prisoner, *who had continually worn a* '*black velvet mask*, and whom M. de Saint-Mars had brought 'with him from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, died to-day 'at about ten o'clock in the evening, having been yesterday 'taken slightly ill. He had been a long time in M. de Saint-'Mars' hands, and his illness was exceedingly trifling. . . . 'This unknown prisoner, so long in ward, was buried on the 'following day, the 20th of November, at four o'clock in the 'afternoon, in the cemetery of St. Paul in our parish.'

The existence at the Bastille of the masked prisoner, and the precautions taken that he should not be recognised, were also distinct traditions of the place. The son-in-law of an old physician of the Bastille told Voltaire that 'he had often pre-'scribed for this extraordinary prisoner when ill, and that he 'had never seen his face, though he had examined his tongue 'and the rest of his person.'

M. Linguet, too, who was detained in the Bastille about the middle of the last century, has left this record of the unknown captive:—'The prisoner wore a mask of velvet, not of iron, at 'least during the time that he was in the Bastille. The 'Governor attended him in prison, and removed his linen. 'When he went to mass he was strictly forbidden to speak, or 'to show himself; the Invalides had orders to shoot him if he 'made the attempt; their muskets were kept loaded for this 'purpose; so he took care to conceal himself and to remain 'silent. At his death everything about him was burned or 'examined.'

Finally M. Formanoir, a grand-nephew of Saint-Mars, expressly declared that the prisoner of 1698 was no other than the celebrated Mask, and gave this account, from an eye-witness, of the care with which he was kept concealed during his journey from the islands to the Bastille:—

'In 1698 M. de Saint-Mars exchanged the governorship of the island for that of the Bastille. When he set off to enter on his new office, he stayed with his prisoner for a short time at Palteau, his estate. The Mask arrived in a litter which preceded that of M. de Saint-Mars; they were accompanied by several men on horseback. The peasants went to meet their seigneur. M. de Saint-Mars took his meals with his prisoner, who sat with his back towards the windows of the room, which looked into the courtyard. The peasants of whom I made inquiry could not see if he had his mask on when eating; but they observed that M. de Saint-Mars, who sat opposite to him at table, had a pair of pistols beside his plate. They were attended by a single valet only, Antoine Ru, who took away the dishes set down to him in an antechamber, having first carefully shut the door of the dining-room. When the prisoner crossed the courtyard a black mask was always on his face.'

This evidence puts it beyond doubt that Dujunca's prisoner of 1698 was the personage known as the Iron Mask, that he was so recognised by the traditions of the Bastille, where he died in 1703, and that he was guarded with extraordinary care at the fortress, and during his journey to it. The prisoner, however, of 1698, whom we shall henceforward call the Mask, came, we have seen, from the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, then, as now, the site of a state prison overlooking the tranquil sea of Provence; and can we trace him in this lonely spot, and become better acquainted with him? Now, Saint-Mars was governor of the islands from 1687 to 1698, and M. Iung has, we think, proved that the Mask was during all this time in the custody of this trusty gaoler, and was guarded by him with peculiar strictness. M. Iung establishes this by showing that the Mask must be identified with 'an ancient,' a 'twenty 'years old' prisoner who was kept by Saint-Mars in com-

plete seclusion by the special orders of the King and his ministers, and was the object of extraordinary precautions. Thus Barbézieux, the son and successor of Louvois, describes the Mask as 'your ancient prisoner' in a letter of July 19, 1698; this document being the order in which Saint-Mars was directed to leave the islands, and to bring his charge to the Bastille:—'It is the King's pleasure that you take your departure from 'the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, and make your way to the 'Bastille with your ancient prisoner. You are to take diligent 'care that no one shall see him or know who he is. You may 'write beforehand to the lieutenant of his Majesty at the 'Bastille to have a room ready for the prisoner upon his arrival.'

The Mask is thus evidently this 'ancient prisoner;' and it may be added that the 'lieutenant' of the Bastille was no other than the turnkey Dujunca, who, as we have seen, provided a room for the Mask, according to the orders of Saint-Mars. The same epithet is applied to the prisoner in a similar letter of June 15; and it will be borne in mind that these letters were written a few months only before the journey to the Bastille:—'I may now tell you that his Majesty has seen with 'pleasure that you have made up your mind to become governor 'of the Bastille. You may make your arrangements to leave 'upon notice from me, and to bring with you, in sure confine-'ment, your ancient prisoner.' In fact, we find this is the description given of the Mask during almost the whole time that Saint-Mars was governor of the islands. Barbézieux wrote this in November 1696:—'You are to do your duty 'with respect to the prisoners entrusted to your keeping, 'that is to look after them carefully, and not to let any 'human being know what your ancient prisoner is doing.' Again, in August 1691, Barbézieux, soon after he had become minister, refers to the prisoner in these remarkable terms:—'Your letter of the 26th of the last month has come to hand. 'Should you have anything to tell me about the prisoner who 'has been in your custody for twenty years, I must request 'you to employ the same precautions which you employed in 'the time of M. de Louvois.'

Saint-Mars makes use of the same kind of expression in a letter of January 1696, which, besides, shows with what watchful care the unknown captive was regularly guarded:—

'My two lieutenants attend at meal-time, at the appointed hour, as they have seen me do, and as I do myself when I am well enough. This is the way, Monseigneur. The first of my lieutenants takes the keys of the cell of my ancient prisoner—for we begin with him—and, having opened the three doors, enters the chamber of the prisoner, who

civilly hands him the plates and dishes, which he has himself piled one over the other. My lieutenant, having got these, goes out by two of the doors only, and gives them to one of my sergeants at a table close by. The second lieutenant is stationed at this spot; he examines everything that goes in to and leaves the prisoner, and takes care to see whether any writing can be found on the plates or dishes.'

These documents certainly, we think, prove that we must associate the Mask with the 'ancient prisoner,' 'the prisoner of 'twenty years' standing,' who was known emphatically by that name during the residence of Saint-Mars at the islands. M. Iung, however, has gone further: he proposes to give a complete list of all the prisoners at Sainte-Marguerite from 1687 to 1698; and he endeavours to show that, except the Mask, not one of these can fulfil the character of the 'ancient' or 'twenty years'' prisoner. Assuming that he has exhausted every name, we think he has established this part of his case; but we doubt if this negative kind of evidence was necessary to produce conviction; and we are satisfied to rest our judgment, so far as regards this branch of the question, on the previous testimony adduced by him. We may glance, however, at his careful analysis, for it is useful in more than one particular. Apart from the concealed Mask, the prisoners at the islands, M. Iung tells us, were, altogether, fourteen in number, and we may divide them into three classes; the first consisting of three persons, of little importance, and whose names are known, the second of eight Huguenot pastors, victims of the atrocities of the Dragonnades, and the third of three prisoners brought from Pignerol when that fortress was finally abandoned by Louis XIV. in 1694. No person, however, in these classes, M. Iung insists, can be identified with the 'ancient or 'twenty years old prisoner,' that is, we certainly think, with the Mask, though M. Topin has selected one in an attempt to maintain an exploded theory. For two of the prisoners in the first class, M. Iung proves, were not incarcerated until 1694 and 1695—that is only a short time before Saint-Mars left Sainte-Marguerite; and the third was a M. de Chézut, who, having been at the islands when Saint-Mars arrived, was almost certainly released afterwards, and could not, therefore, have been his 'ancient prisoner.' Nor can any of the eight pastors, who form the second class, be made to answer the above description, for they were all imprisoned after 1689, and had either died before 1698, when Saint-Mars set off with the Mask, or remained after he had left in the islands. As for the third class of prisoners, those brought from Pignerol, Saint-Mars was governor of that fortress, as we shall see, for a con-

siderable time, and therefore it is possible to contend, as M. Topin has endeavoured to do, that one of these persons may have been the 'ancient or twenty years' prisoner,' and accordingly that the nameless Mask is to be looked for in this category. In examining the hypothesis of M. Topin we shall recur to this view again; but we may at once say that the position he has chosen appears to be quite untenable. Saint-Mars had not been at Pignerol for thirteen years, when in 1694 he received the prisoners despatched from that fortress; and how therefore could one of these persons be properly described as 'your ancient prisoner,' your 'prisoner of twenty 'years' standing'? Besides, we find this appellation given to a prisoner in the islands in 1691, that is three years before the removal of the three prisoners from Pignerol, and we cannot suppose, with the evidence before us, that this characteristic name was afterwards transferred, without any assignable cause, to one of these persons.

We agree, therefore, with M. Iung, on the assumption that his list is complete, that of all the prisoners at Sainte-Marguerite the Mask only can be said to have been the 'ancient' or 'twenty years'' prisoner, though we accept his other proofs as conclusive. And here in passing we may remark that M. Iung's industry has made quite plain one of those obscure passages in the legend of the Mask which have always been thought of peculiar interest. Everyone knows how graphically Voltaire describes the incident of the mysterious prisoner throwing a silver plate, on which he had scratched some characters, out of the grated window of his lonely tower; the object of the historian being to show that one who was served on silver must have been a personage of high distinction. The story has certainly some foundation; but M. Iung has proved that the plate in question was not of silver but of common tin, and that the prisoner was one of the Huguenot pastors immured, as we have seen, for the sake of religion. This is evident from the following letter from Saint-Mars to Barbézieux, which also illustrates the kind of treatment to which state prisoners were subjected in those days:—'The first of these Protestant minis-'ters sings psalms loudly by night and by day, to let people 'know who he is. After advising him to stop this kind of 'exhibition I punished him severely. I did the same thing to 'his fellow, Salvès, who has taken it into his head to write upon 'his linen and on a tin plate some poor nonsense about his 'being shut up on account of the purity of his faith.'

It being, therefore, we think, evident that the 'ancient' or 'twenty years old' prisoner of Saint-Mars at the islands was

the Mask, can we approach more closely this unknown personage? Saint-Mars was governor of Exiles, a little hill-fort on the Piedmontese frontier, from 1681 to 1687; that is, to the time when, as we have seen, he was transferred to Sainte-Marguerite; and M. Iung has given us clear proof that he left Exiles, and reached Sainte-Marguerite with a single prisoner in his care only, who was kept concealed in the strictest manner, and was watched with the jealousy shown in the case of the journey of the Mask to the Bastille. On being apprised of his recent appointment Saint-Mars wrote thus from Exiles to Louvois in January 1687:—

'I owe the most devoted acknowledgments to His Majesty for his new favour, the governorship of the islands. If you require me to go there soon, I hope you will allow me to take the route by Piedmont, and upon my return to say farewell to the Duke of Savoy. I will give such orders for the safe keeping of my prisoner during my absence that I shall be able, Monseigneur, to answer for him; as also that he shall not have any conversation with my lieutenant, who has been strictly forbidden to speak to him. If I take him to the islands, I think the safest mode of conveyance would be in a chair covered with waxed cloth, so that he should have enough air, and yet that no one could see or speak to him on the way, not even the soldiers whom I shall select to accompany the chair.'

Louvois replied:—

'I beg of you to ascertain, when in the islands, what may be required for the safe custody of your prisoner. As to the mode of conducting him, the King leaves you free to make use of the movable chair you propose, but you will be responsible for him.'

Saint-Mars having accordingly gone to Sainte-Marguerite to make provision for the secure keeping of this prisoner, gave orders that an addition should be made to the prisons already in the island. Writing from thence on March 23, he informed Louvois that he would return to Exiles, and accompany his prisoner to their new destination, taking precautions for his secret and secure custody:—'I hope to be at Exiles within a 'week by the Embrun and Besançon route. As soon as I 'shall have received your commands I will set off at once with 'my prisoner; and I promise you I will bring him safely, and 'so that nobody shall see or speak to him.'

On April 30 Saint-Mars and his prisoner were finally installed at Sainte-Marguerite, the gaoler thus describing the journey from Exiles:—'I arrived on the 30th of the last 'month. I was only twelve days on the way, because my 'prisoner was ill and complained that he had not sufficient 'air. I assure you, Monseigneur, no one has seen him.'

Eight months afterwards Saint-Mars gives this account of the prisoner in his new place of captivity:—'My prisoner is, as 'usual, in delicate health. I have put him in one of the new 'prisons which I have caused to be built according to your 'orders.'

It is impossible to doubt but that this prisoner from Exiles, the object of so much eager solicitude, must have been 'the 'ancient prisoner of Saint-Mars,' the 'prisoner of twenty 'years' standing;' for, as Saint-Mars was not governor of Sainte-Marguerite till 1687, such epithets could not have been applied from 1691 to 1698 to any other person confined in the islands—they would have been misnomers for such recent prisoners. If this obvious conclusion be correct, the prisoner from Exiles must have been the Mask; and the similarity of the precautions taken in the journey from Exiles to the Sainte-Marguerites, and in that from the Sainte-Marguerites to the Bastille, confirms the inference, if it needs confirmation. Assuming, then, as we think is certain, that we have traced the Mask to the fort of Exiles, is it possible to go yet further back, and to get a clearer view of the still shrouded being? M. Iung has, in our opinion, proved that the prisoner taken from Exiles to the islands—who, as we have seen, was clearly the Mask—was one of two persons detained at Exiles, and brought to that place by Saint-Mars, when, in October 1681, he was transferred from the citadel of Pignerol—a well-known fortress on the borders of Savoy, of the donjon of which he had the command for a period of nearly sixteen years; that these persons had been imprisoned at Pignerol, and are characterised by a particular appellation; that Saint-Mars had, almost certainly, no other prisoners but these at Exiles; and, finally, that these two persons, one of whom died in 1686 or 1687, were conducted from Pignerol to Exiles, and guarded at Exiles with the secresy and care so noticeable in the instances before referred to. These conclusions have, we think, been established by the correspondence we shall now notice. In January 1687 Louvois writes to Saint-Mars, when he tells the gaoler that he is to be sent to Saint-Marguerite:—'I 'have received your letter of the 5th of this month, which 'informs me of the death of one of your prisoners.' Two months previously he had written to Saint-Mars:—'I am 'in receipt of your letter of the 4th of last month. It is 'a proper thing that confession should be administered to the 'one of your two prisoners who is becoming dropsical when 'symptoms of death shall set in.'

These two prisoners are evidently referred to in March 1682,

in the following letter from Saint-Mars to Louvois. It will be observed with what care they were guarded:—

'I have received the communication you have done me the honour to send, and in which you tell me, Monseigneur, that my two prisoners should be, for important reasons, kept apart from any one. Ever since Monseigneur has given me those orders I have guarded these two prisoners as severely and as closely as I formerly guarded MM. Fouquet and Lauzun, who (Lauzun I mean) cannot now boast that he gave or received any news as long as he was shut up. These prisoners cannot hear the voices of the people who pass underneath the tower in which they are, and could not make themselves heard by any one.'

In a letter of Louvois, of nearly the same date, the two prisoners are given a characteristic title; and Saint-Mars is directed to watch them strictly, and to isolate them in complete seclusion:—'It is a matter of importance that the prisoners at Exiles, who at Pignerol were called the prisoners of the Lower Tower, should have no communication with any one. The King has given me orders to tell you to keep them so closely guarded and to take such precautions, that you shall answer to His Majesty that they shall not have the means of speaking to any one, whether outside the fort or belonging to the garrison of Exiles.'

On June 9, 1681, the two prisoners, whose identity with the prisoners of the Lower Tower is evident, were in the donjon of Pignerol; and Louvois gave these orders to Saint-Mars to take them to Exiles with the stealthy care to which we have before adverted:—

'The intention of His Majesty is that, as soon as the chamber in the fort of Exiles, which you shall have selected for the purpose, shall be ready for the reception of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower, you shall cause them to leave the citadel of Pignerol in a litter, and under the escort of your company, which is to conduct them by the route indicated in the within orders. As soon as these prisoners shall be gone, the desire of His Majesty is that you take possession of the government of Exiles, and make the place your residence for the future. You will carry out the instructions of the King as to the subsistence of these two prisoners, and you will guard them as strictly as you have done hitherto.'

The following despatch of May 12 shows that the two prisoners of the Lower Tower were the only two sent from Pignerol to Exiles:—

'I have directed M. Duchanney to survey, in company with yourself, the two buildings at Exiles, and to make an estimate of the repairs absolutely required for the proper custody of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower. These, I think, are the only ones whom His Majesty will have transferred to Exiles.'

Finally Saint-Mars refers to the two prisoners in a letter of June 25 addressed to D'Estrades—the ambassador to Venice, and a principal agent in the intrigues of the King—which distinguishes them by these curious words:—'I shall have under 'my care two birds (*merles*), whom I had at Pignerol, and 'who are known by no other name than that of those of the '"Lower Tower."'

It seems to us, therefore, that the prisoner taken from Exiles to the islands was one of the 'two prisoners of the 'Lower Tower,' of the two 'birds' described by Saint-Mars, who were sent from Pignerol to Exiles, and consequently that the mysterious Mask must have been one of these unhappy persons. M. Loiseleur, indeed, an acute French critic, has made some objections to this conclusion, but the chain of proof is, we think, strong, and has certainly satisfied our scrutiny. Thus, owing to the research of M. Iung, we have obtained a clue to one of the most interesting puzzles of history; and it will be observed that the statement in Dujunca's journal that the Mask was 'an ancient prisoner of Pignerol' falls in with the evidence we have cited. Moreover, though, as we shall endeavour to show, M. Iung has not fully solved the problem, his labours as regards this part of the subject have limited greatly the sphere of investigation; and they are extremely valuable in another way, as strengthening the evidence against theories as to the identity of the Mask which have been prevalent, and must now, we think, be completely abandoned. With the aid of his book and that of M. Topin, we shall notice these theories very briefly, before proceeding further in our inquiry.

The persons who have been supposed to be the Mask at different times by various writers, may be divided into two classes—persons whose existence cannot be proved, and persons who had a real existence, but have been more or less conclusively shown not to have been the mysterious prisoner. The first class is comprised of an imaginary son of Anne of Austria by Buckingham, born in 1626; of an imaginary son of the same queen by an unknown father, born in 1631, and confided by his mother to the care of Richelieu; and of an imaginary twin brother of Louis XIV., born a few hours after the birth of the King, and buried alive, so to speak, by the two great Cardinals in order to avoid a disputed succession. There is, however, no evidence at all that any one of these beings existed; and it may be affirmed with moral certainty that they are the mere creations of fancy and gossip. In fact these stories completely break down when subjected to anything like criticism.

The alleged intrigue between the Queen and Buckingham is a calumny of the prurient De Retz, refuted by several contemporary witnesses; nor is it credible, if Anne of Austria became the mother of an illegitimate child, that, as the tale runs, she would have made Richelieu, her bitterest and most avowed enemy, the depositary of the fatal secret. Still more impossible is it to believe that Louis XIV. had a twin brother, and that the infant was spirited away, if we recollect that the notables of France were present during the labour of the Queen, according to a well-known custom, and must have witnessed all that took place, and that no trace of this myth is found until after the middle of the eighteenth century. We may, therefore, quickly dismiss these supposed personages as mere visions of the brain, and we may add, should a lingering faith in their possible existence still continue, it is sufficiently plain not one of them could have been the subject of our inquiry. Not to dwell on the facts that these fabulous scions of royalty must have been imprisoned many years before 1665, the date when Saint-Mars was first made a gaoler, and that the Mask is always found in connexion with that singular personage, it is evident, as M. Topin shows, that the following letter from Barbézieux to Saint-Mars, referring indisputably to the Mask, could not have referred to a brother of Louis XIV., or to an illegitimate son of Anne of Austria detained merely for reasons of State:—'You have no other rules of conduct to 'follow with respect to all those who are confided to your keep-'ing beyond continuing to look to their security, without ex-'plaining yourself to anyone whatever about what your ancient 'prisoner *has done.*'

As M. Iung, too, judiciously points out, the recorded sayings of the Royal Family of France, some of whom are thought to have received the secret as a kind of heritage from Louis XIV., though there is no evidence at all of this, are utterly inconsistent with the notion that the Mask could claim relationship with them. Senac de Meilhan, an *émigré* who wrote memoirs towards the close of the last century, said:—

'The Dauphin, the father of Louis XVI., spoke to me one day about Voltaire, and of his taste for the marvellous, which was a blot on his history. The Iron Mask, he said, has been the subject of many conjectures. I replied that this was sufficient to excite the fancies of people. "I have thought so too," said the Dauphin, "but the King told me two or three times that if you knew who the prisoner was you would see that the affair was one of very little interest." The Duke of Choiseul also told me that the King had spoken of the matter in the same way, and as if it were a thing of no importance.'

According to M. Dufay de l'Yonne, a writer of somewhat a later date, Louis XV. said to M. Delaborde:—

'Let them go on with their disputes, they will never find out who was the Iron Mask. You would like to know something about this business; I may tell you what is more than others know, that the imprisonment of this unhappy being did no wrong to any one but himself.'

As for the real personages named as the Mask we shall pass over them very lightly, for, with one exception, their pretensions have been almost abandoned by modern writers. The readers of Macaulay will hear with wonder that a guess was made in the eighteenth century that the prisoner was the hapless Duke of Monmouth, the hero of the rising crushed at Sedgemoor; but we need not say that the touching scene of the execution of the victim on Tower Hill is drawn by the historian from documents of the time. The Count of Vermandois, one of the illegitimate sons of Louis XIV. by Mademoiselle de La Vallière, is also said to have been the Mask; but there is ample proof of his death at Courtrai on November 18, 1683, in the presence of D'Humières and Boufflers, and of his burial in state at Arras, where his name is to this day preserved in the appellation of an estate given by the King as a fund for masses for the repose of his soul, which were offered up until 1789. The claim of the Duke of Beaufort, the '*roi des halles*,' and one of the most prominent figures of the Fronde, rests chiefly on gossip from Sainte-Marguerite communicated by Saint-Mars to Louvois; but the disappearance of the Duke in 1669, in a bloody struggle at the siege of Candia, is recorded in an official report of that year, not to dwell on the facts that no reason for his incarceration can be alleged, and that his age renders it almost impossible that he could have been the object of our search. The same idle talk is the only source of a tradition that the Mask was a son of Cromwell; but though some mystery perhaps attaches to the circumstance of the death of Henry Cromwell, this conjecture is so farfetched and baseless that it is not entitled to serious attention. As for Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, whose treacherous arrest and secret removal in June 1706, by De Ferriol, ambassador of France at the Porte, was one of the worst acts of Louis XIV., his title to be thought the unnamed captive is contradicted by Dujunca's journal, which fixes the death of the Mask in 1703; and, besides, Avedick was imprisoned in the monastery of Saint-Michael on the coast of Normandy, and the register of the church where he was interred showed that he survived until 1711. Fouquet, too, the celebrated *surintendant*, and perhaps

the rival of Louis XIV. in the favours of more than one light love, has been suggested to be the Mask; and as rumour said that when the Bastille was plundered a card was found which attested the fact, and as Fouquet certainly was an inmate of Pignerol for several years, the evidence, in this instance, may seem less worthless than that which we have already noticed. But, as M. Iung has truly remarked, there is no proof such a card existed; and as no trace of the precious relic or even of its finder has ever been seen, the story is, doubtless, a mere invention. Besides, it is sufficiently certain that Fouquet died in March 1680, that is twenty-three years before the Mask; his death was witnessed by his wife and son, his brothers, and several of his household; it was formally attested by Saint-Mars, and is noticed in a letter of Madame de Sévigné, written a few days only after the date of the event; and the register of his burial dated in 1681 seems to be a document above suspicion. On the whole Fouquet may be dismissed as readily as any of the other candidates.

One personage, however, still remains, whose claim to have been the mysterious Mask is ably upheld by M. Topin, and has been considered at least probable by several writers of this generation. Lord Dover, in his well-known essay on this subject, published in 1826, followed in the track of M. Delort, and trested the question as if it had been absolutely and irrefragably solved in favour of Mattioli, by the despatches found by M. Delort in the French Foreign Office. But Delort never examined the much more copious archives of the War Department, and it must now be held equally certain that the identity of Mattioli with the Iron Mask is totally disproved. Ercolo Mattioli, a Mantuan of rank, and a secret agent of the fourth Duke, was suddenly arrested by the order of Louvois and shut up in Pignerol in 1679. His crime was that he had divulged one of the intrigues by which Louis XIV. endeavoured to obtain possession of Casale by fraud, and that he betrayed the confidence the French Court had placed in him; and the evidence shows that he had incurred the wrath of the vindictive King, and that Saint-Mars, into whose hands he came, was directed to guard him with peculiar care, and to keep him secluded in strict bondage. After 1679 he disappeared from the world, and we can only trace his obscured figure in the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars, for it appears certain that he was never set at liberty, and his name is a blank on the list of his family. The letters, however, of Louvois and Saint-Mars prove that he was many years an inmate of Pig-

nerol, and that on several occasions he was lodged in the celebrated Lower Tower of the fortress—the habitation, at one time of the Mask and his fellow; and M. Topin and others have, we think, shown with sufficient clearness, that he was taken to Sainte-Marguerite, and placed in the rigid custody of Saint-Mars, when Pignerol was evacuated in 1694. It is probable, moreover, that, with the exception of Fouquet and the celebrated Lauzun, each of whom was his fellow-captive for some years, Mattioli was the most notable person among the prisoners at Pignerol; and after the death of Fouquet in 1680, and the liberation of Lauzun some months afterwards, no inmate of the fortress save Mattioli appears to have been a man of any distinction. From these facts M. Topin and his school have argued that Mattioli was the Mask, and until the appearance of M. Iung's work their theory certainly seemed plausible. Mattioli was a prisoner at Pignerol as far back as 1679; and the 'ancient prisoner of Pignerol' is the name given the Mask in Dujunca's journal in 1698, nineteen years afterwards. Mattioli unquestionably is to be found in the Lower Tower at Pignerol; and we trace to this spot the two persons one of whom, we have seen, was the man we seek. Mattioli, too, may be made to correspond to the 'ancient prisoner' referred to by Louvois in writing to Saint-Mars at Sainte-Marguerite from 1691 to 1698, for he had been in ward of the gaoler at Pignerol ever since 1679. Besides, Mattioli and the Mask were watched with very much the same precautions; and as Mattioli probably was the most important prisoner known to have been at Pignerol from 1679 onwards, except two whom we need not regard, for neither of them could have been the Mask, may we not, it is urged, conclude that this Italian noble was the victim about whose mysterious fate such legends gathered in the eighteenth century? Bearing in mind how weak are the claims of others, and what gaps in the evidence must exist, is not, it is said, this inference on the whole reasonable?

The theory, however, that Mattioli was the Mask is fully refuted by the evidence which M. Iung has arrayed against it. In the first place, the reader will have observed that, in the correspondence between Louvois and Saint-Mars, a name is never given to the Mask; he is at most indicated by obscure epithets; but the minister and gaoler write of Mattioli without the faintest attempt at concealment. Thus in May 1679, Louvois tells Saint-Mars to show no leniency to a prisoner described as M. Lestang, but identified afterwards as Mattioli:—'His Majesty's desires are that Lestang is not to be

'well treated, and, except what may be necessaries of life, you 'are to give him nothing that can alleviate his imprisonment.'

Saint-Mars refers to Mattioli in 1680 by name:—'Since 'Mattioli has been put in the Lower Tower with the Jacobin, 'I have directed Blainvilliers to threaten him with the stick.' And again:—'Since Monseigneur has allowed me to put 'Mattioli in the Lower Tower with the Jacobin, the said Mat-'tioli often complains, etc.' It was, in truth, a matter of common report that Mattioli was imprisoned at Pignerol; the fact is thus noticed in one of the gazettes of the day; and though the particulars are not correctly given, these few lines are almost enough to show that he could not have been the nameless prisoner, the object of so much research and mystery:—'Mattioli was not detained long at Pignerol. The place was 'too near Italy, and though he was carefully guarded, it was 'feared that the walls might speak. He was, therefore, trans-'ferred to the islands of Sainte-Marguerite, where he now is in 'the keeping of M. de Saint-Mars.' This open reference to Mattioli by name, already separates him from the Mask, the 'unknown prisoner' of Dujunca's journal. The distinction, however, has been now established by evidence, in our opinion, conclusive. It has always been a difficulty in the case of Mattioli, that while he is so clearly visible at Pignerol, it is not possible to discover him at Exiles; and hence some writers who call him the Mask have assumed that he was one of the inmates of 'the Lower Tower,' one of the two 'birds' removed to Exiles as we have seen, by the obedient gaoler. Saint-Mars, however, expressly says in the despatch to D'Estrades already quoted:—'*Mattioli will remain here at Pignerol* '*with the other prisoners.*'

These words following those which allude to the departure of the two prisoners in question, indisputably prove that the Italian agent could not have been either of these persons. It is clear, moreover, from the following despatch of Barbézieux to Laprade, one of the successors of Saint-Mars at Pignerol, written in 1693, that Mattioli was at that time in that fortress; and we cannot doubt that he had remained imprisoned there, as no evidence of his removal exists:—'If any of the prisoners 'who are ill of the fever shall happen to die, you will bury 'them in the same way as soldiers are buried; but I do not 'think they are likely to die. You will be sure to burn the 'scraps of cloth upon which Mattioli and his servant have 'written what you tell me.'

If, therefore, Mattioli was not one of the two 'prisoners of 'the Lower Tower,' of the two 'birds' taken to Exiles, he

certainly could not have been the Mask, for the evidence is, we think, convincing that the Mask was one of these persons. The only way to avoid this inference is to assert that neither of the prisoners was the Mask, and this M. Topin has endeavoured to show; but M. Iung has put him out of court. The fact, therefore, that Mattioli was not one of the two half-defined yet still nameless persons, in one of whom only we can recognise the Mask, disposes absolutely of his pretensions; and, indeed, apart from this decisive proof, other cogent arguments may be urged against them. It is not easy, under any conditions, to make Mattioli, imprisoned in 1679, answer the description in 1691 of 'Saint-Mars's prisoner of twenty years' standing,' then applied by Barbézieux to the Mask; but how can he fulfil that character, if he was separated from Saint-Mars as early as 1681, when that personage went to Exiles, and if he was at Pignerol during the next twelve years entirely out of that gaoler's custody? Besides, Mattioli, as M. Topin insists, and as there is every reason to suppose, was one of the three prisoners removed from Pignerol, and sent to the islands for the first time in 1694 only; and, if so, could he have been the Mask, who was evidently at the islands long before that time, and from 1691 to 1698 is characterised by Saint-Mars as his 'ancient prisoner'? In short, if it is borne in mind, that Mattioli was only in the hands of Saint-Mars from 1679 to 1681, and thence from 1694 onwards, and that, during all the intermediate time, he was not in the hands of Saint-Mars at all, how is it possible to apply to him the epithets continually applied to the Mask, and which can only mean, that, during this very period, he had been the prisoner of Saint-Mars for a long series of years?

In addition to considerations so important as these, M. Iung has made it appear at least very probable that Mattioli died at Sainte-Marguerite in April or May 1694, very soon after his transfer from Pignerol, and for this, therefore, if for no other reason, could not have been the mysterious prisoner. For Mattioli seems to have always had the luxury of an attendant at Pignerol; this was the case at least long before his removal; and as M. Iung has plausibly argued, that of the three prisoners taken from Pignerol to the islands in 1694, Mattioli alone possessed this privilege, the following letter from Barbézieux to Saint-Mars, dated on the 10th of May of that year, is certainly not without significance:—'You can, as 'you propose, put in the vaulted prison the attendant of the 'prisoner who has died, taking care to guard him as closely as 'the others.'

M. Iung thus sums up this part of his case:—

'Mattioli alone has a servant, but a servant of a peculiar kind, who has been involved in the fate of his master from his having been cognisant of the affair of Casale. He remained at Pignerol, for we find traces of him in 1684 and in 1693; he is always with Mattioli and shares his prison, and it is to him only the despatch of Barbézieux can refer. We may, therefore, form a reasonably certain conclusion that Mattioli died at the time I have mentioned.'

M. Iung also distinguishes the Mask from Mattioli by the additional argument that the precautions for the transfer of the prisoners in 1694 were not nearly as strict as those observed in the instances where the Mask was in question. We quote from the despatch on the subject, but we lay no stress on this kind of inference, and M. Iung, as we shall endeavour to show, has strained this reasoning beyond what it can bear:—

'His Majesty has ordered me to write to you (Laprade, the governor of the donjon of Pignerol) to inform you that you have been chosen to conduct these prisoners one after the other, that is to say, when you shall have taken one to the islands you will return and take another. . . . You know how important it is that none of these persons shall speak or write to any one on the way; the King desires you to attend carefully to this, and that they shall receive their meals from your hands only, as has previously been the custom.'

For these various reasons we reject the claim of Mattioli to have been the Mask, as decidedly as that of the other candidates. The evidence against it seems to us conclusive, and a theory which has found much support must henceforth, we think, be given up. Thanks to M. Iung we have traced the Mask to one of the two 'prisoners of the Lower Tower,' of the 'two birds' taken by Saint-Mars to Exiles; and as Mattioli was neither of these, he is not the object of our inquiry. And here we may notice an objection against what we believe is the only correct inference now reasonably to be made on the subject, though when confronted by positive proof such objections are hardly of any value. It has been said that the trivial expression 'merle' could not have referred to so important a prisoner as the Mask; and it has been argued that, for this reason, we ought not to look for the Mask in either of the two persons marked by this epithet. M. Iung, however, has clearly shown that, taking its meaning in the seventeenth century, the term was strictly applicable to a prisoner kept in solitude or watched with jealous care; and he makes a whimsical attempt to trace the etymology of the term to the solitary habits of the 'merula quod mera, id est sola volitat,' according

to Varro. But this is nonsense. The French word 'merle' means a blackbird; but it has long been, and still is, used in the slang of the French police to signify a captive. A 'fin 'merle' is a sharp fellow. But the secondary use of the word is probably derived from the well-known practice, still common in France and elsewhere, of keeping a tame blackbird confined in a wicker cage.

We repeat, therefore, that in our judgment M. Iung has found a local habitation if not a name for the famous Mask, who, for the future, will be identified with either of the prisoners so often referred to. M. Iung, however, has endeavoured to follow the track of his quarry at Pignerol, and to ascertain finally who the Mask was; and here, we think, the ingenious inquirer has, at least for the present, failed in his object. Before, however, we examine the case he makes, we wish very briefly to direct attention to the terrible but impressive picture of the administration of criminal justice in France which his work discloses, for this is one of its most striking features. At this period, when the civilisation of the capital and court of the Great King was the admiration and envy of the world, and when the lustre of Marli and Versailles threw its radiance over the whole State, it is frightful to contemplate the cruel despotism which prevailed in every part of the government, and especially in the internal management of the kingdom. The will of Louis and of his ministers was supreme, and ruthless deeds of highhanded violence, and atrocious instances of lawless oppression, were of such common occurrence that to the great majority of Frenchmen they seemed the simplest matters of course, the incidents, as it were, of the monarchy. Nor were the subjects of the King alone exposed to these excesses of power; whoever crossed his schemes, or incurred his anger, became liable to his vengeance if within his reach; and in several cases foreigners of distinction, and even representatives of sovereign States, were treated with a barbarous harshness not easy to comprehend in our age. Thus Louvois, in a letter cited by M. Iung, coolly gave orders for the assassination of a confidential agent of the Emperor of Germany:—'M. Lisola, it seems, will soon 'leave Liége to return to Cologne. It would be a great 'thing to catch him, and no harm to kill him, for he is very 'impertinent in his language, and he exerts himself assid-'uously to injure the interests of France. You will confer a 'real benefit on his Majesty if you can carry out this plan.'

Under this scheme of unchecked oppression solitary arrests formed part of the system of government. At the stroke of a

pen, and without reason assigned, persons were suddenly torn from their families and homes, and shut up perhaps for the rest of their lives; and while England had her Habeas Corpus confirmed even by the later Stuarts, hundreds of State prisons arose in France in which crowds of unhappy victims pined without redress, or even the hope of justice. These dungeons, of which the Bastille was only the most conspicuous and celebrated type, were fitting scenes of such deeds of darkness as the tale of the Mask no doubt discloses; and with their secret police and spies, and with gaolers of whom the vigilant and pitiless Saint-Mars was a striking specimen, they prefigured the dens in which Jacobin frenzy thrust many of the noblest and fairest of France in the agony of 1792–3. In those frightful crypts of tyranny, too, significantly known by the old name of *oubliettes*, many captives, as perhaps was the case with the Mask, were kept immured long after their names, and even the charges against them, had been forgotten:—

'One other detail must be added, which indicates the terrible situation of these prisoners during this evil time in our history. When a prisoner happened to die after years of suffering in those distant places, Pignerol, Villefranche, Mont Saint Michel, &c., the Minister who caused him to be arrested, and was informed of his death, often no longer recollected his name, or the reason why he had been sent to perish in those dungeons. And bear in mind that a line, a song, a couplet with too much point in it, a tale wrongly interpreted or unfairly related, nay, the whim of a royal mistress, sufficed to make men disappear from the stage of life perhaps for ever!'

In fact, as has been often remarked, the *loi des suspects* was by no means a new creation of the Revolution!

From documents in M. Iung's volume we obtain a full and interesting account of the general management of these dungeons, and of the life of the ill-fated occupants. Many of the prisoners were directly under the control of the most trusted Minister of the King; and it is for this reason that the correspondence of Louvois throws so much light on the subject. In some instances, however, the governors of the provinces had a nominal superintendence; and occasionally we see a curious partition of powers even within the same prison, the local authority being charged with the regulation of the less important prisoners, the central retaining the direction of those known distinctively as prisoners of State. The King was for the most part privy to the violent arrests that were made in his name, and to the wrongs repeatedly done to the captives; and the crime committed in a later age against one of his own blood, at Vincennes, was not improbably an imita-

tion only of similar atrocities sanctioned by himself. As a rule the prisoners were most strictly watched; they were shut out from the external world by severe and often cruel expedients; and we do not agree with M. Iung that the precautions taken in the instance of the Mask were extraordinary or without a parallel. The distinctions of rank and station, however, characteristic of feudal France, were observed at Pignerol and the Bastille as precisely as at Saint Germains or Versailles; and though noble personages were as closely guarded as Huguenots and others of the baser sort, they were privileged beings even in bondage. This volume shows that the plebeian Saint-Mars was full of deference to Fouquet and Lauzun; and he gilded the cage of birds of this feather, though he took care not to open the bars. Louvois, indeed, prescribed the manner in which men of this quality were to be treated:—'His Majesty 'desires that Monsieur Fouquet and Monsieur de Lauzun may 'see each other freely and as often as they please. They may 'spend the day and have their meals together; and his Majesty 'has no objection to Monsieur de Saint-Mars playing and con-'versing with them. They may dine, too, with Madame de 'Saint-Mars, if they choose.'

In fact, though his was an exceptional case, Lauzun was allowed to do much as he pleased, when his captivity was near its close:—'He had all that he wanted, and might dream at his 'ease on past greatness and on greatness to come. His rooms 'were agreeable; his table was well served; he had two ser-'vants; he possessed the means of making love both inside 'and outside his prison, for mistresses flung gold about in 'heaps to get access to him; and he was even allowed to bully 'and torment Saint-Mars.'

The lot of meaner prisoners was very different. We have already noticed the kind of discipline administered to the pastors at Sainte-Marguerite, and even to Mattioli, a man of birth; and stripes, chains, and different modes of torture were, no doubt, the portion of hapless persons exposed to the caprice of irresponsible gaolers, and not protected by their rank or connexions. Thus Louvois wrote to Saint-Mars, whose superstitious fears had been aroused at the idea of chastising a priest:—'What you say requires explanation. Those who strike priests 'without regard to their character deserve excommunication; 'but it is quite lawful to scourge a priest who behaves ill when 'in your custody.' And Louvois wrote again to Saint-Mars thus:—'As the treatment you have used in the case of the 'prisoner with Dubreuil has tamed him, take care to renew it 'from time to time.'

Far worse, however, than the rack or the lash were the privations suffered by this class of prisoners in these fearful and unseen abodes. The governors of the prisons gave no account of the sums they received for the support of the captives, and accordingly they regularly appropriated these funds, and kept their poorer and more obscure victims in a state of horrible want and misery. Immense fortunes were amassed in this way; and Saint-Mars, whose impassive and silent figure, remorseless, observant, and blindly obedient, may be taken as a pattern of his kind, died a millionaire through this foul traffic. The following from an eyewitness records the condition of the inferior prisoners at the Bastille, and the infamous profits made by the governor:—

'I am convinced that Berneville has made two millions of francs by these unhappy victims since he succeeded Saint-Mars some years ago. . . . We saw about a hundred in that accursed place of torment. Some prisoners are rated for their charges at a hundred sous a day, and some at ten, fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five franks. Of this last class are such prisoners as the Prince de la Riccia, and MM. the Duc D'Estrées, the Duc de Fronsac, the Comte d'Harcourt, M. de Leconville, and others; but the average cost of all the prisoners was not more than twenty sous a day each to the governor; and if some were well treated, all the rest were cruelly dealt with, and would have fared better at five sous. The prisoners in the dungeons cost the governor only a sou a day each; he always took good care that these abominable places should be full, and called them his "clear profits."'

We come now to the theory of M. Iung with regard to the identity of the Mask, and, as we have said, our verdict must be 'not proven.' His researches, however, have not been fruitless; and if he has failed, we think, in his immediate purpose, he has suggested new and interesting questions as to the secret history of France in that age, to which we shall briefly direct attention.

Our readers know that, even at its height, the power of Louis XIV. was continually beset by foreign intrigue and domestic faction, and that underneath a surface of splendour society in his time was fearfully corrupt, and stained with great and abominable crimes. The potentate, whose object was to be supreme in Europe, was hated and feared in all neighbouring states, and the unscrupulous acts he often committed were occasionally practised against himself. Though the force or craft of the great Cardinals, too, had made him almost absolute at home, and he was blindly obeyed by the mass of his subjects, the deep divisions which had sundered France for a century may be traced in this age, and a portion

at least of the old feudal *noblesse*, and perhaps of the down-trodden Huguenots, remained disaffected to the all-engrossing monarchy. The opposition, however, of elements like these was long too weak to be deeply felt; and it ended only in obscure risings, and in conspiracies either real or fictitious, events to which we may possibly ascribe the King's distrust of the ancient *seigneurie*, and the reversal of the policy of toleration, the glory of Sully and of Henry IV. This period, moreover, was fruitful of deeds of darkness which, though partly concealed, showed murder stalking in high places, and threatening the most exalted in the land with terrible yet invisible peril. The celebrated trial of La Brinvilliers shot a ray into the fearful depths of depravity that surrounded the Court, and made men aware that the poisoner's art was no secret in noble circles. The preliminary inquiry, indeed, had involved so many personages of rank and position, that Louis, in order to avert scandal, withdrew the cause from the Parliament of Paris and relegated it to a special tribunal entirely under the control of the Government. Not to mention many additional names, De Cessac, Luxemburg, and Madame de Montespan were implicated in the charge of poisoning; La Brinvilliers, when put to the question, said that she could accuse the highest in France; and evidence was discovered, it is generally supposed, of a conspiracy to get rid of the King in which more than one noble family took part. The affair, however, was purposely hushed up, Louis and his Ministers being unwilling to give mortal offence to many powerful families, and, with a partiality common in that age, the instruments of crime were alone condemned, while impunity was accorded to the most deeply guilty. M. Iung remarks:—

'Officers, priests, harlots, great lords, and fine ladies were the agents and accomplices of these infamous deeds. If these trials, as an historian has observed with justice, had been decided by the Parliament, the Ministers of Louis XIV. would not have been able to manage them according to their supposed interests and that of their master, who wished to save noble guilt. The lords and great ladies who had employed the criminals were pronounced innocent. The Ministers doubtless thought that it was sufficient to remove from the world the actual fabricators of the poison. This compromise was attended with the worst consequences. Means of destruction have never been wanting to those who have resolved to employ them, and the shameful partiality of the Commissioners of the Arsenal left society without security against fresh enormities. The proof is, that if for the moment they stopped the evil, and the person of the King was not reached, it was otherwise with several personages who stood near him, and who perished in an extraordinary manner.'

The period, too, of these famous trials coincides partly with many mysterious events which have not perhaps been enough noticed. It is common, especially in an ignorant age, to ascribe the sudden deaths of the great to poison, and historians and critics ought not lightly to credit idle reports of this nature. But there is reason to believe that several persons of eminence were destroyed by these means at different times during the reign of Louis; and in many instances the presence of this deadly agency may at least be suspected. A whole band of poisoners was discovered at Turin, who confessed to crimes of the most frightful kind; and proof exists that attempts were made to poison the Duke of Savoy and the Queen of Poland. The sudden deaths of the Duchess of Orleans—the subject of the noble sermon of Bossuet—of the crafty and far-sighted Lionne, and of the Comte de Soissons, who perhaps had a Clytemnestra in Olympia Mancini, gave rise to dark and horrible rumours, and Louis himself was more than once warned that death lurked in the banquets of the Palace. Nor, as M. Iung significantly says, can we forget the rapid and premature ends of so many of the nearest and dearest of the King:—

'Mademoiselle de Fontanges died in 1681; and in 1689 Maria Louisa, daughter of Madame Henriette, who had married the King of Spain. The plot was discovered in Paris, and a counter-poison was sent to Madrid, but the courier arrived too late. The Queen of Spain, says Dangeau, who repeats the exact expressions of Louis XIV. at a supper at Court, died of poison put in an eel-pie. The Countess of Perniet, and the tirewomen Zapata and Nina, tasted the dish and died of the same poison. In later years Louis XIV. saw the most cherished members of his family perish suddenly and strangely. As for the prince who was to become Louis XV., he was only preserved, it is said, by an antidote given him by his governess. In this succession of infamous deeds, crime and shame are to be seen everywhere; a dark mystery of woe underlies the brilliant reign of Louis XIV., and a kind of correlation may be traced of all these horrors.'

What is the exact truth about these alleged crimes, and to what extent they may be connected with combinations of foreign enemies, or the conspiracies of discontented subjects, in an age of statecraft and little scruple, must be left to historians to determine. M. Iung, however, has very clearly shown that Louis was the object of several plots during the first and most splendid part of his reign, and he has made it at least extremely probable that these were associated in different ways with the great poisoning trials of the Chambre Ardente, in which La Brinvilliers and her accomplices figured. We quote his words:—

'Turning to the years 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, the names of the criminals are everywhere the same. But it cannot be by chance that we so continually meet these persons in this life of guilt and disorder. These poisonings of sovereigns and of ministers, these repeated risings of provinces, these perpetual plots, the instigators of which had so many strange points of contact, assuredly have a centre. They are the work of a group of individuals, with an organisation at home and abroad. They obey a word of command. It is against this band that Louvois, and his father, Chancellor Le Tellier, struggle without pity from 1672 to 1681. Nay, is it on account of the frequent relations between these poisoners and the Huguenots that Louis XIV., Louvois, and Le Tellier put in force such terrible measures against the Protestant reformers, and promulgated the fatal revocation of the Edict of Nantes? Did they obey the Jesuits in this matter? Did they act under the threat of Jesuit vengeance? M. Hattin, the learned compiler of the gazettes of Holland and of the secret press of that time, says that the gazette of the 31st December, 1683, appeared with the initial letters of its title or name printed in red. This surprised the public, and gave rise to all kinds of surmises. It was a sign agreed upon between Le Tellier and a person who revealed a Jesuit plot against the life of Louis XIV.'

It is amidst this maze of intrigues and crimes, M. Iung insists, that we should seek the Mask, taking as an index the date suggested by the expressions of Barbézieux to Saint-Mars, 'your ancient,' your 'twenty years old' prisoner, found in letters from 1691–98. Now, clear proof exists that in the autumn of 1672, and in the early spring of the following year, a plot was hatched against the life of Louis, and its ramifications probably spread along the German, Spanish, and Belgian frontiers. On March 8, 1673, Michieli, the ambassador of the Republic of Venice, wrote to the Doge:—'The Court has 'gone to Versailles; it will stay there until the 25th of next 'month. Strict orders have been issued to observe all persons 'who enter the palace of his Majesty. It is said this has been 'done by the advice of the King of England, who, in his 'zealous regard for the safety of his Majesty, is apprehensive 'lest some sacrilegious person, exasperated perhaps by the ills 'suffered by his country or his faith, should have formed a 'tragical project.' In the same month an agent of Louvois reported:—'The gentleman requests above all things that it 'shall not be known that it was the Baron of Aspres, chief of 'the estates of Zealand, who gave information about the plot.'

Conspiracies against Louis XIV. were certainly not uncommon at this time. Two or three years previously our ambassador, Holles, had written to a friend in England that 'a man come 'from Lyons had accused another Lyonnese of an intention to 'murder the King. . . . A great stir is being made about

'a plot against the person of the King. A strict search has 'been made in this city, and last Tuesday, when I was at 'Charenton, at prayers, two exempts and a lieutenant stood 'at the door of the church, and examined attentively those 'who went in.' It deserves notice, too, that about this date many of the persons whose names appear afterwards, in the trial of La Brinvilliers and other proceedings, seem to have been already involved in crime:—'The principal actors in the 'conspiracies referred to, prisoners, forgers, &c., can be traced, 'and were scattered about in or near France in 1670.'

The plot of 1672–3 aroused the energy of the youthful Louvois, then just appointed Secretary of State, through the interest of his father the famous Le Tellier. At this juncture Le Tellier and Louvois were under a kind of proscription at court. The old nobles had coalesced to put down these representatives of a bureaucratic *noblesse*, and the chiefs of the great Houses of Condé and Turenne had resolved to put down the insolent upstarts. Louvois, however, with the aid of his father, addressed himself to unravel the plot; and the machinery of a vigilant secret service was set in motion to arrest the criminals. As the seat of the conspiracy seemed to be Belgium, a regular agency of spies was established in the principal towns on the northern frontier, and the passages of the Somme were regularly guarded, especially around the fortress of Peronne on the great road from the Low Countries to Paris. These precautions were not without results; and it is clear from the reports of the officials of Louvois that a design had been formed against the life of the King, and that its authors were men of a certain rank who had relations with Amsterdam and Brussels, and not improbably with Madrid, and had ample funds at their disposition. Lespine Beauregard, the commandant at Peronne, wrote to Louvois, in March 1673:—

'Since the arrest of the gentleman of Silesia, no person has passed here who can be suspected of the execrable plot against His Majesty, if I may judge from the descriptions and portraits you have indicated to me. I feel sure I shall catch the head of this foul business if he comes by this town. . . . According to your orders, I have placed nine confidential persons since yesterday to watch the nine fords of the Somme by which the river might be crossed on horseback. These will keep such a strict watch by day and night that if the villains we expect shall present themselves they will assuredly be captured, as well as those who may have letters or papers addressed to personages of distinction. I beg of you to tell me to what country the chief of the conspiracy belongs.'

The principal information, however, came from a Father

Hyacinth, an agent of Louvois at Arras, who had intelligence from Belgium. From the reports of a spy of this vigilant priest, the supposed leader of the murderous band was a soldier of fortune, known by the names of the Chevalier de Kiffenbach, or the Chevalier d'Harmoises, and a Lorrainer of not ignoble descent. This man had been in Paris some months previously, perhaps in order to mature his projects:—

'The said deponent, having conferred with the Sieur de Lorette touching the picture of the chief, explaining to him who this miscreant was, remembered that in December last, when in the company of a gentleman in Paris, at the Faubourg Saint Germain, who was about to pay a visit to M. Coulon, the academician, they saw a man dressed in a jerkin of thick stuff with silver buttons, standing before the shop of a saddler. This man looked at the gentleman, and approached to salute him. The gentleman did not return the salute, and Sieur Lorette having asked why, received for answer, that the man in question was a Lorrainer, that he had been a captain of cavalry in the Lorraine troops, that he had been seen at Brussels and in the army, and that he was a good-for-nothing spendthrift who led a bad life.'

On March 22 Father Hyacinth reported to Louvois that this chief was at Brussels with three men of a band—ten in all in number. He added the following curious particulars:—

'The person I have sent to Brussels to watch the leader of the band who seeks to attempt the King's life wrote to me on the 19th that he has discovered the man and taken up his abode with him. He describes him exactly as I have done in my last letter. He says that this chief has three men with him, who serve him very well, and who are all differently dressed and not in any livery. He has not yet been able to ascertain to what country they belong, for they speak different tongues. The chief gives out he is about to raise a regiment of cavalry, but first to make a tour in Lorraine. My informant adds that the chief is free with his money, and that persons of condition often come to see him. Most of these persons, being strangers, are unknown to my informant; but one of them is a deputy from Holland, who on the 18th was four hours alone in conversation with the chief in his room. Little that they said could be heard, but the words King and Paris passed.'

By the 25th, or 27th at latest, the conspirators had taken their departure from Brussels.

'The messenger I sent to Brussels informs me that the leader of the band went away on the 27th, and that his three attendants were off on the 25th. The chief went off very secretly, and did not say where he was going, though he had sometimes said before that he was about raising a cavalry regiment. The day before his departure he had a long conversation with a deputy from Holland.'

Between the 29th and 31st of March an important prisoner was arrested at Peronne, and gave his name as Louis D'Olden-

dorf, when interrogated by the commandant Beauregard. M. Iung shows that, very probably at least, this person was the leader of the band known as the Chevalier de Kiffenbach or D'Harmoises. The prisoner was, it seems, sent from Peronne immediately in the charge of M. Legrain, prevôt-general of the connétablerie of France, and was in the Bastille by the second week of April. On the 8th of that month we find Louvois directing Father Hyacinth to send to Paris the spy recently employed at Brussels, in order to identify the newly captured prisoner:—'I desire you to send here the servant of 'the gentleman who is acquainted with the unlucky chief, to 'see if the prisoner who has been arrested at Peronne is he. 'Send him off at once for it is an important matter, and by 'post if he is with you.' A day or two before the priest had written to Louvois:—'I hope with all my heart that the man 'who has been arrested is the execrable chief of the con-'spiracy, for in that case the sacred person of the King will 'be safe.' Beauregard, too, had written to the Minister from Peronne:—'I have no news to give you of the messenger I 'have despatched to Brussels. . . . I venture to ask you if 'Oldendorf is the miscreant whom we are in search of amidst 'that company of villains.' The prisoner Oldendorf had evidently been in possession of documents of importance, for on the 17th of April, Beauregard sent this despatch to Louvois:—'The Brussels messenger has fortunately brought the casket 'of Oldendorf. It has not yet been opened, and is in the 'hands of M. de Nancré until my emissary shall have returned 'from Antwerp. He has gone to that city as the bearer of a 'letter from Oldendorf, in order to induce the pensionary 'Horn to go to Court.'

At this moment the King was about to leave Versailles for the siege of Maastricht, and Louvois, as Minister, went in his suite. Louvois, however, seems to have made a halt at Peronne on the 4th and 5th of May, in order to examine the Oldendorf casket. What its contents were has not been ascertained; but the Minister wrote at once from Peronne to M. Besmaus, the governor of the Bastille:—'Sir, it is of the last 'importance that no one shall discover what has become of the 'Sieur Lefroid taken by M. Legrain to the Bastille. Lefroid 'requested me to let Count Molina know that he was in your 'hands. Take every imaginable precaution, and be sure that 'he remains at M——, where somebody he knows is intimate 'with many people.'

This letter of Besmaus, of the 18th of May, refers most probably to this prisoner:—

'I have received your letter of the 5th instant, and I have done all that I possibly could to fulfil your orders. I have heard nothing since your departure, and have not seen any one who can occasion a suspicion. I have not quitted this place for a moment. I have caused a watch to be set on the man you refer to. . . . The man is often in tears, makes many complaints, and told me this morning that you took delight in vexing a great lord who would pay you off for it.'

M. Iung argues, on this evidence, that de Kiffenbach, D'Harmoises, Oldendorf, Lefroid, and the unknown 'man' of Besmaus, are all the same person; and insists further that this criminal was the leader in the conspiracy against Louis XIV. We shall not dispute M. Iung's conclusions as to the identity of the prisoner in question, though the proofs are by no means complete, nor can the reality of the plot be fairly doubted. It should be remarked, too, that just at this time the favour of the King, of late on the wane, in consequence of the jealousy of the Court, was extended to Louvois more amply than ever; and we may at least surmise that this return of a confidence which henceforward was never withdrawn, may have been due to the zeal of the Minister in discovering a conspiracy against the life of the King of formidable if ill-defined extent. M. Iung says:—

'Louvois and his father had found the means to baffle the cabal which had sought their ruin. The fall of Maastricht had not sufficed to bring the young secretary into favour again. Louis XIV. was more than ever assailed by the expostulations and complaints of personages interested in the fall of a family at once *parvenu* and all-powerful. The Prince of Condé and Turenne had openly expressed their pretensions; the return of the secretary was to be the occasion when he was to be made feel the displeasure of the King. Louvois seemed on the point of disgrace, and his friends were already falling away from him, when a sudden change took place.'

Our readers will have guessed that M. Iung has discovered the Mask in the plotting Lorrainer, the man of many names arrested at Peronne, and sent afterwards, as we assume, to the Bastille, and who was known there as M. Lefroid, or as the 'man' referred to by the cautious governor. Granting, for the sake of argument, that he has traced this prisoner from Brussels to the Bastille, and has ascertained to some extent who he was, he has, we think, failed to establish his main position and to connect the supposed chief of the band of assassins with the mysterious being he seeks to identify. No doubt the epithets we have so often quoted, employed by Saint-Mars and Barbézieux from 1691 to 1698, may with reasonable propriety apply to a prisoner arrested in 1673; but this circumstance

proves hardly anything, and in other particulars the evidence adduced by M. Iung is extremely deficient. Our readers, however, shall judge for themselves, though our *resumé* cannot of course be complete. M. Iung asserts that the conspirator of 1673 was detained several months in the Bastille, and then quotes the following despatch of Louvois to Saint-Mars, dated in March 1674:—

'The King has thought fit, for the good of his service, to send to Pignerol a prisoner who, though obscure in rank, is nevertheless an important person. His Majesty has caused him to be conducted from hence under the escort of M. Legrain, who will take him to the post called Brou, beyond Lyons. He will be there about the 30th of this month, and you will take care to send ten trusty men of your company, under the command of one of your officers, to receive him. M. Legrain will give all necessary orders as to the manner of guarding this prisoner. You will direct the officer to conduct him quietly along the roads, and to lead him into Pignerol without noise, and so that no one shall be able to perceive that a prisoner is being taken to the donjon.'

The Minister also despatched a second order to be given by the director of the post at Lyons to the officer of Saint-Mars who was to receive the prisoner:—'The officer of M. de 'Saint-Mars will conduct the prisoner to be delivered to him 'by M. Legrain to the donjon of Pignerol without delay, and 'will travel always on the domains of the King. He will take 'every necessary precaution to keep the prisoner safe, will 'bind him closely at night, and, besides, will never leave 'him out of sight, or allow him to speak or write to any one 'whomsoever.'

According to M. Iung the conspirator of 1673, taken from Peronne, we suppose, to the Bastille, was one and the same person as this last-named prisoner, transferred to Pignerol eleven months afterwards. But, except the single fact that M. Legrain acted as an escort on both occasions, we have found nothing in M. Iung's book to establish a conclusion of this kind; and it would be strange to argue that because an official personage is seen twice in company with an unknown prisoner, that prisoner must be the same person. At this point M. Iung's case appears to us to break down altogether; and as a chain of proof, when once severed, fails, we might decline to examine the remaining links. These links, however, are at best fragile and will not bear a critical test. Granting, what obviously is the merest conjecture, that the conspirator of 1673 was the prisoner sent in 1674 to Pignerol, M. Iung has yet to show that this last person was one of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower, of the two 'merles' of 1681, either of

these being, as we think, the Mask. M. Iung has tried hard to prove the identity; but his praiseworthy labours leave us in doubt. Having made search through the prison registers of Pignerol, he has endeavoured to show that, of all the prisoners immured in that fortress from 1664 to 1681, none can answer the required description, except the prisoner of 1674, and another to be presently noticed; but—an essential point in a negative argument—he has not said that the list is complete; and, even if he had, he has not, we think, accounted for two other persons at least, either of whom might as well have been one of the two prisoners we are now seeking as the prisoner at Pignerol in 1674. In the second place, M. Iung contends, we believe rightly, that when Saint-Mars wrote the letter to Destrades in June 1681, and some time afterwards went to Exiles, only five prisoners can be found at Pignerol; and he has demonstrated that two of these were Mattioli, and a man of the name of Dubreuil, and has made it very probable that the third was an obscure person called Eustache Danger, who perhaps acted as valet to Fouquet. Admitting, however, the truth of these facts, it does not follow that we can ascertain who the two remaining prisoners were; all we know is that we find them marked by a very singular designation; and it is still less evident that the prisoner of 1674 was certainly one of these persons, the famous pair we have so often mentioned.

Besides, even if we were to admit, the certainly as yet unproved theory, that the prisoner of 1674 was one of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower, it is necessary to go a step further, and to identify these persons, in order to show that he was the mysterious Mask, taken from Exiles to Sainte-Marguerite, and finally entombed in the Bastille. M. Iung endeavours to establish this, by arguing that the Jacobin Monk to whom we have before referred, was the second prisoner of the Lower Tower, and that he died in 1686–7, the date of the death of that prisoner; but here, again, the suggestions he makes are not sufficient to produce conviction. Reasoning therefore, even on the above vague hypothesis, M. Iung, we think, has not at all shown who the two prisoners of the Lower Tower were; and, therefore, even at this point of his case, and with a great deal too much conceded to him, has, in our judgment, failed to connect the prisoner of 1674 with the Mask. As we have said, however, we altogether deny that the prisoner of 1674 can be brought in such proximity to the Mask as, for the sake of argument, we have been willing to allow.

We think therefore that proof is wanting to identify the conspirator of 1673 with the prisoner of 1674; to associate the prisoner of 1674 with either of the two prisoners of the Lower Tower; to prove who these two persons were; and to show which of them was the Mask. At every turn in this part of his search M. Iung fails to attain his object; and the nameless spectre eludes his grasp.

> 'Ceu fumus in auras
> Commixtus tenues, fugit diversa; neque illum
> Prensantem nequidquam umbras, et multa volentem
> Dicere, præterea vidit.'

Nor can we attach, as M. Iung has done, much weight to the only other presumptions which he has prayed in aid of this branch of his argument. Undoubtedly the precautions observed in conducting and watching the conspirator of 1673, and the prisoner of 1674, have a certain resemblance to those observed in instances in which we discern the Mask; but we cannot, from such a coincidence as this, infer the identity of those persons. In fact, whatever M. Iung may say, precautions of much the same kind were taken in the case of numerous prisoners, and really were part of the daily duty of Saint-Mars. The following, for example, is an order for the arrest and detention of the obscure prisoner who seems to have been a valet of Fouquet; and such orders abound in M. Iung's volume:—

'The King has directed me to cause X to be sent to Pignerol. It is of the very utmost importance that he shall be guarded with the strictest attention, and that he shall be unable to let any one know who or where he is. Have a deep and close cell ready for him, and take care that the gratings do not open on a place where any one is likely to be. Let there be so many doors closed one after the other that the sentinels shall be unable to hear a word. You will yourself supply each day the necessaries of life to this wretch, and see him take his food; and you will never listen to what he may desire to say on any pretext whatever. Threaten him with death if he ever opens his mouth to speak of anything but of what he may absolutely be in want of.'

We repeat therefore that M. Iung's theory as to the identity of the Mask has not been made out, and the proof seems to us wholly inadequate. It is unnecessary to refer to another matter elaborated by this conscientious writer, for an inquiry really leads to nothing. Dujunca's journal, so often cited, records that the Mask was known by the name of M. de Marchiel on the Bastille register, and this piece of evidence has been made the groundwork of many ingenious guesses. It is improbable, however, in the highest degree, that anything but a well-

disguised name would have been given to the mysterious Mask; and M. Topin's argument that de Marchiel is merely a corruption of Mattioli, and M. Iung's assertion that similar names, and also that of Armoise or Harmoise, are not uncommon to this day in Lorraine, will not bear much weight with judges of evidence, though it is certainly curious that the conspirator of 1673 was sometimes called the Chevalier d'Harmoise, and seems to have been of Lorraine extraction. To sum up our views on the whole question, M. Iung, we think, has distinctly traced the Mask to one of the two prisoners removed from Pignerol in 1681 to Exiles; and this discovery is of very great value, for it puts an end to the claims of many persons, and more especially to that of Mattioli, and it confines future research within narrow limits. Henceforward, if we do not greatly err, inquiry will gather to one point only; and if the prisoners of the Lower Tower, the *merles* of Saint-Mars, can be brought to light, the secret will at last be found out. M. Iung, however, has not established, in our judgment, the case he makes, and the figure of the Mask still recedes before us, impalpable, 'with no speculation in his eyes,' a ghost in the gloomy by-paths of history. His assiduous researches have, however, disclosed many curious incidents of the reign of Louis XIV., and although he may not have unveiled the face of the Mask, he has, in part at least, laid bare the secrets of an important period in the annals of France, and has lifted up the vizard which concealed the features of a society brilliant upon the surface, but foul with corruption and crime within.

ART. II.—*Work and Wages.* By THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P. London: 1872.

No subject can more urgently demand, or more amply repay, the study of the intelligent inquirer than the great question of Work. From the inexhaustible fountain of labour springs all that constitutes the wealth of nations. The power, the dignity, and the happiness of a people are at the same time the result, and the expression, of the energy and capacity for labour which characterise the race. From the wheel of the potter, from the yet ruder shed of the brick-moulder, to the noblest work of the sculptor; from the rudest scratching of the soil to the highest triumph of scientific agriculture; from the first lesson in the dame school to the master-speech of the great statesman in the senate; all that can enrich and ennoble a nation is bound together by the golden links of industry. No philosophy can be other than superficial, no statesmanship can be other than barbarous, that is ignorant or negligent of the great natural laws that regulate the application of Labour.

To the formation of a theory of industrial law worthy the name of Science, the volume before us furnishes a contribution of extraordinary value. Kindly and worthy motives have led to its production. The writer is evidently anxious to show how thoroughly some of those who have of late spoken loudly on the subject of labour are in ignorance of the very elements of the question they have professed to solve. Nor is he less desirous to raise the courage of those who, looking at the disturbances in our industrial system that are chiefly due to artificial causes, despond as to the future of the country. But it is not so much in the argument, as in the rich store of industrial facts, collected from indicated sources, and brought together in available order, that the value of the book consists. Such a field for investigation in industrial philosophy has not before been offered to the world in so compendious a form; and the value of the facts collected is enhanced, rather than diminished, by the consideration that no special theory is propounded by the writer. Thus we have not only ample illustration of the course and play of industry, in every quarter of the globe; but we have the naked facts presented in a natural light, without even an unconscious effort so to twist or so to colour them as to make them available for the establishment of any favourite dogma.

The general theory of the relation existing between work

and wages may be regarded from three very different standpoints. The questions involved come home in different ways to the labourer, to the employer, and to the statesman.

With the first, the great object of life is the acquisition of wages. To the labourer the word is synonymous with income. It implies the means of providing for his own need, and for the wants of those who are dependent on his exertions. The characteristics of wages that are most important in his eyes are—first, security; second, adequacy; and third, ease of acquirement. He desires to earn them with as little labour as possible. He desires that they should be as liberal in amount as possible. But his chief anxiety is, that they shall be always surely forthcoming.

To earn this means of livelihood the labouring man offers his work. The true nature of this great power, which is the real fountain of wealth, is as yet but imperfectly understood. It is regarded by the owner, the working man, under one or other of two opposite and conflicting aspects. To the first of these views of the proper character of work, as it has been held by the British workman, and by the industrious immigrants who were driven to our shores by the blind fury of the fourteenth and fifteenth monarchs who bore the name of Louis, this country chiefly owes her industrial primacy. The view in question is that which leads the workman to take pride in his occupation. He thus makes it his effort and his boast that his handiwork shall be as sound, thorough, and finished as the nature of the industry will allow. In a word, he loves it to be workmanlike. With this excellence in quality is almost invariably combined a sense of justice as to quantity. The good workman prides himself not only on the high character of his work, but on his readiness to give a good day's work for a fair day's wage.

Unfortunately there are those among us who endeavour, not only to teach, but to compel, the workman to regard his labour from the very opposite point of view. The theory of competition is now invoked in a mode little contemplated by those who first promulgated it. The condition that is laid down as primary by those who attempt to organise the labourer as the opponent, rather than the assistant, of his employer is, that the less work every man does, the more hands will be necessarily employed. Thus we find the collier leaving the pit when he has cut a certain quantity of coal, although, with but little extra fatigue, he might considerably increase the outcome of the day's work. Thus we find that bricklayers have been warned not to lay more than a certain number of bricks

a day, when they might readily at the same time increase their earnings and expedite the work they have in hand. The assumptions that underlie this mischievous interference with the freedom of labour are, that a certain quantity of work has to be performed in the year; and that it is competent to the labourer, by means of combination, to fix the remuneration for this work. We shall have the opportunity of seeing the thorough folly of this view.

The employer naturally regards both work and wages from a very different point of view from that of the workman. Nor is he, in his turn, less subject than the labourer to be misled by a false appreciation of his own interest. Work, to the employer, means the assistance which he requires for producing the staple of his trade. Wages means the pecuniary advances which he makes, in anticipation of the sale of his ware, to obtain the services of the workman. The real requirements of the employer are—first, certitude as to the steady supply of labour; and next, fair return both in the quality and in the quantity of work, for the wages which he pays. Thus, truly regarded, the interests of the employer and of the workman are identical.

But as the workman may be misled into the effort to return as little labour as possible for his wages, so the employer may be misled into the attempt to pay the lowest possible wages in return for work. And the temptation is more specious and cogent in the case of the employer; for his pay-sheet represents a definite outlay which it is not always easy punctually to discharge; and anything which diminishes that outlay presents itself under the guise of an actual saving. This may be, and often is, far from being a real saving; but the fallacy is specious, and the mistake is extremely natural. Thus the grasping employer endeavours to keep down wages to a minimum, and the idle workman endeavours to force them up to a maximum.

The statesman regards labour as the perennial spring of national wealth, the source of national greatness, and the safeguard against national decadence. One of the first objects of the wise statesman must be to encourage the most free and uninterrupted development of the national industrial power. It is therefore of primary importance to understand the natural relation that exists between work and wages. The latter, indeed, the statesman can only regard as that one, out of various possible, means of eliciting the energy of the workman, which is, all things considered, most suitable in the actual phase of civilisation. The method which might, at the first

glance, seem simple and more direct, and which may yet play a great part in the development of the industry of the future—namely, the opening of a direct credit for the workman, based on the time given by him to labour—has been found to offer such facilities for fraud and extortion on the part of the employer as to be now justly prohibited under the designation of the Truck System.

It will become evident to the statesman that employer and workman are in truth concurrent elements in the great social machinery. Their interests, in the long run, can never be opposed to each other. There must, therefore, exist a true relation between labour and wage; an equilibrium of remuneration, any departure from which, whether upwards or downwards, tends to diminish the produce of industry, and is thus hostile to the national well being. No object can more worthily engage the patient study of the statesman than the attempt to ascertain the law that determines the stable equilibrium of work and wages.

The discussion of this great problem, and the steady direction of the intelligence of the country to work out its solution, both in the *à priori* and in the inductive mode, have been seriously hindered by the generally accepted notion that the task has been already effected by writers on Political Economy. But it is sufficient to recall the clear and candid admission made by Mr. J. S. Mill, in the first volume of his 'Treatise 'upon the Principles of Political Economy,' to be aware that the maxims he has laid down are only very partially applicable to the determination of industrial questions. For, according to Mr. Mill, 'it is only in so far as we regard 'action as regulated entirely by competition, that Political 'Economy has any claim to be considered as a science.' But custom, intelligence, prejudice, geographical position, the influence of climate, physical and intellectual capacity and habit, are all elements that affect the development of labour as much as, if not more than, the single element of competition as to price. Occasionally one or other of these influences appears to be absolute in its operation. Thus among the citizens of the United States, as we generally meet them on the continent of Europe, the hatred of anything which they consider to be mean in the way of payment frequently replaces the desire to make an advantageous bargain. In the domestic culture of the higher classes in our own country may be traced the seeds of the honourable feeling which has developed to so great an extent in the case to which we refer. The impulse of competition is often unfelt, and is never sole

or unchecked in its operation. To attempt to solve great industrial questions on the hypothesis which Mr. Mill states to be the fundamental one of Political Economy is, therefore, to take a part for the whole, and to confuse, rather than to elucidate, the problems which it behoves us to investigate.

It is not altogether to the credit of English literature that we should be able to speak of such a book as 'Work and 'Wages' as a novelty. Among the new and important inventions of which the last forty years have witnessed the creation, none has attained greater importance than the Railway. Nothing, at any period in the history of the world, has given such an impetus to commerce and manufacture. We have expended nearly five hundred and sixty millions sterling in the creation of fifteen thousand miles of iron road. It is true that from the moment when the first English railway was baptised in the blood of an illustrious victim, the speculative element—the idea of investing for profit—has never been disconnected from the issue and transference of railway stock. But there has been an active creative vitality in this industry altogether apart from the question of transfer of property. We have applied to the surface of our island an amount of labour which has produced a system of internal communication unknown to our fathers. We have done this, to some extent, by the devotion to this branch of industry of a certain amount of labour diverted from some other occupation. But no one who is practically familiar with the development of the English railway system from its origin can doubt that the labour thus transferred has formed but a part, and that by no means the most important part, of the labour that has created railways. Much of that labour has been called into action by the occasion. Not only have men who would otherwise have been idle been fully and profitably employed, but the actual productive capacity of a great number of men has been enormously developed. Skill has been formed by experience; industry has been encouraged by remunerative employment; and not only so, but to a considerable extent, the *physique* of the labourer has been improved. The man has been better fed, as well as better directed. His capacity for work has been at once developed and utilised. Thus we have had a new and most advantageous application of labour. We have raised and formed a new and improved class of labourers. Our railways have enriched the country, not only by the facilities which they afford to communication, but still more by the elevation of the working class. They are not only benefits to the nation as a product of labour, but they can claim the yet higher title

of being in themselves creators of labourers of a higher order than was to be found existent before their commencement unless in so far as they were anticipated in this respect by our canals.

It is clear that the origin and growth of a new and mighty industry of this nature must have supplied a group of facts of the utmost value to the economical student. To a certain extent the public writer is in possession of these facts. We can tell to a few miles, the length of our railways; to a few thousands, their cost; to the fraction of a penny, how much a passenger train costs for every mile that it runs. We are far from undervaluing the importance of these statistical details. Much use has been made of them; more, perhaps, remains to be made. But we are referring to a somewhat different order of phenomena. We are not so much inquiring into the actual cost of any existing public work, or into the probable cost of those which may be required in the future, as into the laws of the development of labour itself. It is far more important to understand these great social forces than it is to settle any question of price. We should compare the ordinary labourer of this country with the labourer of other parts of the world. We should ascertain the relative value of the day's work of the slave, the rice-fed Hindoo, the potato-fed Irishman, the ordinary agricultural labourer of this country, and the English workman, when fed, comforted, and guided in the manner which, hitherto, has produced the most efficient outcome of work. We should, from a widespread experience, settle this economical question; and we should, at the same time, approach the yet more important question of the moral *status* of the labourer, and of that which constitutes the real wealth of nations—the increase of a healthy, industrious, happy population.

During the period in which, as a nation, we have applied to the construction of railways an amount of labour which is now measured by a nominal capital of less than six hundred millions sterling, nearly an eighth part of that large sum has been expended under the direction of a single man. We are not, of course, asserting that Mr. Brassey made an eighth part of the English railways. His widely-spread enterprise attacked the great problem of labour in the four quarters of the world. His partners and agents made practical acquaintance with the ineffective character of slave labour, of female labour, of the labour of the ill-fed and ill-taught natives of different climates and various races, no less than with the effective toil of the English navvy. Nor are the facts which are brought before

us in 'Work and Wages' confined to the experience acquired by the expenditure, under the direction of Mr. Brassey, of the large sum of seventy-eight millions sterling. The valuable reports contributed by her Majesty's Secretaries of Embassy and Legation as to the rate of wages abroad; the results of co-operative experiments in this country, in France, and in Germany; the evidence taken by the Commission on Trades' Unions, are all intelligently referred to. A subject of such magnitude is not to be exhausted in a little volume of 284 pages; but no careful reader can close the book without, in the first place, finding his store of knowledge considerably augmented, and, in the second place, having much clearer ideas as to the quarters to which he should apply for further information.

We propose first to point out how certain great laws regulating the application and development of labour are clearly illustrated, or even may be said to be established, by induction from the facts collected by Mr. Brassey. We shall proceed to inquire as to some further points on which the same method of illustration is desirable. And we shall then examine how far certain statements which are put forward as 'fundamental 'dogmas' of Political Economy are, or are not, irreconcilable with the wide and incontestable induction which we are in a position to draw from positive experimental data as to labour.

The first great industrial law to which we shall refer, as illustrated by the facts now under consideration, is that *the cost of work is not determined by the rate of wages.* It is evident that this might be theoretically stated, as an *à priori* condition. But it is quite another thing to clothe the hypothesis with all the reality of ascertained fact. It is a point as to which no inquirer of experience, and no one who has been an employer of labour under different conditions at different times, is altogether ignorant. But it is a law very generally ignored, not only by political writers, but too often by the employer himself. We have a very wide experience to guide us to a sound conclusion on this important subject.

At Rio Janeiro, Mr. Brassey tells us, his father's representative, Mr. Hancock, employed slave labour on the drainage works, which were undertaken in 1862. The nominal rate of wages is not given; but it was soon ascertained that the labour of the free Portuguese (who in Europe is one of the poorest of workmen) at the wages of 4*s.* 6*d.* per day, was far more advantageous to the contractor than that of slaves. The maintenance of eighty slaves, in Pernambuco, for a year, *including an allowance for replacement,* is estimated by the British Consul at that place at 765*l.* This gives the rate of

9*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* per annum, or about 7·6 pence per diem, taking 300 working days in the year. A further allowance, however, of 486*l.* per annum is made for interest, at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, on the *sum expended in the purchase of the slaves.* This would make the total rate of the slave wage amount to 10·4 pence per day. This calculation is our own; and it is striking to find that the wages of a free native black labourer, on the same estate, were 10·75 pence per day. The latter had to provide his own food, so that the actual cost of free native labour very closely approached to the estimated cost of that performed by the slave. The same sum, expended in free labour, yielded a return higher by one-sixth than that obtained from the slave; the quantity of sugar produced in each case being the criterion. The free native labourer, therefore, is but little above the level of the slave. His work is more effective only by the amount of one day in the week. And it proved cheaper to engage the European labourer at five times the rate of wages than to employ slaves.

We next turn to India. There, before the introduction of railways caused an increased demand for labour, wages ranged from 4*d.* to 4½*d.* per day. The subsequent rise amounted to about 30 per cent., the coolies receiving 6*d.* per day. The cost of the two pounds of rice, which form the daily sustenance of one of these men, is not more than a shilling a week; and as other wants are few or unknown, the Hindoo labourer only shortens the hours of employment in the inverse proportion to the increase in the rate of wages. In Eastern Europe the standard of living is stated by Mr. Brassey to be very low, and the wages scanty in proportion. The inhabitants of Bukovina and Moldavia live on Indian corn, and the spirit distilled from the same grain, at a cost of from 4*d.* to 5*d.* per day. In Hungary the cost of living for a man, his wife, and three children, is stated at 1*s.* per day. In Prussia the day labourer's wages range from 8*d.* to 1*s.* 4*d.* per day with food, the cost of which is from 2*d.* to 3*d.* During harvest this rate is doubled. In Ireland, in 1864, on the Enniskillen railway, the labourers were paid at the rate of 1*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* per day. Sixteen years earlier, in the County Cork, they were appreciably lower. In Normandy, in the neighbourhood of Caen, the average wages for agricultural labourers were a franc and-a-half a day. In Pembrokeshire, in 1847, before the works of the South Wales railway were commenced, 1*s.* 6*d.* a day was all that was asked, not only by an agricultural labourer, but by a man of somewhat higher education, such as a gardener.

These prices, common to the several localities before the great stream of remunerative labour had been called to spring from their soil, were generally raised, within a very short time after the commencement of railways in the districts in question, in consequence of the demand of the contractor for hands. Thus on the Caen line, above cited, the wages paid to the local labourers varied from 2 to 2·75 francs a day. The Dutchmen engaged in the construction of the Dutch Rhenish railway received from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 8*d.* a day. On the Bukovina line the wages of the men who used the pick (which is the most highly priced description of ordinary labour) were 1*s.* 6*d.* per day. The shovel was then plied by women, at the rate of 1*s.* per day. On the Lemberg and Czernowitz line the men received from 2 to 3 francs a day, the women 1·60 francs. On the Paris and Rouen line the French labourers received 2*s.* 6*d.* a day; at the same time and in the same district, the English navvies taken over by Mr. Brassey were paid 5*s.* a day. The work executed by the latter, however, cost less per cubic yard than that done by the former. Somewhat later, on the Caen line, we find the French labourers earning from 2·75 to 3·50 francs a day. In Canada, on the Grand Trunk railway, the French-Canadian labourer received 3*s.* 6*d.* per day, while the Englishman drew from 5*s.* to 6*s.* a day; here also the latter description of labour proved to be the cheapest. In England the wages of navvies have varied from 2*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 8*d.* per day, in 1837, to from 3*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* per day, in 1871. We have known them range as high as from 3*s.* 9*d.* to 4*s.* 3*d.* per diem for men expert in the use of the pick.

Two distinct considerations arise from the survey of so wide a range in the standard of daily earnings. The first of these is, as before mentioned, that the cost of the work performed is not determined by the rate of wages. In connexion with this is the experience that the higher-rated English workman proves almost invariably more profitable to the employer than the more cheaply remunerated foreigner. But the changes which are effected, in the same locality, by the demand for labour, are of two different kinds. So long as the contractor is able to obtain practised workmen at an average price, the advance in the wages paid to the local labourers is compensated by their increased strength, adroitness and industry. Better fed, as well as better instructed, than they were when they first applied for railway work, they deserve, as well as receive, higher wages. At this increased rate of pay, the work, as a rule, is more cheaply performed.

The case is, however, very different when the amount of work in progress is such as to make the navvy himself a prize for whom different contractors compete. The consequence then is such a rise in the daily pay as to afford greater temptations to drink and idleness. Under these circumstances the work performed diminishes as the rate of pay augments. Not only does the employer pay a higher wage per day, but the men work for a less number of hours in the week. The fluctuations of trade may sometimes have the effect, for a short period, of producing this kind of disturbance. This was found to be the case in the Welsh iron works before the recent strike. An average rise of ten per cent. in the rate of wages was found to be accompanied by a decrease to an equivalent amount in the quantity of coal won. The workman was really no better off. He spent less time underground, but he made up for it in the publichouse. The masters, in the first instance, and ultimately the public, were the losers. On our railways, disturbances of this nature have been directly traceable to the negligence and unstatesmanlike action of the Legislature, in authorising, on special considerations, the construction of numerous works, without any regard to the primary question of the quantity of labour that would be required for their simultaneous prosecution.

In France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland, Spain, Germany, Belgium and Holland, it is the experience of Mr. Brassey that there is hardly any perceptible difference in the cost of railway work, so far as it can be executed by unskilled labour. In India, where we have seen that the rate of living is so extraordinarily low, Mr. Henfrey considers that, mile for mile, the cost of a line is much the same as in England. Earthwork is executed by the coolies at a cheaper rate than with us, but skilled labour is more expensive. Perhaps the most remarkable fact cited by Mr. Brassey as bearing on the relation between high wages and low cost is the result of a comparison that was made at Basingstoke, some years ago, between London and country bricklayers. It was proved, by measuring the work, (without the knowledge of the men employed) that one London bricklayer, who was paid *5s. 6d.* per day, laid more bricks in a day than two country bricklayers, who received *3s. 6d.* each. We may add that it is one of the main objects of the trades' unions to prevent the possibility of collecting such economical *data* as these.

After consideration of the facts above cited, it is impossible to doubt that the statement that low wages is not a term convertible into that of cheap labour must be accepted as an

axiom in economics. A rate of payment considerably above the average is shown to be, in many cases, the most economical. The effect of the upward movement of the price of labour, however, is a subject requiring investigation. It is important to ascertain, if practicable, exactly where a rise in wages ceases to be advantageous and begins to become detrimental.

The facts that bear on this portion of the subject are less numerous than those which throw light on the inexpediency of low wages. But they all point in one direction. They indicate that fluctuation in the rate of wages is an evil far more to be dreaded than the maintenance of any scale of payment of which we have any experience. They show that the speculative and unstable competition, in which some writers imagine that they find the very mainspring of industry, is the most adverse and mischievous influence that can chequer the life of the labourer, or waste the productive energies of the nation.

The industrial intelligence of mankind has indicated, under very different conditions, the constant operation of one beneficent law. It is this. The inventive faculty, in all cases, is chiefly directed to supply the local or temporary defects of the general industrial system. Thus we find in the United States, and especially in the less populous districts where wood is abundant and metal comparatively dear, that the millwrights and working engineers display extraordinary ingenuity in the construction of machines and tools almost entirely made of wood. As to metal work, their invention is either barren, or directed to the end of making use of only the smallest possible available quantity. In direct contradiction to this tendency, when the circumstances are reversed, we have seen in our own country many ingenious attempts to make iron, our staple manufacture, take the place of wood, much of which we import. When the price of iron is low, some of these schemes have attained considerable commercial importance. Such, for example, were the Barlow rails, in which a heavy inverted trough of wrought iron is made to serve the purpose both of the rail and of its bearing on the ground, so as to dispense with wooden bearers or sleepers. The operation of this law is no less to be remarked where the defective element necessary for production is labour. Labour-saving machines of all kinds are then invented. This, however, can only be expected to take place when there is a certain amount of steadiness in the conditions of the case. When labour is permanently in great demand, when there is more remunerative work to be accomplished than there are hands to perform

it, invention is constantly on the stretch to produce those mechanical appliances for the saving of human labour of which, as yet, we only see the rude commencement. But if the pressure be irregular, and the demand uncertain, the chief element to which the inventor looks for remuneration is absent, and invention flags in consequence.

A very luminous illustration of the value which the labourer attaches to certitude of employment is cited by Mr. Brassey. It is one in accordance with the general experience of all large employers of labour. At Sheerness Dockyard, from the year 1849 to 1869, the daily pay of a shipwright was from 4*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* At the same time the wages paid to the same class of workmen at Millwall Ironworks were from 6*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* Any Sheerness shipwright might, any day, have put his tools in his basket, and, at the end of a journey of an hour and a half, have obtained of the private ship-builders a rate of pay higher by three-eighths than that which he drew from the Government. But in the latter case a permanent employment was thus supposed to be insured. With the higher wages, employment was less certain. It depended on the pressure of work, that is to say, on the amount of orders taken by the company from time to time. This was a matter altogether beyond the control of the workman. His exertions could have no appreciable effect on it, neither was he in a condition at all to foresee when more or when less would be required. He therefore paid that heavy tax, or submitted to that heavy deduction from his possible daily earnings, for the sake of insurance. He evinced a moral sentiment of a high order in so doing. Mr. Brassey very feelingly and very justly laments that the administration, for the sake of a merely nominal and unreal saving, threw away the great commercial advantage which they had previously enjoyed, not at Sheerness alone, but at all our great dockyards and similar establishments. 'The recent hasty dis-'missals of workmen from the dockyards are especially to be 'regretted on this ground, that the workmen can no longer 'look with the same confidence as before to their permanent 'connexion with a Government establishment; nor will they 'be ready to accept lower wages in a dockyard in considera-'tion of the advantages of constant employment.' The misery caused by fluctuation in demand for this description of labour in the Thames building yards may be estimated by the fact that the number of men employed in them, which in 1869 was 20,880, was reduced in the following year to 3,190.

Established and permanent private works may, however, attain a character which will enable them to secure all the

advantage of giving a sense of security to their workpeople. An instance is cited in the case of the railway works at Sotteville, near Rouen; where there has been no advance of importance in the rate of wages in the class of labour employed by the builders of locomotives for twenty-five years. During that time there has been a great increase in the scale paid by MM. Schneider and other private employers. The rate of wages at Sotteville is about one-fifth lower than those paid at a similar establishment on the largest scale in England.

With regard to the invention of machinery for the purpose of saving labour, we should gladly welcome further detail. A work of the size, and we may add of the research, of that before us, might well be devoted to this single branch of economical science. Mr. Brassey tells us that in Denmark, in consequence of the improved system of working introduced by Mr. Rowan, the engineer who had charge of the Danish contracts of Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts, the cost of railway construction was reduced by 35 per cent. It is almost tantalising to find no indication given of the method which produced such a result. In England, the experience of Mr. Ballard is cited, to the effect that railways can be made cheaper than formerly, in consequence of the greater skill and capacity of the sub-contractors, and also because the introduction of the locomotive as a part of the plant of the contractor has made it practicable to a carry a load of earth to a greater distance for the same money. This latter cause, however, which is the only instance cited as to the introduction of labour-saving machines upon railways, is one of very limited application. In certain districts it may be advisable to remove large quantities of earthwork to a considerable distance; but the necessity is one which the ablest engineers always seek to avoid by a careful arrangement of the levels of the line.

We should be glad to be put in possession of the statistics which some of the great London builders ought to be in a position to supply, as to the economy effected in their work by the use of those handy little steam engines which many of our readers will remember to have seen puffing so merrily on the Thames Embankment and on other works. When the London and Birmingham railway was commenced, in 1833, it was the custom of the building trade to employ Irish labourers as hodmen to supply the bricklayer with brick and mortar. The hod, or 'monkey,' an implement which may soon be numbered among the appliances of the past, is a short triangular trough of wood, open at one end and closed at the other, and supported on a staff or handle some four feet long. Trains of Irish

hodmen might have been seen on every great work, climbing long ladders like lines of ants, each man having a hod of bricks or of mortar on his shoulder. They were summoned to the spot where they were to empty their hods by the bricklayers; who, trowel in hand, and rarely rising from their toil to an erect posture, would vociferate 'Mort,' or 'Rik.' The first innovation on this costly and dangerous kind of *colportage* was made by the introduction of the wheel-barrow; barrows full of bricks and of mortar being wheeled up planks, and turned out at the side of the bricksetter. Then a sort of crane was rigged up, and the barrow was hoisted into the air—in the first instance by men with a crab or windlass, afterwards by horse-power. Still later, the donkey engine, a small steam engine, was introduced; and for the ordinary barrow there was substituted a skip, cradle, or box, properly constructed for the safe raising of the materials required. It is hardly necessary to say that each of these improvements was stoutly opposed by the vested interest of the hodmen. The strikes and struggles against this wise economy of life, as well as of labour, are now things of the past. It is, however, probably the case that the great stream of emigration from Ireland to the West is one of the causes that have assisted the engineer in his efforts to displace a very imperfect and degrading form of labour.

In the cotton-spinning machinery of this country the effect of machinery in supplying the place of human labour is more remarkable than in almost any other instance. To our use of machinery, notwithstanding a higher rate of wages than is prevalent elsewhere, is attributable the fact that England supplies 57 per cent. of the textile fabrics of Europe. Without going back to the pre-Arkwright times, the advance in more recent days is shown to have been at times both rapid and considerable. Mr. Cowel gave evidence before the Factory Commissioners to the following effect: Owing to an increase in the power of machinery, in a single year, the income of a spinner was increased from 54*s.* to 77*s.* and 4*d.* in a week; of which, in the first instance, he had to pay 13*s.*, and in the second 27*s.* for assistance. Thus his net earnings, in the same period of 69 hours, were increased more than 20 per cent.; while, at the same time, the cost of the yarn produced was reduced 13*d.* per pound.

From 1866 to 1868 the increase in the number of persons employed in the great textile manufactories of the United Kingdom, namely cotton, wool, flax, hemp and jute, was increased by more than a fourth, namely, from 626,360 to

789,453.* In the same period the number of spinning spindles at work increased in about the same proportion, or from 32,409,781 to 40,135,250, and the number of power looms by nearly one half, or from 360,936 to 533,936, showing a considerable increase in the amount of machine work attended to by each person. Another very instructive comparison is that between the weekly earnings of a spinner in 1804 and those in 1833, stated in the most intelligible form, namely, in the weight of flour and of flesh which a week's net earnings would purchase in either case. This comparison gives 341 lbs. of flour, or 135 lbs. of flesh in 1808, against 477 lbs. of flour, or 152 lbs. of flesh in 1833. But the flour in the former instance cost 83*s.* per sack, and in the latter only 45*s.*

It is not only by the introduction of machinery that an undue cost of work, when the demand for labour is steadily rising, may be counteracted, but by the additional economy which experience and care render practicable. Thus the cost of the manufacture of locomotives has been reduced 7½*l.* per cent., the wages of the labourer engaged in this construction having been unaltered. The cost of the manufacture of iron rails was reduced, between 1860 and 1868, by 10 per cent., or from 7*l.* 15*s.* to 7*l.* per ton, wages being the same. In the Cleveland iron district alone an annual saving of half a million tons of coals is said to have been effected by improvements in the furnaces, the stimulus to which improvements had been given by the increase in the price of fuel.

From the question of the most advantageous rate of wages, and of the relation between the earnings of the workman and the real cost of work, we naturally pass to that of the hours of labour. As there exists a certain line, as yet undefined, (but determinable on the one hand by the standard of comfort and the cost of maintaining it, and on the other hand by the quality of work, and the demand which it makes on the thought and on the skill of the workman,) which marks the most economical rate of wages, so is there a certain amount of time, per week or per year, during which the energies of the labourer can be most advantageously exerted. Long hours of work are no more necessarily advantageous than low wages. On this subject we have a wide experience of our own in full harmony with that of Mr. Brassey. We will refer, in the first place, to a subject omitted in 'Work and Wages'—that of Sunday labour. Our experience of this is chiefly in France,

* The total number employed in the United Kingdom in 1868 is returned at 857,964, the number in 1850 having been 596,082.

where the artisan, for the most part, insists on working seven days in the week. The result, from the point of view of the English workman, is, that his French competitor never does a good day's work. There can be no doubt that there is a considerable amount of truth in this view. The experience of horse-masters, in this respect, comes in aid of that of the employers of human labour. And the illustration afforded by the condition of the horse has this advantage, that it allows of the comparison of two very different modes of distributing labour. The horse may be employed for many hours together, at a slow speed, as in tracking boats on a canal, or waggons on a tramway; or he may be employed for a comparatively short time, at a high speed, as in the case of horsing a coach. Again, he may be employed intermittently; called upon to repeat great exertions, each being followed by a period of rest. This is the case with the horses employed on railway 'tips,' that is to say, in emptying the waggons used to form embankments. But in either case, if the work be at all of an amount to approach the economical limit, an occasional day of rest must be given, if the condition of the animals is to be maintained. A day in seven seems to be the *minimum* that will attain this end. Experienced horse-masters prefer to give a day's rest in five. The rainy nature of our climate, however, is such as generally to insure a much larger proportion of off days in railway work.

Instances occur in which, either from physical causes, as in mining and in waterworks, or from administrative reasons, it is imperative to keep works in uninterrupted operation. In that case it is the duty of the employers—from an economical no less than from an ethical point of view—to employ a number of men large enough to allow at least a seventh part of them to rest each day. Unless this is done, it may be safely asserted that the cost of such continuous work is increased by at least one seventh, the outcome being at the same time not only not increased, but, most probably, diminished.

Not only is it an economical error to work man or horse for seven days in the week, but it is further injurious to extend the hours of daily labour beyond a certain maximum. On this subject Mr. Brassey supplies us with some valuable *data*. On the Paris and Rouen line, he tells us, the French workmen were in the habit of coming to work in the summer at five o'clock in the morning, and of continuing until seven in the evening. The Englishmen never came to work before six, and always left off at half-past five. But the amount of work performed

by the latter in eleven and a-half hours was always considerably larger than that performed by the former in fourteen. It should be explained, in order to account for the apparent irregularity, or independence, displayed by the workmen in thus fixing their own time, that Mr. Brassey almost invariably paid by piece-work, (to which we shall presently refer,) and that thus the workmen were fully entitled to choose their own hours. It is true that this experience is not to be regarded as conclusive, since the question involves the relative power of the races, as well as the length of time employed. But it is of value as proving a link between the experience of working for seven days in the week, and that of the shorter number of hours to which we shall presently refer.

In Russia, we are told, the peasantry begin to work in summer at two o'clock, when working for themselves, and finish at nine P.M., with intermediate rest of from two to three hours, leaving from sixteen to seventeen hours of work per day. One English farm-labourer, working for ten hours, will do the work of two Russians, each working for sixteen hours. Not only in France, but on the Continent generally, the hours of labour are longer than in England. In the United States, they are usually ten hours a day. In South Wales, the miners work on the average twelve hours out of the twenty-four. In the North of England, seven. And yet Mr. Elliott calculates that the cost of getting coals in Aberdare is 25 per cent. more than it is in Northumberland.

On this point, however, we must remember that we have evidence which, if not directly conflicting, yet shows that much discrimination is necessary as to the statement of facts. In the recent upward movement of wages in South Wales, if we may at all rely on the statistics which have been from time to time collected by the special correspondents of the daily press, every rise in wages has been accompanied by a corresponding diminution of work done. In this case, the actual cause of the falling off has been that the miner has worked for a shorter time in the week. It is also far from improbable that he has worked, during that time, with less energy. For the fatal economical error, that the position of the workman is improved, not by industry but by idleness—not by increasing, but by diminishing the quantity of work executed by each man in a day—has been steadily inculcated by the officers of the trades' unions, and has produced very lamentable, though very natural, results. Here the natural operation of industrial law has been interfered with by extraneous agency. Moral influences (or we might more properly term them immoral influences) have

interfered with the natural operation of economic law. One of these disturbing causes of which Political Economy, as a system, takes no heed, has counteracted the natural action of the laws of labour. We must not, on that ground, undervalue the positive information which we can collect in cases where no such disturbance has occurred. But we must bear in mind, in speaking of the economical *maximum* of time that can be daily applied to labour in any branch, that a condition *sine quâ non* is, that the workman makes the most of his time. How that is to be effected we shall presently inquire. But if the diminution of the hours of work be applied to the purpose, not of employing the energies of every workman to the economic *maximum*, but the reverse, consequences the very opposite of those which followed a wise direction of the energy of labour will unavoidably ensue.

Returning to the examples quoted by Mr. Brassey, we find that a reduction by MM. Dollfus of Mulhausen of the working hours of their establishment, from twelve to eleven hours per day, was attended by an increase of five per cent. in the work performed by the men. On the Trent Valley line, where every exertion was being made to complete the works in the shortest possible time, two shifts of men were employed in some instances on the same work, relieving one another, each shift working for eight hours. It was found that the work actually performed by these eight-hour shifts was greater than that performed by other workmen, engaged for the usual time of ten hours in the day.

The most novel, and in many respects the most encouraging, statistical fact in the whole volume is, however, taken from the experience of Messrs. Ransom and Sims, at Ipswich. Twelve hundred artisans are employed in this establishment. On January 2, 1873, the hours of work were reduced from 58½ to 54 hours per week. But the men who are paid by piece-work for the turning, planing, and other work performed by the steam-driven machines which they superintended, have so energetically employed their shortened time, as not only to avoid any diminution in their earnings, but actually to demand an increase in the engine-power required of from twelve to fifteen per cent. In the smithy, in the foundry, and in the fitting shops, where the labour is almost entirely manual, the wages earned on the old piece-work prices, during the 54 hours, have amounted to as much as those previously earned in the longer period of working time.

It may be fairly assumed, as the result of this experience, that a certain limit exists defining the time which, in the 24

hours, can be most advantageously employed by the workman in executing his task. Taking the year to comprehend 300 working days, there is a certain number of hours per day by the diligent application of which the workman will execute, without distress, the largest quantity of work. In different occupations they may, to some extent, vary. Even with individual workmen there will be a difference—something corresponding to what astronomers call the 'personal equation,' which has to be allowed for in observations. But, as a general rule, considering the power which the workman can apply within the 24 hours to be limited, there is a certain length of time during which that power can be most efficiently applied. And, as far as facts are as yet collected, it would seem that that economical maximum does not lie, at all events, much higher than to fix a working day of eight hours long.

This consideration leads to the further inquiry into what is called the double-shift system. A certain quantity of work has to be performed within a given time. By continuous labour of the same men, whether for seven days in the week, or for fourteen or sixteen hours in the day, we find that the cost of the work is augmented, but that its rapidity of execution is not increased. We thus come naturally to the expedient of employing, on the same task, successive bodies of men.

There is no doubt that considerable difficulties attend this course. In the first place it renders payment by piece-work—that is to say, by results—more complicated and more difficult. In the second place, where machine-work is in question, it is a matter of considerable economical importance to commit the charge of a machine to one man alone. He becomes attached to it, as a soldier does to his horse. It is invested, in his eyes, almost with the character of a living creature. The care, the tendance, the avoidance of distress, that the workman evinces towards his own machine or engine, is a matter of much value. This value is sensibly impaired when a machine passes from hand to hand. Here, again, comes in the question of the increased wages that are usually expected for overtime, or for night work. Also the cost of light, gas, oil, &c., and the inferiority, or, at all events, the difference, in work of any delicacy when executed by daylight and by artificial light. In many cases—such, for instance, as in coloured decoration—such an alternative is altogether unpermissible. So is it in all things in which the sort of skill is required which rises from that of the artificer to that of the artist.

But notwithstanding all these limitations and exceptions, which accumulate, in workmanship of the highest order, to a

prohibitory amount, there can be no doubt of the great economical importance, in many cases, of a double or even of a treble shift. The case in which this is most applicable is precisely the one to which public attention has been recently somewhat sharply called. In all mining operations, the difference between day and night only practically exists for those comparatively few labourers who are employed on the surface. For those who tend the engines and manage the up-come from the shafts, greater inconvenience and greater hardship during the night hours justify a higher rate of pay. But for the populous underground hive, not only is this not the case, but there is even a contrary influence experienced. We have heard from old miners that night work is preferable to day work under pressure. Whatever be the cause, whether physical or physiological, the night hours pass apparently quicker, in tunnel work and mining, than do those of the day. In operations of this kind, moreover, the unslumbering influence of gravity has to be dreaded by the miner. Earth that is disposed to slip and crumble seems often to be more dangerous when left untouched than during the continuance of the work. Whether it be that the instinctive care of the miner supplies props and bars where and when they are most needed, or not, it is the fact that most great casualties from falls of earth in mining (of course we are not speaking of the effects of firedamp) occur when the miners are absent. We may cite the recent experience of the ingenious iron pipe driven under the Thames, near the Tower, by Mr. Barlow. The stoppage of these works, only for a few hours, rendered it extremely difficult to resume the forward propulsion of the shield.

A wise economy, therefore, of time, of machinery, and of manual power demands continuous work in most cases of mines. The same is the case where the danger to be avoided arises from another element. In all cases of tide work, bell work, or labour where water has to be kept down by pumping, the hours of labour are either designated by nature, by the rise and fall of the tide, or ought, economically regarded, to be continuous. With a change in the character of work, the economical conditions may vary. When large sums have been laid out in machinery, the cost of work is enormously increased by that machinery being only intermittently employed. In some cases this is simply impracticable, as in a blast furnace. The blowing out and relighting of one of those great fountains of molten iron costs something like a thousand pounds. In other cases —as, for instance, in a locomotive manufactory—the cost of the numerous and ingenious tools is so great that it is a great

waste of available power to employ them for only 54 hours out of 168. It is unnecessary here to go further into detail. In every trade special circumstances exist; but in many the principle of the double shift presents great economical advantages.

We have next to consider the question of the best practical inducements that can be held out to lead the workman to exert his best energies. As to this the evidence to be collected from the experience of Mr. Brassey is positive. It is in full accordance with the principles of human nature. It is only the theory of the utterly unpractical man that represents human nature as invariably, or even as chiefly, swayed by the love of profit. Far more urgent motives have also to be taken into account. Men who are familiar with the working classes know that sweeping general deductions as to the conduct they will adopt often prove ridiculously incorrect. But as, on the one hand, it is idle to imagine that the workman will always be induced, either by a conscientious sense of justice, or by a well-calculated desire for gain, steadily to exert his best energies; so, on the other hand, are those persons to be discredited who speak of him as always thriftless, idle, and disposed to cheat his employer. Neither the very good nor the very bad man are, at all events, often to be met with. For the general average the great secret of management is, to enlist human nature on our side instead of allowing it to pull in the opposite direction. No one was more fully aware of the value of this maxim than the lamented Mr. Brassey. We are not sure that he ever put it into words, but he certainly put it into practice. He made ethical coincide with economical principles, and the result was a well-earned fortune.

When the employer who requires one thing pays for another, he does not avail himself of the advantages he might naturally command. In all artificers' work (between which and the work of the artist, however humble, a broad line of distinction must be drawn), the attributes of quantity and of quality are distinctly to be ascertained. What the employer requires in return for his pay, is the largest quantity of work of a given quality possible to be performed. But when the workman is paid according to the number of hours that he is engaged, there is no direct inducement held out to him to give either adequate quality or ample quantity. In many cases, in fact, the temptation of self-interest is directly opposed to his giving either. There are many expressions, whether we call them proverbs or maxims, current in the folk-lore of the working classes, that refer to this truth. Such, for instance, is the saying that a

slater, called in to repair a roof, will make two holes for one that he stops. Such is the maxim attributed to the rat-catcher, to leave a couple of rats in every cellar to keep up the breed. Such are all those questionable acts which are excused as being 'good for trade.' The motives which induce the workman who is paid by his time to give his best work in return are those of a high order. There is the sense of right, of justice, and of honesty. There is the desire to earn a good character, or to become agreeable to the employer. Against these nobler motives, on the other hand, are ranged not only mistaken views of self-interest, such as those to which we have just referred, and those which we have formerly mentioned as inculcated by some of the trades' unions, but also the natural, instinctive desire to avoid fatigue, which acts with an unsleeping force like that of gravity itself. If we compare the number of persons of our acquaintance, in any rank of life, who love work, with that of those who submit to it as a necessity, or who avoid it altogether, we shall be able to estimate the relative power of the motives which induce the workman steadily to do his best, and of those which tempt him to do less than his best.

The whole motive power of human nature, on the other hand, is enlisted in the service of industry when the workman is paid not by the time spent over a piece of work, but by the result of that occupation; that is to say, the work actually performed. This is what is meant by piece-work. In everything that can be counted, measured, or weighed, true economy demands that the judgment should be made according to number, size, and weight. The question of quality still remains. But, in either case, quality has to be gauged by inspection. There is, it is true, a temptation to the workman who is paid by measure to slight his work; but this degree of unfaithfulness is far more easy of detection than is idleness or slackness in point of occupation of time. The work remains and can be examined. The lost half hour, if not noted by the foreman, leaves no record whatever. The only objection to piece-work (besides the difficulties that may arise as to details of measurement, which are not practically very serious) beyond that of the temptation afforded to 'scamp' work, is the very opposite danger, namely, that the workman may overtask his strength. The mere fact that such an evil has to be guarded against shows how thoroughly the whole energies of the man are enlisted, by this simple application of common sense, on the side of industry.

Mr. Brassey's experience in this matter is in full accordance with the rule we have above stated:—

'My father,' says Mr. Thomas Brassey, 'always preferred putting a price upon the work, rather than paying by the day. Piece-work could not in all cases be adopted without some complications and difficulties, but my father always looked upon day-work as a losing game. On public works the differences between the earnings of the men doing piece-work, and men working by the day, were always remarkable. In the usual working days, men working in butty gangs would earn 4*s.*, while others working on the day-work system would not earn more than from 2*s.* to 3*s.* a day.'

The 'butty gang' is an industrial combination peculiar, so far as our experience extends, to the English navvy. It is a child or creation of our own industry; and it furnishes the sole example known to us to which the labourer, without any extraneous aid, has originated and actually formed an important productive institution. It is neither more nor less than a partnership, without capital and without written articles, between a certain number of workmen. The 'gang' thus formed may either have a 'ganger,' or head man, or be constructed on the principle of equality. But, in all cases, the object is, to associate a certain number of strong, powerful, and skilful workmen, who shall take piece-work at a price from the employer, and devote such energy, and so much time, to its accomplishment as to return to each 'butty'—the word, among navvies, means fellow—a rate of pay much above the ordinary scale of wages. Thus, Mr. Brassey tells us, that while navvies on the Grand Junction Railway in the year 1837, earned from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 8*d.* per day, navvies working in butty gangs, on the Aire and Calder Navigation, in 1836, earned from 4*s.* to 5*s.*, and in some cases as much as 6*s.* per day. The danger of over-exertion here becomes worthy of note, as navvies will often overwork their power in order to be admitted into a gang composed of greater physical strength than themselves. We have ourselves known earnings to the amount of more than three pounds per man per week divided among the members of a picked and powerful butty gang. The employer is every way a gainer. A spirit of emulation is excited among the other workmen, and the proportion of the dead weight of work, consisting of interest of money, cost of superintendence, and depreciation of stock, is reduced with reference to the work actually performed.

The 'butty gang' is the earliest and simplest form of co-operative association. We are among those who regard the *principle of co-operation* as pregnant with more direct promise for the future of industry than any other. It is, indeed, although it has been much obscured by the language commonly applied to industrial questions, the very central element

of civilisation. The municipal spirit, to the operation of which the recovery of Europe from the extreme depression of the dark ages is mainly attributed by philosophical historians, is no other than the spirit of co-operation. The laws and rules of co-operative associations may widely vary, from the most orderly detail of an ancient Flemish guild to the simple fellowship which has sprung up anew on our railway works. But the principle itself is simple, clear, and capable of universal application. It is the very opposite principle to that of competition, or the operation of the supposed law of profit, a mistaken idea as to which is now setting class against class, and bids free to set every man against his fellow. From the homes of the ant, the beaver, and the bee, in the animal kingdom, to Mr. Briggs' colliers in this country, to the *Association des Maçons* in Paris, to those described by M. Schultz de Litsch in Germany, to the *Familistère de Guise*, and to the new co-operative societies in the United States, the powerful influence of this great harmonising principle may be traced in peaceful operation.

The competitive system, which regards profits, or the difference between cost and selling price, as its aim, has the single advantage of enabling a few men to accumulate large fortunes. These men will, in the main, be those who are the most keen and grasping, whose foresight will rarely rise to the height of enterprise, and whose whole study will be devoted to the one object of amassing money. At the same time, the competitive system possesses the primary disadvantage of leading to immense fluctuations in the employment of labour. As to this our experience is ample and conclusive. Regarding visible money profit as its aim, it tends to keep down wages to the starvation point, and at the same time to depreciate the quality of work to the lowest degree at which it is saleable. The old basis of the repute and fortune of the manufacturer, namely, the excellence of his work, is neglected. The old adage, 'Good wine needs no bush,' is replaced by the trade maxim, that every 100*l.* laid out in advertisements will earn a profit of 200*l.* on the wares advertised. The two principles are radically opposed. To the pedantic efforts to exalt the doctrine of competition to the rank of an industrial science we trace very much of the derangement that has been the scourge of our commercial and industrial life during the present century.

Mr. Brassey's remarks on co-operation will be read with interest. But the study of the subject is only in its infancy. We must not confound co-operation in production with the action of the same principle in distribution. It is in the

latter form that it has, of late, excited the most attention. The retail trade of the metropolis has found its profits so seriously menaced by the establishment of certain co-operative retail stores, as to have resorted to extraordinary efforts in order to crush them. Administrative interference has been invoked in vain. The simple truth of the matter is, that the tradesman who competes, with more or less activity, with others of his class, has two sources of expense which are entirely avoided by the co-operative store. One of them, indeed, it is at the option of the former to avoid. But, in competing for custom, he has hitherto declined to do so. And it is unfortunately the case that another reason may be assigned, besides the convenience of the customer, for the preference shown by the tradesman for book debts over cash payments. We speak, of course, of ready-money payment. When that is made the invariable rule, as in the case of co-operative stores, the risk of bad debts is entirely obviated. This is a considerable item in the total risk of trade. Then there is a considerable saving in the way of interest; a saving that amounts to much more than five per cent., because of the daily turning over of a ready-money capital. To this removal of two causes of expense, which have to be provided against in the regulation of the ordinary retail price, has to be added a third, that of risk of custom. In all newly-established retail businesses this risk is very large. It is to obviate it that the expedient of advertising is so constantly resorted to. The co-operative store has no risk of custom. It knows what will be required, and can thus purchase with perfect confidence, and it saves the expense of advertisements.

There can be little doubt that a great revolution is imminent in the retail trade of this country. The price paid for the distribution of articles of consumption amounts to at least a third of the retail price paid by the consumer. On this difference the small tradesman can barely exist, while the large tradesman makes very large profit. The competitive system is here approaching a dead-lock. The facilities now given by the post for the transmission of many articles, especially of the lighter materials of dress, rank among the causes which inevitably tend towards the extinction of the smaller class of tradesmen, especially in country towns; and thus to the reduction of the profits of retail trade, which can only exist so long as they are pretty equally shared by a large body of retail traders.

We have seen that on many important points relating to the cost of work much light is thrown by the experience

of the last forty years, to many instances of which Mr. Brassey's book calls attention. No work on economical science will for the future deserve any deference which fails to take into account the great industrial maxims which we have endeavoured to formulate. That low wages do not mean cheap work, but the contrary; that long hours of labour do not imply rapidity in execution of work, but the contrary; that true economic results are to be secured, not by competition, but by enlightened co-operation, must be regarded as statements raised to the rank of economic postulates. How the greatest amount of labour, consistent with its regular maintenance of rate, is to be obtained from the labourer, we have seen both deductively and inductively. Man is not moved by desire for profit alone, but by many powerful and mingled motives. The wise employer of labour knows how to enlist all these motives on the side of industrial production.

Such a view of the laws and relations of labour as must result from the considerations which we have suggested will place, for the first time in human history, ethical motives in harmony with those which are purely economic. As at present regarded the two codes are divergent, if not irreconcilable. National wealth, considered as the great object of pursuit, is very different from national welfare, the original meaning of the former term. It is no slight advance to be able to show that no essential discrepancy exists. The statesman will rejoice to be assured that it is a false economy to grind the face of the poor, or to oppress the hireling in his wages. The philosophy which teaches that human society, if wisely ordered, tends towards a stable equilibrium, is far loftier than that which regards it as an uncertain balance of opposing forces, sustained only by the rude checks of disaster as it sways from side to side. It will be the greatest triumph effected by civilisation to show that the elevation of the workman in the social scale, the increase of his wages, the decrease of his hours of toil, and the general improvement of his comfort and of his intelligence, are the truest springs of the productive powers and energy of the country.

Mr. Brassey would render yet further service to the public if he were to publish some of the results of the large experi ence of his father with reference to another part of our econo mic system. As to the relation between work and the workman, between the product and the immediate producer, we have seen that our information is large, although as yet far from complete. But as to the no less important question of the mode of setting the workman to work, or of the organisation

and distribution of labour, we are almost entirely in the dark. It is easy, but it is not true, to say that labour will best direct itself; that it has a natural tendency to flow into the channels where its fertilising power will produce the richest return. No theory is more opposed to fact. All our experience shows that the great impulses which have been given to the productive power of labour have sprung from the genius of great inventors, as in the cases of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson, or from the talent of good organisers, such as Brassey and some of his contemporaries. To these causes has been primarily due the rapid industrial progress of the present century. It is as important for us to learn the secrets of organisation as those of invention.

The sum of 552,680,107*l.* is returned as the expenditure on the railways of this country, up to the close of the year 1871. This is equivalent to an annual expenditure, since the commencement of locomotive service upon the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, of about thirteen and a half millions sterling. But such an average gives an extremely inexact idea of the actual rate of expenditure. This was not determined by any comprehensive view of either the requirements or the capabilities of the country, but simply by the recurrence of the hot and cold fits of the fever of speculation. The Legislature, instead of controlling this spasmodic action, gave to its madness the sanction of law. If the object of the number of independent Acts of Parliament, which were successively passed, each being fought out on its own merits, without reference to the general relation of the schemes, had been to convulse and paralyse the industrial power of the country, it could hardly have been more readily attained than by the blind eagerness of the actual legislation. Few, if any, of those men who are familiar with the subject hesitate to express the opinion that something like a third of the actual expenditure has been absolute waste of money. Ruinous parliamentary contests, extortionate land bargains, expenditure on parallel, competing, and unnecessary lines, have been enough to swallow up, at the least, the odd hundred and fifty-two millions sterling. But even this wild extravagance is not the worst feature in the case. The extraordinary fluctuations in the employment of labour, which necessarily resulted from an improvident mode of authorising the expenditure of the new companies, led, on the one hand, to the enhancement of the actual outlay, and, on the other hand, to the demoralisation of the workman. Periods of universal competition for his service, and of a rate of wages above his real wants, leading to drink,

to idleness, and to riot, intervened between periods of stagnation, when emigration often seemed the only means of avoiding either pauperism or starvation. The effect thus produced on the labourer, and the disturbance of that steady industry, which, if it had been wisely directed, would have produced a normal state of constantly advancing prosperity, are even more lamentable than the pecuniary waste.

It may be instructive to consider this important chapter in the industrial history of Europe in its simple truth, not confused by the use of conventional phraseology. In the year 1867, according to a parliamentary return, the railway companies of the United Kingdom were the proprietors of 289 square miles of land. If we take the area thus diverted from agricultural or other purposes at present at the round total of 300 square miles, we shall be near enough the mark. In 1869, according to the report of the Registrar-General, the density of the population of the United Kingdom was one person to 2·52 acres, which is equal to 253 persons per square mile. The actual return from agriculture, averaged over the United Kingdom, is only estimated at 4*l.* per acre. But if we regard not agriculture alone, but the total product of the industry of the country, to be roughly approximated by the allowance of a pound per week per head, we shall find that 75,900 persons, being the proportion for 300 square miles, have been displaced or disturbed in their industry by this transfer of the land. This is putting the case as strongly against the railways as possible; no doubt considerably overstating it. It results in placing the sum of 3,946,800*l.* per annum to the debit side, as the measure of the industry checked by railways.

On the other hand, or credit side of the account, the receipts of the railway companies in 1871 amounted to within a few thousands of the gross total of forty-nine millions sterling. If we regard this sum as composed of working expenses and profits, we come to the result that the 300 square miles devoted to the railway net now produce an annual return which is equivalent to the support of 440,000 persons, each receiving one pound per week wages, and each, at the same time, earning the further sum of twenty-two shillings a week for his employers. The balance gives the sum of 364,000 labourers supported, or of forty-five millions sterling of increase, as the result, thus far, of the development of the railway system.

When we inquire how this magnificent economical result has been attained, we shall find it instructive to compare the actual history of the case with the course of events that would have ensued if the outlay had been equally distributed over the

period covered by its irregular distribution. There can be no doubt that, in that case, the outlay of four hundred millions sterling would have amply sufficed to pay for quite as much railway accommodation as we actually possess, useless works being omitted. The expenditure would have been covered by the sum of two millions per annum, an amount which the minor industries of the country alone could have contributed without appreciable effort, being less than the half of the money now annually devoted to the maintenance of this great system. While each year would thus have witnessed a steady and progressive increase in national prosperity, and in material wealth, we should have formed a body of labourers, whose regular and well-remunerated toil would have resulted in a skill, an experience, and a social status such as nowhere exists in the world. Our communications would have extended, year after year, with something like organic growth. We should have possessed in our midst a very academy of industry. Nor should we have arrived at anything like a period of stagnation. Branches and prolongations of the great trunk lines, the absence of which proves such a check to the progress of the remoter districts of the country, would have naturally been carried on as the parent lines were brought into operation. The need of the country for this continuance of our work is undoubted. The stimulus to production that would be afforded by the extension of the system would be proportionate to that which we have already experienced. Completion is a large word, and the time of completion of all those railway communications which would from time to time prove desirable and remunerative would hardly be witnessed by our children's children. What would not have been the effect of this steady stream of industry in augmenting the national wealth?

In calculating expenditure on the basis of so many persons employed at 1*l.* per week for the entire year we are not, of course, attempting to represent the actual distribution of outlay, but only prescribing a ready method of comparing its economic value. As the labourer rises higher in the scale his labour becomes more severe, as well as better remunerated. It is, indeed, more and more distinctly divided into that which is visibly, and that which is only potentially, profitable; into the labour for to-day, and that for the future; or, in fact, into work and education. The engineer-in-chief, the Lord Chancellor, or the Prime Minister of a country, performs a large amount of daily labour of a character which the great majority of working men are totally unable to accomplish. To discharge the functions of a judge or of a statesman, a long period of pre-

liminary and unpaid labour is requisite. With every upward step in the great hierarchy of labour, from the brick-moulder to the educated statesman, the severity of the early toil is enhanced. The cultured man, in the prime of his power, may well delight in the exercise of his splendid faculties. But the work in itself is extremely difficult, whatever the delight with which it may be performed after long preparatory training. The demand, moreover, which most intellectual work makes on the vigour of the constitution, unless great care is bestowed on the maintenance of physical health, is far more exhausting than is the case either with artificers' work, or even with the work of the artist. The entire productive power of a country, whether manual, æsthetic, or intellectual, is, if rightly viewed, bound together in one great brotherhood of labour; and increased activity of life, and increased freedom of consumption of all articles of necessity, of luxury, and of intellectual creation, tend, like the raised temperature of the hive of the bee, to stimulate the perennial fountain of national wealth.

That great system of communication of which we have sketched the outline, has been the creation of human labour, guided by human intelligence. As matter of history, this labour, and this intelligence, have been applied under conditions highly disadvantageous. They have been called on to act spasmodically. At times the Legislature has authorised, and so far as it had the power compelled, the completion within a brief space of time of public works for the execution of which there was not an adequate supply of labour. At other times all the advantage derivable from the formation of a picked body of workmen, and from the experienced skill of the engineer, has been thrown away by a stagnation of enterprise, at which the Legislature has looked in helpless dismay, without acknowledging its own share in producing the misfortune.

It is customary to speak of the organisation of great national works, of a highly remunerative character, as the result of the application of capital; and the corollary is added that the proprietors of capital are the exclusive judges of the mode of its application. Nothing has more directly tended to prevent the systematic study of the laws of the application of labour than this view. In order to test its accuracy it is desirable to consider what is included under the general term Capital.

The term Capital, in political economy, is held to include not only the necessary means of sustenance from harvest to harvest, but the general store of a country so far—some say as

it is applicable, and others as it is applied—to the purpose of production. Without going into the question of the differences between the meaning of a word we can all understand —namely, wealth—and that of a word which is a favourite creation of economic writers, it is clear that all appliances for facilitating work come under the appellation of Capital. Tools, engines, factories, all those contrivances by which a few men can now perform the work once requiring the labour of many, are portions of that capital which is said to regulate labour. The assumption which underlies this part of the theory is, that if one man, in a well-appointed factory, can do the work of ten men without such aid, the one man, and his fellows, will do all the work required, and the ten men, and their fellows, will do nothing. This view is a natural consequence of the principle that everything is determined by competition, or by the rate of purchase and sale. It entirely loses sight of the fact that the ten men will be more likely to do the best they can, under all the disadvantages they endure, than to remain idle. In discussing the subject of peasant proprietors, and of the application to the soil of labour that would be entirely unapplied but for the interest taken by the small owner in his holding, the value of this secondary power of labour is fully admitted by Mr. Mill. In the railway history of Europe we have a yet more remarkable illustration of the absolute creative power of labour. The whole group of magnificent factories, shops, engine-houses, and other appliances necessary, not only for the activity, but for the formation of railways, have been constructed within the last forty years. Labour has, within that time, invented and created its own tools, from the grafting shovel to the locomotive.

The large experience of Mr. Brassey must have furnished a host of facts illustrative of the organisation of labour, and of the methods by which industry has actually been directed to the creation of the great system of railways. We know that he prescribed for his own guidance certain wise and simple rules, to the neglect of which, by some of his contemporaries, may be ascribed the manner in which their rapidly accumulated riches vanished like fairy gold. Had not sound principle and steady purpose controlled every operation, the expenditure of so large a sum as seventy-eight millions sterling by one man would have produced a colossal confusion, and left to his family a rich inheritance of lawsuits.

Mr. Brassey takes a hasty glance at the relations between the labour and the future condition of this country, compared with those which exist abroad, as to which the experience of

his father has furnished such valuable *data*. It is a glance partly hopeful, partly the reverse. England occupies, industrially, a position somewhat similar to that which she holds geographically, between Europe and the Western World. The higher rate of wages paid, especially for skilled labour, in the United States, is causing a perceptible flow of emigration from our shores, as well as from those of the Continent of Europe. The price per ton for puddling iron, for example, is cited as being, at Pittsburgh, three times as much as in England, or from 21*s.* to 27*s.* compared with 8*s.* 6*d.* In 1868, according to a report from Commissioner Wells to the American Congress, labour in America was paid, in the following branches, in these ratios, as compared to English prices. In woollen mills wages were 25 per cent. higher; in cotton mills, 29 per cent.; in iron-rolling mills, 40 per cent.; in ship-yards, 48 per cent.; in foundries, 58 per cent. The position of the artisan in the United States, if we compare on the one hand rate of wages, and on the other hand cost of living, is not, indeed, so good as it was before the war. But the 1,400,000,000 acres of land still at the disposal of the United States is a fact the influence of which on the future of the labourer it is not easy to estimate or to predict.

One of the great elements of the industrial superiority long claimed by Great Britain is already losing its power to turn the scale in our favour. There is no doubt that, at all events in some cases, its future effect will be rather against than in favour of British industry. We allude, of course, to coal. However temporary recent disturbance in the price of this prime feeder of industry may prove, it is certain that a continuance of anything like the recent ratio of increase in annual production must be accompanied by rise of price. Nor can it be expected that our possession of less than four per cent. of the known coal basins of the world can very long secure to us that priority which our first application of the mineral to industrial purposes so fairly insured.

There remain to us our position as a maritime emporium; our natural qualifications for maritime enterprise; and the great element of the industrial capacity of the English workman. As to this, there is no doubt that it is, in many respects, of the first order. This is not, of course, the case in everything. In occupations where artistic taste is concerned, the Englishman is not in the first rank. For fertility of invention, the palm must probably be given to the United States. In the adoption of long hours of work many countries go far beyond us; but we have above had the satisfaction of seeing that long

hours are not really economical. The chief good quality of the English workman is—or used to be—his thoroughness. As compared to others he is more trustworthy. Physically he is stronger than the working man of almost every other country; and this power of muscle, and vigour of brain, has been kept up by more nutritious food, and by greater personal comfort. With such a premium to be obtained by industry as the co-operative system shows to be practicable, there ought to be little reason to fear either that higher wages will tempt the English workman to emigrate; or that cheaper labour, or even cheaper coal abroad, will enable the foreigner triumphantly to compete with him for generations yet to come.

ART. III.—1. *Ludwig van Beethoven's Leben.* Von ALEXANDER W. THAYER, nach dem Original-Manuscript deutsch bearbeitet. Vol. I. Berlin: 1866. Vol. II. Berlin: 1872.

2. *Chronologisches Verzeichniss der Werke Ludwig van Beethoven's.* Von W. THAYER. Berlin: 1865.

3. *Beethoven's Letters, &c.* Translated by Lady WALLACE. London: 1866.

4. *Biographische Notizen über Ludwig van Beethoven.* Von RIES und WEGELER. Coblenz: 1838.

5. *Beethoven und seine Werke.* Von OTTO MÜHLBRECHT. Leipzig: 1866.

6. *Beethoven, eine Kunststudie.* Von WILH. VON LENZ. Cassel: 1855.

7. *Ludwig van Beethoven, Leben und Schaffen.* Von A. B. MARX. Berlin: 1863.

CERTAIN statues of ancient fame are known to us only from a comparison of the copies of them which exist in different museums. One copy preserves features which another has lost: size, workmanship, material lend their concurrent aid. Bronze may restore what has perished in marble; but it is only by bearing in mind all the existing copies that a complete conception of the original work can be formed. The same may be said of portraits: our idea of Shakspeare, Cromwell, or Mary Stuart does not rest on one work of a man of genius, a Raphael or a Reynolds, who paints the man 'for 'ever at his best and fullest,' but is made up of partial glimpses caught from various pictures from the hands of

commonplace artists. It is so with biographies. Written as they are, some with an antiquarian view, some to propagate a dogma or serve a political purpose, those which have literary merit rarely represent but to distort; whilst those which are faithful to their original resemble photographs rather than pictures, and, sacrificing perspective to completeness, become exhaustively dull. How few biographies are to be found which are at once readable and trustworthy; and of these few how few again are written by Germans! The German mind would seem to have all the necessary qualities of biographers; yet no biographies are so unreadable as German biographies. French tact and insight give reality to a picture which owes little to research or honest attention to facts. English common sense seldom wholly misconceives its subject, seldom fails to have some idea of arrangement, some sense of proportion, some reticence. But the German biographer is possessed by the demon of detail; like the leaden mantle of the Inferno, detail weighs him down so that he cannot lift himself up and see the land in which he is walking. He is like Percinet in the fairy tale, sitting amidst mountains of unsifted feathers, and, alas! with no hope of a fairy godmother to come to his help. His work is full of facts, great and small, relevant and irrelevant, but will never have a place in literature, nor be fit for more than material: invaluable material, it is true, but not yet literature. There were many biographies of Goethe before Mr. Lewes gathered them up into a work which is the delight of all who read it. *Sed omnes*—but who reads them now? Who shall give us a life of Weber, Gluck, or Schubert? There is no want of biographers; but they only escape from facts to be lost in clouds of enthusiasm. It is no relief to turn from Mr. Thayer (who, by the way, is not a German, though his work appears in the German language, and has all the excellences and defects of a German book) to Herr Nohl or Madame Polko: for the German biographer is never so dull as when he is sentimental, never so commonplace as when he is inspired.

Beethoven has fared no better than his brothers in art. Many volumes have been written about him. His pupils and contemporaries have said nearly all that can be said by the friends of so lonely a man. His life has been written from different points of view by several authors. His works have been arranged, analysed, criticised. And when Mr. Thayer has published his last volume the collection of materials for a life of Beethoven will be complete. But the life of Beethoven will not have been written. It is impossible to wish for a more

complete and trustworthy analysis of the first thirty-five years of his life than that which Mr. Thayer has given. But it is strangely wanting in literary merit. No one who wishes to know what is known about Beethoven can disregard so important a work, or can fail to be thankful to Mr. Thayer for the loving labour expended on it. But to read the book is a labour and a weariness; and we long for the advent of the biographer, whether German or English, who will make the dry bones live and conjure them into the true likeness of so great a man.

Our object in this article will be, not to criticise, whether for blame or praise, the existing biographies of Beethoven, nor to discuss his place in the history of music or in the ranks of inventors: all we shall endeavour to do is to attempt to give some view of Beethoven as he was, as he appeared to those who lived with him, as he showed himself by his manner of life, his conversation, his letters; with little hope of adding to the materials of the unborn biographer whose work will one day charm us, but desiring to help, if possible, to read the strange riddle which lies hid in Beethoven's life and character, and in the seemingly jarring and discordant life of the 'mighty-mouthed inventor of harmonies' to find some echo of the beauty and order which inform his great and glorious conceptions.

The facts of the life of Ludwig van Beethoven are his works. There is little in the record of his life to interest us. He lived, like Bach or Schubert, in one place for many years, with little change from year to year: a quiet and monotonous life, presenting none of the contrasts and anxieties which enliven the story of the lives of Gluck, Mozart, or Mendelssohn. He was born in the year 1770, not 1772, as he himself believed, at Bonn, the *Residenz-Stadt* of the Electors of Cologne. His family had practised music for some generations. His grandfather had been capellmeister and first bass at the Electoral Court. His father was a tenor singer in the Opera and chapel; an ill-conditioned, drunken fellow, to whom Ludwig owed little but the accident of his birth and a thorough training in the mechanical handling of the pianoforte. The fame of the child Mozart was recent; and Johann van Beethoven, finding that his son was a boy of extraordinary talent, wished to turn it to account in the same way as Leopold Mozart. The young Ludwig received little other education. He attended a school where he learnt to read and write and gained a smattering of Latin. His father knew nothing of literature or general culture; and all the time which should have been

bestowed on the cultivation of the child's mind was devoted to the exercising of his fingers. So long as he practised assiduously no more was wished or expected from him. We are told by one biographer or another how the poor child used to cry over the long, dreary exercises on the pianoforte and violin; how he was not allowed to play the untaught melodies which even at that age came to him; how his father would come home from the tavern late at night and drag him out of bed for a lesson. Such stories are often mythical; but Mr. Thayer's facts rest on a broader foundation than those of most biographers, and he seldom accepts or controverts a popular statement without giving good reason.

No wonder that the boy was not happy at home, and that his childhood and youth had but few joys. He was shy and awkward, and did not make many friends; and in his own family there seems hardly to have been one kindred soul. Of his mother he retained an affectionate recollection; nor would he suffer a word to be said against his father or his brothers; but we cannot fail to see that even in his boyhood the loneliness of genius had fallen to his lot. Some friends and protectors he found in Bonn—Graf Waldstein, to whom the great C Major Sonata is dedicated; and the Breunings, a family still known and honoured in Bonn, took him by the hand. Frau van Breuning was honoured and loved by him as a second mother. Her son Stephan was one of his earliest and latest friends. The daughter, Eleanora, who afterwards married his friend and biographer, Dr. Wegeler, has been set down by sentimental writers as his first love. But there is little foundation for such a belief, though a warm affection and friendship towards the whole family appears in all Beethoven's relations with them. It was in the Breunings' house (which overlooked the square where his statue now stands) that he spent what few hours of happiness his boyhood and youth gave him. Here he could take refuge from the squalor and confusion of his father's house, and find recreation in the books and pictures with which his friends made him acquainted. But his days were often darkened by gloomy moods. He had few companions and fewer sympathisers; and we may see the traces of bitter recollections in a letter written in 1793 to E. van Breuning, in which he says: 'You will, I trust, find 'your friend a happier man, for whom time and his kinder 'fate will have smoothed the furrows of former perverse for-'tune.' Alas! the perversity was in his own nature; and in spite of all the smiles of fortune the cloud which had settled on his head grew darker and darker till the end.

So wonderful a genius as that of Beethoven could not remain entirely unknown. There is, however, a striking difference between his boyhood and that of Mozart. At an age when Mozart was sitting on Imperial knees, and receiving jewelled snuffboxes and gold watches from princes and cardinals, Beethoven was living the uneventful life of a musician at the Electoral Court; playing the viola in the orchestra and the organ in the church, and figuring in scarlet and gold-lace as one of the Elector's band on gala-days. At fifteen he gained the right to wear a sword at court, as assistant to the court organist, Neefe. Stories are told of his pianoforte-playing, which we may easily believe was something very different from the fashionable style of the time, the graceful but precise style of Abt Vogler and Mozart; but he did not attract any marked attention. He was a promising musician, with an unusual power of 'Phantasiren,' and remarkable dexterity of finger—and that was all. The Elector showed him no especial favour; and in a list of the court musicians, when Beethoven was twenty-one years old, he is mentioned merely as one of the band, and a player of clavier-concertos. His name is not among those which are marked as belonging to composers or virtuosos! Here and there, it is true, an intelligent observer saw something more than ordinary in the young player. For example, a writer in a musical paper of the same year speaks of 'den lieben guten Bethofen' as belonging to the first rank of players, equal in execution and superior in expression t Vogler himself. But he had written, or at least published little; and for the public of Bonn he was only one of the Elector's musicians. They had not discovered how bright a star had risen in their dull firmament.

Graf Waldstein's interest with the young Elector, Max Franz (the brother of Marie Antoinette and Maria Theresa's favourite son) obtained for the young Beethoven the funds necessary for a journey to Vienna, then (1792) the centre of German art and culture, the city of Mozart and Haydn. Mozart *vidit tantum* in an earlier visit to Vienna, from which his mother's death recalled him. It is possible that he may have had a few lessons from the great master. It is tolerably certain (though the details of the story have a mythical tinge) that he played before Mozart, and attracted his attention by that extraordinary power in improvising from a given theme of which we have spoken above. Mozart was now dead, and Haydn was king. Haydn received him as a pupil, and gave him instruction in the theory of music and composition. But there was never much cordiality between them. Haydn was

too courtly and ceremonious to like the uncouth genius whose slovenly dress and uncombed hair must have offended him almost as much as his intolerable self-conceit and obstinacy. He had bowed his head before the genius of Mozart, and had not been ashamed to learn of his scholars. But it was hardly to be expected of him that in his old age he should admit the claims of this 'Great Mogul' (as he called Beethoven), who compared himself to Goethe and Handel, and did not scruple to give his own authority for breaking the simplest rules of musical composition.

Beethoven, on his side, mistrusted (most unjustly we may believe) the honesty of Haydn, and suspected him of jealousy. He was enraged at finding that his musical exercises were not faultlessly corrected; and took the opportunity of Haydn's visit to England (in 1794) to break off their connexion. Nor would he ever allow himself to be called Haydn's scholar; maintaining that he had had lessons from him, but had learnt nothing. It was, indeed, no light task to teach so unruly a pupil, who knew by intuition what others taught and learnt, and would not submit his judgment to rules of which he did not feel the necessity. Beethoven, we are told, seldom spoke of Haydn but with some expression of disparagement. The fault was probably on his side; it is one among many instances of the suspicion and ill-will with which he regarded those whose claims in any way interfered with his own.

Beethoven had no just reason to envy or fear rivals. Whether helped by the influence of Count Waldstein, or the kindness of Haydn, he had not long to wait for success and acknowledgment. Waldstein was connected by birth or marriage with many of the great people at the Elector's Court. The echoes of Mozart were still vibrating in the drawing-rooms of Vienna; and the grandees who had been his patrons were glad to welcome an artist whose playing, if it did not agree with established canons of taste, was so masterly and original as to leave no place for a rival. Vogler could not reach him in expression, nor Hummel in execution. Czerny, Cramer, Wölffl—it was a great time for pianoforte-players—were obliged one after the other to yield to his 'gigantic' playing. The Abbé Gelinek, who had gone down as to an easy victory to measure himself against the presumptuous young man, came away saying, 'He is not a man; he is the 'devil himself. He plays us all dead; and how he impro-'vises!'

There was indeed but one opinion about his playing. He

attempted and achieved difficulties which had never been conceived before. His short broad fingers seemed little adapted for brilliant execution, and contrasted ludicrously with Wölffl, whose spider hands could span twelve notes with ease; yet his dexterity in rapid passages, double shakes, scales, &c., is spoken of as unrivalled. He would invent and execute unpremeditated *bravura* passages of greater difficulty than any that are found in his published works. If he was too impatient to perfect his execution of delicate passages, the tempestuous energy of his playing supplied by inspiration the defect of practice. But it was his execution of slow and pathetic movements which set him far above all his contemporaries. There was a largeness and depth of feeling which we who know the slow movements of the D major and F minor sonatas can well believe to have been in their composer; but which appeared miraculous to those who heard him for the first time—for we must remember that he was not known as a composer at this time. He had perfected his mastery over the instrument by improvising—an art too much neglected now, if too highly prized then. 'His improvising,' says his pupil Ries, 'was the 'most extraordinary thing that could be heard, especially when 'he was in good humour or excited. No other artists ap- 'proached him in the height on which he stood. The rich- 'ness of the ideas which crowded on him, the caprices to which 'he lent himself, the variety of handling, the difficulties which 'offered themselves, or were introduced by him, were un- 'surpassed. . . . . In a crescendo passage he often held 'the Tempo back into a ritardando. This gave a very fine 'and striking effect. He would give now with the right 'hand, now with the left, a beautiful and wholly inimit- 'able expression.' The artist Mähler mentions his improvising for two hours together; during the whole of which time there was not a single bar which was faulty or wanted originality. Among many anecdotes referring to this extraordinary power we choose one related by Mr. Thayer, from Czerny. Ignaz Pleyel had brought some new quartetts to Vienna, which were performed at the house of Prince Lobkowitz:—

'At the close Beethoven, who was present, was begged to play. As usual he had to be pressed again and again, and at last was almost dragged by force to the instrument by the ladies. With an impatient gesture he snatched from the violin-desk the open second violin part of Pleyel's quartett, threw it on the desk of the pianoforte, and began to improvise. His playing had never been more brilliant, original, and grand than on that evening. But through the whole improvisation

in the middle parts ran like a thread or Canto Fermo the notes, unimportant in themselves, of the accidentally open page; on which he built the noblest melodies and harmonies in the most brilliant concert style. Old Pleyel could only show his astonishment by kissing his hands. After such improvisations Beethoven would break out into a loud ringing merry laugh.'

It was as a composer, however, that Beethoven himself felt his strength. He had hitherto had little regular instruction in composition, though he had learnt much during the years in which he had played in the Elector's orchestra. He now set himself steadily to work under Schenck, Salieri, Albrechtsberger, and other teachers of more or less fame, to learn the secrets of composition and the capabilities of instruments. The result was the first great outburst of his musical creations. It may be that the instruction he so eagerly sought made him conscious of his deficiency in technical knowledge, and that he avoided publication till he felt more sure of possessing not only the power of invention, but also the skill to present his inventions in perfect form. At all events, little was published till 1795; then appeared in rapid succession a concerto in C (which he played at the first rehearsal in C♯ on finding that the pitch of the pianoforte was a semitone flat for the instruments), a large number of pianoforte sonatas, the two famous songs 'Ah perfido!' and 'Adelaide,' quintetts, quartetts, and trios, a second concerto, the septett, and the first symphony: all of which were published before the summer of 1800. Beethoven had the good fortune granted to Mendelssohn, but denied to Schubert and Schumann, of finding subscribers and publishers for each work as it was completed. He lived in Prince Lichnowsky's house, and was on familiar terms with Prince Lobkowitz, Lichnowsky's brother Count Carl, and other noble friends whose names appear in his letters, and in the subscription-lists for his works. One of his most intimate and faithful friends was Zmeskall, to whom a large number of his existing letters were addressed. These letters, full of affectionate terms and careless gaiety—the wit is rather elephantine—are among the most characteristic we have; showing, as they do, how little of the misanthrope there was in Beethoven, who so bitterly resented the imputation of misanthropy. The weekly concerts in Prince Lichnowsky's house, and his influence in musical circles at Vienna, gave Beethoven the opportunity of hearing and conducting each new work as it came out. He had leisure to work, an appreciating public, good pay from publishers and patrons; he lived among sympathising friends; he had

in himself the consciousness of growing powers, and circumstances gave him every hope of devoting all his energy to that which he felt to be his destiny, and which he worshipped as his highest aim in life—to utter in immortal works the speech which God had given him. No brighter prospect, it would seem, could be dreamed of by the young composer. But his own nature forbade him to rest content, or to take pleasure in his good fortune. He could not bear the restraint of Lichnowsky's house: to be shaved and dressed by three in the afternoon, to be waited on by any servant but his own, to be expected to play at certain fixed times, seemed to him intolerable bondage. Himself more irritable than all his brethren in art, he imagined that all the artists in Vienna were his enemies—that oversights were insults, and studied kindnesses conspiracies. But there was a deeper reason for discontent. The cloud was beginning to gather which was to overshadow his whole future, and make the life of Beethoven one of the most pathetic stories in the history of art. For several years he had tried to resist a conviction that his sense of hearing was becoming imperfect. At length he could hide from himself no longer the fact that he was becoming deaf. He writes to his friend Wegeler (June 29, 1800):—

'My hearing during the last three years has become gradually worse. . . . . My ears are singing and ringing (*sausen und brausen*) perpetually, day and night. I may indeed say that my life is very wretched; for nearly two years past I have avoided almost all society, because I find it impossible to say to people *I am deaf!* In any other profession than mine this might be more tolerable, but in mine such a condition is truly frightful . . . . . In the theatre I am obliged to lean close up against the orchestra in order to understand what the actor says, and when a little way off I hear none of the high notes of instruments or voices. . . . How often have I cursed my existence! Plutarch has led me to resignation. I will if possible set Fate at defiance, although there must be moments in my life when I shall be the most unhappy of God's creatures. I entreat you to say nothing of my affliction to anyone, not even to Lorchen.* . . . Resignation! what a miserable refuge! and yet it is my sole remaining one.'†

And again a few months later:—

'You could scarcely believe what a sad and dreary life mine has been for the last two years: my defective hearing everywhere pursuing me like a spectre, making me fly from everyone and appear a misanthrope—*und bin's doch so wenig!*' ‡

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* Wegeler's wife, born Eleanore v. Breuning.

† Lady Wallace, vol. i. p. 23. ‡ Ibid. p. 33.

We would transcribe in addition to these letters that most interesting document which is generally known as Beethoven's Will, addressed to his brothers and dated 1802; but the length of it makes this impossible, and it is difficult to select passages from a piece which should be read as a whole. A few lines may be given:—

'Alas! how could I proclaim aloud the deficiency of a sense which ought to have been more perfect with me than with other men—a sense which I once possessed in the highest perfection, to an extent indeed that few of my profession ever enjoyed! . . . . . Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. Art! Art! alone deterred me. Ah! how could I quit the world before bringing forth all that I felt it was my vocation to produce! . . . . . Constrained to become a philosopher in my 28th year! . . . God! thou lookest into my heart; Thou knowest it; Thou knowest that love of mankind and feelings of benevolence have their abode there. Oh! ye who may some day read this, think that you have done me injustice; and let the unhappy be consoled by finding one like himself, who, in defiance of all the obstacles of nature, has done all that was in his power to be included in the ranks of worthy artists and men.' *

'A true *de profundis clamavit*,' says Mr. Thayer. It is the Werther-cry of the suffering spirit, conscious of greatness, longing for sympathy and appreciation; but different in this, that Werther's passion is imagined, this is real. These few pages show us all the beauty of Beethoven's nature, and must be read by all who desire to know what he truly was, to clear themselves of the misconceptions which lie on the surface of his stormy and passionate life, and see beneath them the warm heart worthy of a great man.

It is indeed a strange contrast that such a calamity should have fallen on such a man, a hard calamity for anyone to bear: but who can wonder that Beethoven almost despaired under its weight? It is true, as Dr. Hiller has said, that the musician receives as much pain as pleasure through the ear, and that the man whose inner ear could hear the harmonies of the Second Mass could have had no need of the outer ear to interpret music to him. Still, it must have been of all sorrows the most cruel to the great musician never to hear his own creations but with the ear of fancy or of memory, to be content, as it were with the shadow and picture of music, and to renounce for ever the sound of his beloved orchestra, the bodily presence of the discordant harmony of instruments, new com-

* Lady Wallace, vol. i. p. 49.

binations of which were daily recorded to his genius. Well may Mr. Thayer say,* 'The manner in which Beethoven at last 'raised himself above his great misfortune has in it, indeed, 'something noble and heroic: and in the grand series of works 'which he brought out in the decade 1798–1808 we have not 'only monuments of his genius to admire: they give evidence 'as well of the superhuman resolution with which he gave 'expression to the inspirations of this genius under circum-'stances which might well have weakened its efforts and 'maimed its energy.'

The origin of his deafness is obscure. Beethoven himself ascribed it to a sudden injury to the nerve; † others have supposed that it arose from a violent cold caught between door and window, or an attack of fever; or, again, that it was the result of smallpox, which had left some traces on his face. But whatever the cause, the malady grew worse and worse. In 1804, at a performance of the 'Eroica,' he could not hear the horns plainly. In 1805 he expresses a wish to hear his opera ('Fidelio') from a distance; 'in this way,' he says, 'my patience will not be so severely tried as when I am close 'enough to hear my music so bungled.' ‡ In 1808 he could still conduct with effect, as is shown by the anecdote referring to the first performance of his 'Choral Fantasia.' About 1810 he began to make use of 'Conversation-books,' in which his friends note what they had to say to him. Even at this date he had nearly given up playing in public. As his deafness increased his playing ceased to charm. He would play so loud as to break the strings; or drown soft passages of the right hand by striking the keys accidentally with the left. In conducting, too, he ceased by degrees to feel his orchestra; and, thinking of the work rather than the performers, would hurry or retard the time so as sometimes to throw the players into complete confusion. This was especially likely to happen in performances of his later works, in which the unfamiliar modulations and abrupt changes of rhythm offered new and unexpected difficulties to players trained in the school of Haydn and Mozart. When he had got his orchestra at sixes and sevens, Beethoven would burst into a fit of laughter and cry, 'Just what I expected! I wished to try and shake 'such good riders out of the saddle!' An English traveller

* Vol. ii. p. 8.

† See the extraordinary anecdote related by Mr. Thayer, vol. ii. p. 92.

‡ Lady Wallace, vol. i. p. 63.

who saw him in 1823 (four years before his death), speaks of a great change in his appearance since 1816, but says that to his surprise Beethoven could understand everything which was said to him in a loud voice and slowly. In 1824 he could not hear the applause which greeted the 9th Symphony. The story is interesting.* Beethoven did not conduct, but stood near the conductor to give him the *tempi*. The 'Scherzo,' with its wonderful drum passages, so affected the audience that the storm of applause drowned the orchestra. Beethoven went on beating time till a friend showed him what was going on behind him. At the end of the symphony, the tragic contrast between the deaf man standing before them and the world of sound which had arisen by his creation, completely overcame his hearers, 'breaking all the bonds of joy, sorrow, and 'sympathy.' This was the last time he showed himself in a concert: 'too plain to him had the consciousness become 'that he could now no more occupy his position in public: 'and whilst others left the concert-room joyful and uplifted in 'heart, he made his way in dejection to his house.'

Herr Marx ascribes (and rightly, we think) to his deafness much of the capriciousness, suspicion, and ill-humour by which we fear the character of Beethoven is most generally known. 'You cannot believe,' says Stephan von Breuning in 1804, 'what an indescribable impression the loss of his hearing has 'made on Beethoven. Imagine the effect on his excitable tem-'perament of the feeling that he is unhappy; then comes 'reserve, mistrust often of his best friends, and general irreso-'lution. For the most part, only with a few exceptions, where 'his original feelings have free expression, intercourse with him 'is a real exertion, as one can never throw off restraint.' His very simplicity was curdled into suspicion; for he would listen to what was said against his best friends, say nothing, seek no explanation, and yet treat with the deepest contempt the person whom his unjust suspicions had injured. Some chance word might then show him his error, and he would write such words as these: 'I acknowledge that I do not deserve your 'friendship. . . . . I am coming to throw myself into your 'arms, and to entreat you to restore me my lost friend;' or 'I know I have torn your heart. But I have been punished 'enough by the emotion which you cannot but have observed. '. . . forgive me if I pained you. *I suffered myself not less.*'†

The key to these apparent contradictions is to be found in

* Schindler, p. 155. Lenz, vol. v. p. 169.

† Thayer, vol. ii. p. 260.

the perfect sincerity of Beethoven in word and in deed. He 'wore his heart on his tongue,' as one of his friends said of him; and, if he was quick to take offence, he was no less ready to make amends. But the hard things which he said in the heat of his anger were remembered, and Beethoven troubled himself too little to explain expressions which were often in the main just, however inconsiderate and irritating. Hence he got a worse reputation than he deserved. 'Beethoven hatte ein böses Maul,' said one of his acquaintance; and another spoke of him as 'ein unausstehlicher Mensch.' Indeed, make what allowance we will for the effects of deafness and ill-health, we cannot but acknowledge a petulance and violence of temper beyond all excuse. It is impossible to deny that in his earlier as well as his later years, he was capable not only of violent outbursts of passion, but also of acts of real unkindness. His refusal to play before his faithful pupil Ries on some pretext of his having repeated what he had heard his master play; his suspicion that Ries wished to supplant him in an appointment offered by King Jerome of Westphalia; his ingratitude to Stephan von Breuning; his unjust and even malicious speeches and actions in the case of those whom he fancied to have injured him; his jealousy of other artists—all these, and instances are plentiful, are tokens of a temperament which was by no means wholly amiable. It is painful to think that Schubert struggled with poverty for seven years (the seven last and most troublous years of the older artist's life, it is true) whilst Beethoven lived, and with a word could have made him known and popular; that Rossini, who never injured anyone, should have been treated by him with contempt and dislike; that Weber should have had cause to complain of unkindness; that he should have estranged from him Clementi, Cherubini, Hummel, Wölffl—all, in fact, who did not bow down and worship; and that lesser admirers, such as Kuhlau, should have met with hard words instead of encouragement. How different from the unselfishness of Haydn or Mendelssohn! Yet Beethoven at times acknowledged his fault. He was reconciled to Hummel on his death-bed. He placed Haydn's name amongst those of the five or six musicians whose portraits he would wish to hang on the walls of his room. He acknowledged Weber's merits in the 'Freischütz,' and, if he disparaged him as an artist, he did not disdain him as a friend.

Every character, however fair, has its ugly side—a side which enemies estimate more justly than friends. Beethoven's was an imperfect nature, dark in its shadows as brilliant in its

lights. He was no perfectly balanced man, 'square, fashioned 'without flaw,' but an impetuous, irregular, altogether human being, whose faults must be treated with reverence, and considered side by side with those virtues of which they were often, as it were, the shadow.

'Beethoven war immer in Liebesverhältnissen,' says Wegeler. He said himself, laughingly, that he had once been in love with the same woman for seven whole months. That a nature like his should not have been susceptible to love impressions would be incredible; we need not the sonnets to convince us that Shakspeare was a lover; but it was one of the contradictions of Beethoven's nature that his affections were easily transferred, and that in his whole life there is hardly one of his many love affairs which exercised an abiding influence upon him. Indeed, his attachments, the objects of which were for the most part ladies of high rank, to whom a marriage with a musician would have been an almost impossible *mésalliance*, were rather of the nature of sentiment than love. His letters to Eleonore von Breuning, and still more to Bettina von Arnim,* read like love-letters; but there is little reason to suppose, in either case, anything beyond a sentimental attachment. His purity of character forbids us to suppose that he could deliberately make love to any woman whom he did not hope to marry; but he found pleasure and consolation in the society of women, and his impulsive nature suggested feelings and expressions which were more sincere for the moment than lasting.

Dr. Ludwig Nohl (whose 'Life of Beethoven' is constructed on a basis of artistic truth) has conceived the idea that such a man's life must contain one complete love-scene, and, accordingly, he finds it in Beethoven's relations with the Countess Giulietta (or Giulia) Guicciardi—the lady to whom the C♯ Minor Sonata (known to amateurs as the 'Moonlight Sonata') is dedicated. Apart from any poetical adaptation, the facts appear to be these: Beethoven, now (1802) in the most prosperous circumstances of his life, felt able to fulfil his constant wish to marry. He made the acquaintance of the Countess Guicciardi, a girl of seventeen, fell in love with her, probably proposed marriage to her, and was rejected on the ground of unequal birth. The whole affair seems not to have lasted many months, and Mr. Thayer gives good reasons for believing that the impassioned letters, the object of which is generally supposed to have been the Countess Guicciardi, were not

* If the latter are genuine, which seems doubtful.

written during the time of her acquaintance with Beethoven. Apart from letters, the story assumes smaller proportions. We are told, however, that on her refusal he fled for comfort to the country-seat of his friend the Countess Erdödy; that he disappeared for two days; and, after long search, was found faint with exhaustion and hunger, in a distant corner of the gardens. The lady married Count Gallenberg, with whom she led an unhappy life. Some twenty years later, Beethoven said of her (in the strange jargon which served him for French; he never could write or speak any language correctly), 'J'étois bien aimé d'elle et plus que jamais son 'époux. Il étoit pourtant plus son amant que moi . . . . . 'arrivée à Vienne, elle cherchoit moi pleurant, mais je la 'méprisois.'

The whole affair is a riddle; but we may safely say with Mr. Thayer, 'The material for a tragedy is slight enough in 'a case where the lover writes, "I feel now for the first time '"that marriage *could* bring happiness;" and adds imme-'diately afterwards, "Indeed at this moment I could marry '"no one," because, forsooth, the satisfaction of his ambition 'was more precious to him than domestic happiness with his 'beloved.'

We must not blame him too lightly. Not on the ground on which Goethe has been excused, which really is no more than that 'hearts are many and poets are few,' but because Art is as exacting a mistress as ambition; and it is not for critics to estimate the all-absorbing influence which she can exercise upon creative minds. Art as well as religion sometimes requires nothing short of absolute sacrifice.

The period from 1800 to 1805 was as productive as the preceding five years had been. Beethoven had now learnt as practice alone can teach it the art of writing for instruments. He had invented a new order of pianoforte music, and in perfecting himself in writing quartetts he had conceived something of the orchestral glories of his later years. Amongst other works belonging to this period we may mention as most generally known the sonatas in C♯ minor, A♭, C major (Waldstein), the 'Kreutzer' violin duet, the F♯ minor sonata, commonly called (but not by the composer) the 'Appassionata'—a misleading title to a work whose characteristic is deep thought and feeling rather than passion—and of more important works the second and third symphonies, the 'Mount of Olives,' and 'Fidelio.' 'Going,' as he said, 'ever onwards,' he never relaxed his industry, and of his advance in power and knowledge the immortal 'Eroica' symphony is sufficient evidence, sepa-

rated as it is by an interval of four years at the most from the lovely but immature symphony in C (No. 1.) with its echoes of Haydn and Mozart. He was already out of reach of his contemporaries. He was worshipped by the young musicians, Ries, the younger Czerny, Weber, Spohr, and his patrons the lords and ladies of Vienna stood faithfully by him. But the older musicians shook their heads. Albrechtsberger, to whom no idea ever occurred which could not be treated in double counterpoint, said: 'Have nothing to do with him; he has 'learnt nothing and will never write anything properly.' Haydn, with all his generosity, could not heartily like music which was travelling further every day into regions which he had not visited, and which even Mozart had dimly descried from prophetic heights. The players were almost all against him: and it must be acknowledged that apart from the difficulty of the music which he set before them many of them had personally no great cause to love him. But as is usually the case, the critics were more in the dark than the rest of the world. The musical journals were full of such expressions as 'obscure artifice or artificial obscurity,' 'bizarre, 'wild, and shrill,' 'confused explosions,' 'thoughts wildly heaped 'one on another,' and so on; the 'Eroica,' we are told, would gain by the abridgment of some passages and the sacrifice of many over-strained modulations. The excessive use of wind instruments is condemned: the length of the work was said to be enough to tire musicians and disgust amateurs. One writer, in a tone which reminds us of the wisdom which now-a-days enlightens us as to the shortcomings of Schumann and Wagner, suggests that 'Herr von Beethoven should give us 'more works like the symphonies in C and D, his charming 'septett, and other earlier compositions, which must set him 'once for all in the ranks of the first instrumental composers.' But Beethoven cared as little for critics as for players. 'It 'amuses them,' he said, 'to say or print such things of me, so 'let them go on as they like.' It was not for him to think of fiddlers or scribblers when 'the Spirit spake to him, and he 'wrote.'

These and other indications throw some light on Beethoven's relations with the musical world, and show how his own nature, his malady, and his position with the public drove him to pursue his art alone, to trust to his own inspiration, and to leave at a distance the world which would not follow. His oratorio 'Christus am Oelberge'* (the Mount of Olives) had fallen flat,

* About 1800.

and his other works continued to give less pleasure than those which he himself condemned as immature and could not bear to hear praised.

We next come to the composition of 'Fidelio.' It was written in 1804-5, played to an empty house three days after the entry of the French army into Vienna, November 20, 1805, and withdrawn after the third performance. There are many anecdotes connected with the composition of this great work—how Beethoven found it almost impossible to write for voices; how he elaborated every passage of the music which seems so fresh and spontaneous, writing and rewriting his sketches in gigantic characters till at last the perfect form was revealed. How the singers—such of them as dared—came to him with complaints that the pieces written for them were impossible, but were driven away with rough words and explosions of anger. How the mere suggestion of an alteration threw him into such a violent passion with Prince Lobkowitz that on passing by the Prince's palace he could not restrain himself from rushing in at the gate and shouting 'Lobkowitzscher Esel!' How his friends insisted on the withdrawal of some pieces from the opera, and Beethoven, after an outburst of unusual fury, at last consented and showed himself like a summer's day after a thunderstorm. These details and many more enliven the history of the opera, and throw a various light on the composer's character; but we must pass on to other works and other deeper troubles.

Beethoven appears to have been much dejected at the ill-success of 'Fidelio.' He blamed himself for having gone too much into society, and lost hours which would have been precious for art. Henceforth he determined no longer to disguise his deafness, no longer to seek and please his critics, but to go straight on in what he felt was the true path of art, and live for music alone.

It was not possible, however, to avoid all engagements. Concerts, rehearsals, the visits of friends and strangers, lessons given to his kind but exacting friend the Archduke Rudolf, made inroads on his precious time. Impatient of all restraints he would leave Vienna, and take refuge in some country village, writing all day and half the night through: then at some fancied interruption hurry back to his new lodgings in the town, leaving the rooms vacant which he had occupied for a few weeks only. At one time he was paying the rent of four lodgings at once; once he changed his lodging because a certain baron made him too many compliments! He was always at war with his landlord. Sometimes in the fever of

composition he would walk about howling and roaring (they are his pupil Ries' words), and flood the room with water which he poured upon his hands to cool his thoughts. Then the lodger in the rooms below would complain of a spoilt ceiling, and the angry composer would pack up his few possessions and be off to another dwelling as comfortless as the last—for wherever Beethoven was, there was discomfort and disorder. He could not always find a resting place, for his fellow-lodgers found him an intolerable neighbour, and would not live in rooms made uninhabitable by the noise which went on all night long, whilst the inspired madman beat time overhead with fist and foot to the music which was building itself up in his brain. Driven from one lodging to another, he used to return again and again to the hospitable house of one of his patrons, who always kept a prophet's chamber ready for him. 'Leave it empty,' he used to say; 'Beethoven is sure 'to come back again.'

This perpetual change was not due entirely to restlessness. Like all sensitive natures, he was affected by gloom and sunshine; he liked to see a cheerful view from his windows, and was keenly susceptible to the influences of nature. Like Goethe's Werther, he used to roam whole days, and even whole nights, when the weather was warm, over the beautiful country in the neighbourhood of Vienna, forgetful of everything but nature and music. 'As we walked,' says a traveller who visited him a few years before his death, 'he often stopped 'and pointed out the beauties of the scenery. . . . At 'another time he seemed quite lost in thought, and hummed 'in an unintelligible manner to himself.' These were his moments of fullest inspiration. The ideas which came to him thus he used to note down on music-paper (which, like Mozart, he always carried with him), and worked them up afterwards, often entirely changing the motive which had at first occurred to him. One of his visitors met in the fields a strange, unearthly figure wandering without aim, bareheaded, with great black eyes staring on vacancy, unconscious where he was going; and stood by to let him pass, fearing to interrupt his meditations. A large portion of his time was spent thus in the open air; his daily walk was never interfered with by any weather, never interrupted by troublesome acquaintances. All Vienna knew and honoured him. All who met him made way for him to pass, with tokens of respect which Beethoven never failed to acknowledge, though often long after he had passed. 'It is me they are saluting,' he said to Goethe, who thought this homage was paid to himself.

Simple as was his life, his constant change of residence and his carelessness about money often brought him into difficulties. Money came in fast, but went out faster. Gold snuffboxes and ducats melted like sugar. He never knew what or how he spent. The waiters at the cafés in Vienna were content to be unpaid sometimes if they were paid double and treble the next day. It was not worth while to quarrel with a privileged person, who always had the laugh on his side, and who had been known to throw a dish full of meat at the head of a waiter suspected of cheating.

It was at the café, after his day's work, when he was seated at dinner with one or two friends—

'Ein Gericht und ein freundlich Gesicht,'

that he appeared at his best. Those who knew him speak of his loud laughter, his richness and originality of conversation, his wit, bold and reckless as his harmonies, his strong opinions, his interest in books and politics. On all hands we see the signs of the broad and wholesome humanity which formed the ground of his strangely mingled character, so much caricatured and so little understood by the retailers of anecdote, who can see nothing in Beethoven but an inspired artist and a mixture of misanthrope and buffoon. To his friends he was a warm-hearted, unselfish friend, not to be treated carelessly, much less to be played with or slighted; a friend whose friendship was worth a sacrifice, because it was founded on perfect sincerity, and could endure no suspicion of insincerity in others. That Beethoven—Great Mogul as he was, and capable of many unmannerly words and actions—was not unacceptable to those who loved good society, we may learn from the fact of his having always been well received by the great ladies of a ceremonious court. It was true that his dress was untidy to dirtiness; that he picked his teeth with the snuffers, upset inkstands into the pianoforte, and broke everything he touched; and that he had been known to play off ill-bred practical jokes on some of his friends; but, in spite of all incongruity, princesses and countesses—nay, personages of still higher rank—received him as an equal or a superior. This result could hardly have been brought about by his music alone. We believe it to have been partly due to the fact that all who were brought into contact with him felt his greatness, and because in the midst of roughness and uncouthness there was something about him too winning to be resisted.

But we have spoken of only one side of his life. In the midst of friends, laden with success, and rejoicing in the con-

tinual growth of his genius, he was moody and unhappy. 'The envious demon,' as he said, still dwelt in his ears. Each year shut up fresh avenues of sound, and made him less capable of enjoying human society. He was subject to frequent and painful attacks of illness. He was tormented by indigestion, weak eyes, cold and catarrh, and suffered from the attempts of physicians to cure his deafness. He was always poor in the midst of riches. 'Miser et pauper sum,' he wrote one day in his journal. 'Inter lacrymas et luctum' is the pathetic inscription of one of his sonatas.* 'The advent of death will 'relieve me from a state of endless suffering.' 'I have drunk 'to the dregs a cup of bitter sorrow, and already earned mar-'tyrdom in art.' Such are the utterances of a heart too sensitive to bear the common troubles of life, too proud to seek its common consolations; yet strong enough to support the weight of one great and ever-present, ever-growing calamity.

In the midst of interruptions caused by society, by illness, and by money troubles his industry never slackened. In the years 1806–1814 six symphonies (if we include 'Wellington's 'Sieg') were written: the Mass in C, a number of quartetts, three concertos, the music to 'Egmont' and the 'Ruins of 'Athens,' besides a host of smaller works. In looking over the catalogue of his compositions the thought suggests itself, if Beethoven could have had leisure during the years in which his genius was reaching its highest perfection, what might he not have done for music! He might have stamped his ideas on the world so as to have directed the course of music for a century more. But it was not to be: and the Second Mass, the Ninth Symphony, and the last quartetts were known too late or too imperfectly to teach his successors that strangeness is not genius, and that the greatest art is always sober.

The number of works which Beethoven produced is sufficient, had we not other evidence, to show how diligently he worked; for though his works do not nearly reach the number of volumes which Bach and Handel wrote, though Mozart in thirty-six years produced far more than Beethoven in a life nearly twice as long, yet we must remember that Beethoven began to write at a comparatively late age, and that his compositions, often re-written two and three times, contained much more than those of his predecessors. Before Mozart instrumentation was in its infancy, and Beethoven's scores are infinitely more varied and elaborate than any which were written

* Op. 59, for Violoncello.

before him. He did not only work with instruments already developed. He was a greater innovator than even Mozart. He invented and developed himself his own treatment of the pianoforte and the orchestra; and throughout his life he was not, like Haydn, engaged in arraying new ideas in familiar forms, but inventing and extending his art in all directions—a Leonardo in experiment, a Michael Angelo in execution.

It is the privilege of artists to be at once early ripe and to make progress to a late period of life. Almost all the great masters were 'Wunderkinder.' Many of the highest effects of art are the work of young men. Later years, as in the case of Handel, Gluck, Rossini, or, in other paths of art, Rubens, Titian, Velasquez, bring increased technical power and knowledge, firmer judgment, wisdom in sacrifice: but it is only a few fair souls, such as the divine Raphael and his counterpart Mozart, who gain in inspiration as well as in knowledge every year till the day of premature death. 'What 'a work that is!' said Beethoven of a quintett of Mozart. 'There Mozart said to the world, "See what I could do for '"you if your hour were come!"' So it was with himself. He too was a poet, and one of those whose imagination never ceases to grow. Like Mozart, he would not 'write for the 'long ears,' nor subject his inspiration to the musical reviewers. Hence it came that he was less and less understood by his contemporaries; a generation later, even Spohr and the gifted Mendelssohn thought he had wandered from the 'one path' of art; and his later works are but now, after fifty years, beginning to receive due appreciation from the world.

Beethoven's dark days, already clouding thickly over him, became darker still after the death of his brother Carl in 1815. His relations with his brothers have been much discussed, and with little result. The common opinion is that they were low-minded, heartless tyrants, who valued their brother only as a means of getting money, robbed him when he was rich, and neglected or ill-treated him when he was poor. The truth appears to be that they were remarkable neither for villany nor for nobility of character. They did not appreciate their brother's greatness. They probably helped themselves to his money without much scruple, and did little to make his life easier and more happy. But it is certain that Johann at least helped him from time to time, and it is charitable to believe that they shared the fate of many another *fraterculus gigantis*, and are thought to have been worse than they were because their brother lived an unhappy life. Carl married a dissolute woman, to the great sorrow and indignation of his brother

Ludwig. He left one son by her on his death in 1815, and appointed as guardian, not his respectable and well-to-do brother Johann, but Ludwig, who rather required a guardian himself than was fit to undertake such a charge. Henceforward his greatest wish in life, next to his art, was to be a father to the boy. He gave up his roving habits and attempted to set up a regular establishment and devote himself to the care of his foster child. And now a sad story begins—a story of misery and wasted energy, in its way as sad as that of Chatterton or Savage. Forced into incongruous circumstances and struggling with vulgar persons and vulgar troubles, the dignity of his figure is obscured. We may not too much pity Beethoven for his deafness and his loneliness; such sorrows, like Milton's blindness, stand above our pity. Beethoven struggling with Fate is sublime; but Beethoven in the squalid discomfort of Hogarth's 'Distressed Poet,' Beethoven the hero of a 'shabby-genteel story,' is a sight from which we would gladly turn away. We know nothing more painful to read than the long series of letters in which the tender-hearted, passionate man asks counsel of his friend Zmeskall, utterly perplexed and exasperated by circumstances which to any ordinary citizen of Vienna would have appeared simple and trivial. Difficulties with lawyers, from which the smallest practical knowledge of life would have saved him; ignoble squabbles with cooks, kitchen-maids, and lodging-keepers, dinners ill-dressed, fires ill-lighted, discomfort, ill-health, unkindnesses done and suffered; such are the little miseries by which this great soul was so tortured—'scratched to death with rats and 'mice,' as Mercutio says—that for several years he published hardly anything. In the accounts which we have of his life during this period there are indeed comic touches enough; but comedy can have little share in such a drama.

'I know no duty more sacred (he writes) than the education 'and training of a child.' It was in this spirit that he undertook the charge of his nephew, and he was never unfaithful to his ideal. The first duty which he set himself was to keep his ward away from the mother whose influence he feared for her son, and to effect this he engaged in three tedious lawsuits. An ungracious task, one which we may doubt whether he ought to have undertaken. But, however this may be, there is no question that it was undertaken under a sense of the highest duty, and discharged without any indecision or weakness. To the boy himself Beethoven was all tenderness and indulgence. The gentle spirit which was hidden in his roughness was brought to light in this new relation. The child (he was nine

years old at his father's death) tyrannised over his uncle, climbed on his chair, and dragged him away from the work which no other person dared to interrupt; occupied his thoughts, which should have been employed in other cares than those of household and education; but gave him little return for all his love, except the easy smiles of a shallow, selfish nature. Nothing gives a truer and more complete view of Beethoven's character, and of the circumstances in which he was placed, than his correspondence at this time; and pity and reverence in turn claim our affections as we read the melancholy pages.

His diary and conversation-books tell the same story. Here and there, among memoranda relating to unruly servants, we read such notices as 'another bad day;' days when, as we may imagine, ill-health and troubles at home, and want of leisure and want of money drove him mad with vexation and misery. It happened many times—four days in succession once—that he had hardly a kreutzer to buy his dinner, and had to content himself with a piece of bread and a glass of beer. And yet at this time he had so many commissions for new music that it became another grievance to have so much to do that kept him from the greater works which he was designing. An income of 4,000* gulden per annum, which had been secured to him by his friends Lichnowsky, Lobkowitz, Kinsky, and others, fell to less than one-fifth of its value in consequence of the troubles of the Empire. But his works brought him in a good income, if it had been spent with common prudence; and, if he had found time or health to travel, he might have filled his pockets with gold. Offers came from Berlin, from Russia, and from England, the country which he always honoured above all others. But he could not (he thought) leave his nephew; he did not know how to set about the arrangements for a journey; his health was bad; and he would not interrupt the progress of works greater than any he had hitherto taken in hand. It was during the troubled years of which we are writing that his ninth symphony, second mass, and last quartetts were composed. He had in view, and in part actually in hand, a tenth symphony, another mass, and Goethe's 'Faust'; whether this last was to have been in the form of opera, symphony, or, as is most probable, dramatic overture and interludes. To write 'Faust,' he said, would be the climax for himself and for Art.

But his work was almost done. Anguish of heart and sickness (for a dropsical tendency was now fully declared) pressed

* About 400*l.*

hard upon him. His nephew, his tenderly-loved Carl, the letters addressed to whom are alone evidence enough, if evidence were wanting, of the depth and warmth of his heart, was ungrateful to his benefactor and fulfilled none of his hopes. He lounged about the billiard-tables, and spent his uncle's money in foolish or vicious pleasures. At length he was expelled from the university, and in a fit of despair shot himself. The wound was not mortal, and he lived to be the death of his guardian. A few months later, when the young man's health was re-established (December 1826), Beethoven was sent by his brother Johann back to Vienna in an open carriage (he did not care to lend him his own close carriage). An attack of inflammation of the lungs was the consequence. Taken in time, it might have been checked; but the miserable nephew, when sent for a doctor, gave a chance message to a billiard-marker. The message was forgotten for a day or two, till the billiard-marker, himself taken seriously ill, recollected the commission, and sent a doctor to the house. It was too late; medicine could not relieve the patient; repeated operations only weakened him. 'Better water from my body than from 'my pen,' he said; and on the 29th of March, 1827, he was so evidently sinking that his friends asked him to receive the last Sacraments. The ceremony over, he said, 'Plaudite, 'amici—comœdia finita est.' Almost the last request he made was that his thanks should be sent to the Philharmonic Society* for the present of 100*l.*, which (he added) had cheered the last days of his life; and that he thanked, now on the edge of the grave, the Society and the whole English nation. Soon his death agony came on—a terrible struggle between life and death. His last words, whether in wandering or a last spark of his old humour, were 'Do you hear the bell? the scene is 'changing.' 'His end came at a quarter to six in the evening, 'whilst outside the house the thunder and lightning of a violent 'storm seemed to represent this death agony by the sympathy 'of Nature, his dearest friend.'†

What Beethoven was as a musician the whole world knows,

* An attempt has been made to found a charge of dishonesty on this present. Beethoven, in fact, had in his possession at the time of his death some bank shares to the value of about 400*l.* But he did not ask for a present: his request was that a concert should be given for his benefit; and the fact of property being found after his death shows at once his inexperience and childish ignorance of business, and his affection to the ungrateful nephew whom he made his heir, and for whom his small savings were kept as a sacred deposit.

† Mühlbrecht, p. 61.

or is learning to know: but his worth as a man is much misconceived. The idea which is most commonly entertained of him is, that he is an unaccountable medley of contradictions, which it is not worth while to investigate; that his works alone are interesting; and that the character of the man is but an accident of his genius. But apart from the question whether his works, as those of all great artists, are not rendered more intelligible by a study of the man who produced them, we are of opinion that the character of Beethoven is of high interest to every student of human nature. In Beethoven, as in other great artists, genius in one direction was combined with ability, but not distinguished ability, in others. Nothing that remains written in his letters or diaries bears the mark of genius. He writes earnestly and eagerly; but we see reflected in his writings rather the passion than the intellectual power of which his works give evidence. His opinions, and his expression of them, are bold, clear, and forcible; and his conversation was vigorous, though full of eccentricity and unevenness. He pronounced on all subjects with equal confidence. 'He hates all restraint, and I think there is no one 'else in Vienna who speaks with so little reserve as Beethoven 'on all subjects, even politics. . . . His observations are as 'characteristic and original as his compositions. . . . During 'the whole course of our conversation at table, nothing was 'more interesting than what he said of Handel. I heard him 'say, "Handel is the greatest composer that ever lived." I 'cannot describe with what an expression—I may almost say, 'how sublimely—he spoke of the "Messiah" of that immortal 'genius. Each of us felt thrilled as he said, "I would bare '"my head, and kneel upon his grave."'

His conversation has been likened to one of his own symphonies; and fanciful as it may seem, we believe that the incongruities of his character are best understood through his music. In most cases we seek for an interpretation of art from the life of the artist; but here the converse is the rule. It is so with other instances: we must estimate the lives of such men as Thorwaldsen and Turner, or even Michael Angelo, through their works—which often light up what is obscure, and harmonise what is incongruous in the outward show of their lives. It is only in contact with degrading circumstances that Beethoven's nobleness suffers. *There* he made his own circumstances; and the manifold harmony of his mind could unfold itself freely. How can we better appreciate the force of mind which was so impressive to those who heard him talk than by contemplating in his

scores that power of mastering details, and that complete understanding of his subject of which every page gives proof? Is not this akin to the vigour of intellect which, as we hear, was never weary of political discussions—never lost sight of definite principles—was always bold and consistent in asserting them? Or, again, can we not better understand his bursts of boisterous happiness by remembering the uncontrollable joy of his Scherzos and final movements; the hopelessness of his pain by hearing him speak in the 'largo e mesto' of the D major sonata,* or the second movement of the Seventh Symphony? His sudden changes of mood give and receive interpretation when compared with the passion of such movements as the Scherzo of the Fifth Symphony,† or the 'prestissimo' of the ‡ E major Sonata. Has not the majesty of 'Egmont' or the 'Eroica' something corresponding to that dignity which made Beethoven in his strangest excesses always respected and even feared? And when we are startled by strange explosions of discord, and then again charmed by broad sunny passages of pastoral joy, or the unexpected merriment of Scherzos, do we not understand more fully Beethoven's laughter? Laughter of every degree, from the loud 'lion-voiced' roar to a smile which has been compared to his own 'Pastoral Symphony;' a smile, as Lenz says, like nothing else in the world, which 'spread from the corners of his 'well-formed mouth over his whole countenance, driving before 'it the shadows of the deep thoughts which dwelt on it, as the 'rising sun drives the night from the valleys.'

There is little to show that Beethoven had any love for the kindred arts of painting or sculpture. He lived before the revival—such as it is—of Art; and, as far as we know, the only form in which the outward beauty of things was revealed to him was in the face of Nature. How dearly he loved Nature we have seen. Next to music the country was his chief consolation in life; and his love for it is enshrined not only in the 'Pastoral Symphony,' but in all his works; for one of the special characteristics of his music is its fresh open-air clearness, never obscured by science, nor disfigured by the crabbedness of study—smelling not of the lamp, but of the fresh air and country fragrance.

He had a lively interest in literature. He spent much time in reading; not newspapers only, of which he was voracious, but the best books in prose and verse. Of poetry he was an enthusiastic, if not always a discerning, admirer. He read,

* Op. 10, No. 3. † Op. 67. ‡ Op. 109.

and learnt by heart, many passages of Klopstock's 'Messiah,' till, as he said, it was driven out of his head by the all-embracing Goethe. Schiller also he prized. His other favourites were Voss's Homer—especially the 'Odyssey'—Shakspeare, Plutarch, and Sturm—an interesting catalogue, as showing how his mind reposed on large ideas, and was gratified with a mysticism which resembles the mysticism of music in its suggestion rather than expression, reflection rather than repetition, of the emotions of an imaginative mind.

No human being is free from some taint of selfishness; and though in Beethoven's heart there were no sordid feelings, pride was in him the form of selfishness which marred the beauty of his character. Αἰὲν ἀριστεύειν was not enough for him. He must be acknowledged by all as first; and he disparaged and disliked all artists whose claims in any way came into competition with his own. It was this desire to assert himself which made him so many enemies among musicians; which caused him to be rude and ungrateful to his best friends, whom he insulted because they were of higher rank than himself; which made him discontented with a reputation greater than that of any of his contemporaries, and at the same time jealous of every little puff of praise in a newspaper article or from a friend's mouth. 'We artists want applause,' he said; and no applause was too fulsome to be acceptable to this great music-god, who snuffed up with equal relish the smoke of hecatombs and the humblest incense of foreign pilgrims. Nor is it to be denied that, as a friend, he was not wholly trustworthy. His excessive irritability made enemies of friends, and alienated those from him who could have borne anything but the injustice which was a denial of their friendship; and his correspondence makes us aware that of all the friends who lived round him in his later years few had known him in his youth. Musicians are notoriously quarrelsome; but there have been few musicians whose friends have had so much to forgive them, and yet to whom so much has been forgiven for the sake of friendship.

His friends, however, were mostly among the nobility of Vienna. 'My nobility,' as he said before the Court which tried the affair of his nephew's guardianship, 'is here, and 'here;' pointing as he spoke to his head and heart. He claimed an absolute right of equality with the highest of the earth. He would be 'ebenbürtig' with princes themselves; but in this ostentatious disregard of rank, though it led him into ungracious and foolish actions, there is, we think, no evidence of 'snobbishness.' He treated all men alike; was on as

familiar terms with Schuppanzigh the fiddler, as with Lichnowsky the prince of the empire: and if he liked the great, he is not the only artist or poet who has felt the charm of a gracious manner, and has found pleasure in the society of those who have by tradition the art of pleasing.

His political opinions suffered no injury from this; for he never disguised or softened them—never whilst appreciating the 'guinea-stamp' of rank forgot that his respect was due only to humanity. He was from first to last a strong republican by conviction and by sentiment. His sympathy with the French Revolution is well known; not less his outburst of wrath when the news came of the establishment of the Empire. He watched with careful interest the growth of the republican spirit in Germany. He had no theories to which his opinions must be assimilated; his republicanism was as spontaneous as everything else in this true child of nature. The only trace of insincerity is in the famous story of his walk with Goethe, when he refused to salute the imperial family; and this rests on Bettina's evidence, and may, therefore, be highly coloured: or, if true, what is more likely than that Beethoven should have amused himself at the expense of his courtly friend, whose friendship he would have prized, but disdained his patronage?

Beethoven's religious sentiments are a mystery. Haydn called him flatly an atheist. He certainly was not an atheist —as certainly he was not the child of the Church like Haydn or Mozart. His republican politics were reflected in his religious views. He disliked priests; he despised ceremonies; and seldom saw the inside of churches. But though his belief tended to free thought rather than to any dogmatic system, there is no doubt that his mind was deeply reverential and even devotional in its aspirations. Many passages in his note-books attest this. Two sentences, which he had written out and hung up in a frame above his writing-table, were his often-quoted confession of faith:—'I am that which exists. I 'am all that was, that is, that is to be. No mortal man has 'raised my veil.' . . . 'He is alone of Himself; and to 'Him alone all things owe their being.'*

And, indeed, if there were no positive evidence to this effect, it is impossible to believe that the Second Mass is mere notes, without religious feeling underlying all. His biographers say that at no time of his life was he so completely removed from the earth as during the composition of this work: and who can doubt that when he conceived the ardent

* Mühlbrecht, p. 40.

aspiration of the 'Kyrie,' the triumphant glory of the 'Et 'resurrexit,' the peace and hope, the self-abasement and divine trust of the 'Agnus Dei,' the Master felt by power of faith, as well as by imagination, the realities which expressed themselves in immortal tones? 'Ins Unendliche zu greifen,' was his aim and his achievement in this great work. Unless we would repeat and magnify the miracle of Goethe's 'Con- 'fession of a fair Saint,' and ascribe to dramatic interest more than it ever produced in this region of art, we must acknowledge in the aspirations of this Mass the feelings of a man capable of the highest reverence, and full of a sense of human weakness and divine presence. 'You Protestants cannot conceive what 'we feel when the Body of the Lord goes by,' said Haydn: and if Beethoven's view of the Mass was rather that of a mystic than of a Catholic, still we may be sure that in the forms of the Catholic Service he enshrined all that his thought conceived of sacrament and sacrifice; what to Beethoven's soul was the reality of the Beatific Vision.

It is not our business to judge Beethoven as an artist. The generation which has succeeded him has accepted and ratified all his claims to homage. Bach may excel him in science, Handel in majesty, Mozart in sweetness: but no musician has ever *felt* so deeply—no one has so combined the heights and depths of passion; so written the life of humanity into music; so spoken to the hearts of men in the whole scale of emotion. And our labour will not have been wasted if we have been able in this sketch to show that his life did not wholly jar with his music; that in his tenderness and faithfulness of heart, his uprightness and truthfulness, in his anger and his repentance, his moody sorrow and buoyant gladness, is shown the same greatness of nature of which the truest and highest expression is his music.

ART. IV.—1. *The Cuban Question and American Policy.* New York: 1869.

2. *Facts about Cuba.* (Published under the authority of the New York Cuban Junta.) New York: 1870.

3. *The Book of Blood; an authentic Record of the Policy adopted by Modern Spain to put an end to the War of Independence in Cuba.* New York: 1871.

4. *La Verdad Historica sobre Sucesos de Cuba.* Por F. XAVIER CISNEROS. Nueva York: 1871.

5. *Cuba, with Pen and Pencil.* By SAMUEL HAZARD. 8vo. Hartford, Connecticut: 1871.

THE insurrection in Cuba has hitherto attracted but little notice in Europe. Ever since it first broke out public attention, in our own quarter of the globe, has been monopolised by a series of events of stupendous importance, and of an interest not impaired by a remote geographical situation. In fact few people in this country accurately realise the fact that for upwards of four years an obstinate and bloody civil war has been raging in that distracted island. Probably fewer still are aware that a not inconsiderable portion of the colony is *de facto* ruled by an insurgent government professing to be guided by the provisions of a written constitution, formally adopted by a more or less perfect National Convention assembled for the purpose of drawing it up; that there is an elective legislature passing laws, an executive carrying them out, and a judicial body vindicating and expounding them; and that a by no means diminutive army has been continuously maintaining a fierce contest with the troops of the mother-country.

Yet a great, even a romantic, interest would seem to attach to the affairs of Cuba. The island itself is rich, beautiful, and fertile. It has been described* as 'that garden of the West, 'gorgeous with perpetual flowers and brilliant with the plumage 'of innumerable birds, beneath whose glowing sky the teeming 'earth yields easy and abundant harvest to the toil of man, 'and whose capacious harbours invite the commerce of the 'world.' In the words of Columbus, 'it is the most beautiful 'land that ever eyes beheld.' It was amongst the earliest discoveries of the great Admiral; its capital has become the final

* In an article (attributed to the poet Longfellow) on the 'Poetry of 'Spanish America,' in the 'North American Review' for January, 1849.

resting-place of his remains. It was the scene of the stirring adventures of Ojeda, and of the early labours of Las Casas. From its ports sailed Cortez to conquer the empire of Montezuma, and De Soto to dissipate the spoils of Peru, and lose his life, amidst those great discoveries which have immortalised his name. It has, as Humboldt says, 'a charm that is wanting to the greater part of the New World. It presents 'remembrances linked with the greatest names of the Spanish 'Monarchy, those of Christopher Columbus and Hernan 'Cortez.'

Among the first fruits of Spanish maritime discovery it remains almost the last considerable remnant of the vast colonial empire of Spain. The names of its mountains, its harbours, its rivers, continually recall the heroic age of colonisation and nautical enterprise. For us in England it should have an almost peculiar interest. The capture of its capital by the British forces, in 1762, was the work of the greatest expedition that ever crossed the Atlantic. In the present century a considerable portion of our navy has been engaged in a nearly continuous attempt to suppress the slave-trade so persistently carried on in its waters; and many, alas! too many, of our fellow-countrymen have fallen victims to the unhealthy climate and the arduous service amongst its *cays* and channels. To the readers of modern English literature the scene of the insurrection should be classic ground; for it is in a district of which the capital is the city of Santiago de Cuba, so admirably described in those inimitable West Indian sketches, 'Tom Cringle's Log.'

The history of Cuba has been emphatically a troublous one. Its wealth and its defenceless condition excited the cupidity, and justified the hopes, of the earliest buccaneers. Its long stretch of sea-coast—more than fifteen hundred geographical miles—and its numerous harbours and inlets invited and facilitated their attacks. As far back as 1517 and 1518, French filibusters, in search of booty, entered its newly-settled ports; and like forays continued to be made for many years subsequently. Our own countrymen largely took part in them. An attack upon Havannah in 1585 was amongst the exploits of Drake: and in the following century the redoubted buccaneer Morgan penetrated to the town of Puerto Principe, almost in the centre of the island. To the buccaneers succeeded the privateers, who in our war with Spain swarmed out from Jamaica and the Bahamas. These in their turn were succeeded by many of the citizens of the revolted Spanish colonies in South America; and in more recent times by

filibustering parties of Mexican *propagandists*, or Cuban sympathisers (as they were called), from New Orleans.

The internal history of the island has not been more tranquil. The present is merely one (the most formidable and important one certainly) of a series of risings against the government of the mother-country, which began more than half-a-century ago. Almost the first recorded symptom of political trouble was the arrival in the colony of agents of the intrusive king of Spain, Joseph Bonaparte. The example of the South American colonies not unnaturally caused considerable emotion amongst the Cubans, whose island had during the period of Joseph's reign remained faithful to the Bourbon dynasty. The Marquis of Someruelos—at that time governor of the colony—energetically opposed the attempts of the colonists to imitate their compatriots of the continent. But the election of the Cortes in the mother-country, and the promulgation of the democratic constitution of 1812, led to more serious results. Amongst the ideas which found favour with the members of the new Cortes, that of the abolition of slavery had a somewhat prominent place. Notices of the discussions of this subject found their way to Cuba, and to the knowledge of the coloured population, in spite of the efforts of Someruelos to prevent it; and risings took place on various estates in the year 1812. These risings were said to be traced to a conspiracy headed by a free man of colour, who was afterwards executed. They were soon put down.

The proclamation at Cadiz in 1820 of the 'Constitution of '1812,' and the re-establishment of constitutional Government in Spain, after its abolition on the return of Ferdinand VII. in 1814, gave rise to new troubles in Cuba. During the election of members of the new Cortes, numerous conflicts took place at Havannah; and then, perhaps, first broke out that bitter enmity between the Cubans and the Spaniards of the mother-country, which has led to such sanguinary results in the present struggle. In 1823 occurred the 'Conspiracy of 'the Soles,' which is chiefly memorable in that the alleged object of the conspirators was to prevent a pretended sale of the island to Great Britain. In the same year absolute Government was again restored in Spain; and an attempt in favour of the Constitution, which was quickly suppressed, was made at the important city of Matanzas. This attempt was headed by an officer of the garrison, and was one of those military *pronunciamentos* which have become so common in Spain and her now independent colonies. Another conspiracy was discovered in 1829: it was called that of the

'Black Eagle,' and is attributed by colonial annalists to the instigations of Mexican propagandists of independence. On the death of Ferdinand VII. in 1833 the island peaceably acquiesced in the rule of the infant queen, Isabella II. When in the following year the Queen-regent, Christina, accepted the charter known as the *Estatuto Real*, Cuba was again called upon to elect representatives to the national legislature in Spain. The Captain-General Tacon, since famed in colonial history for the vigour of his administration and the extent of his reforms, moved by the accounts of the civil war in the mother-country, determined to maintain the *status quo*. Then again ensued a period of fresh conspiracies and fresh insurrections. In 1835 the negroes rose in the neighbourhood of Havannah. A more formidable outbreak happened in the following year. Don Manuel Lorenzo, the governor of the eastern department, proclaimed at Santiago de Cuba the liberal constitution of 1812. Tacon, who acted with characteristic vigour, speedily quelled the revolt.

The colony, however, still continued to be in a condition of chronic disturbance and excitement. In 1844, under the government of the celebrated O'Donnell, a movement, even yet more formidable than those which had preceded it, was discovered and suppressed. This was no less than a plot to promote a general rising of the slaves and people of colour against the whites. The military commission appointed to try the persons implicated in the conspiracy reported that amongst its instigators were many free coloured men, one of whom, Gabriel de la Concepcion Valdez, had attained some eminence as a writer of poems under the name of the 'Poet Placido.' This attempt at insurrection was put down with a strong hand:—

'The scaffold did not fill the measure of blood required by the military attorneys appointed to execute what was called summary justice. The victims were shot in groups; but the greater number sank in deadly agony under the lash, during interrogatories called "proceed-"ings;" and, in order not to disgust the sensibilities of the nineteenth century, it was certified in the official records that the victims had expired from natural disease.' (*Cuba and Spain*, Putnam's Mag., January, 1870.)

The 'year of revolutions,' 1848, was signalised by the beginning of the insurrectionary projects of Narciso Lopez, whose fate attracted much attention in this country. Lopez' story is a somewhat remarkable one. He was a native of the colony of Venezuela, and had achieved some distinction as an officer of the royal army in the War of Independence in that

country. He eventually rose to the rank of major-general in the Spanish service, and played a part of more or less prominence in the troubles of the mother-country during the earlier years of Queen Isabella's reign. Having married a Cuban lady possessed of property in the island, he settled on her estates; and, at the time of which we are now speaking, he held an official appointment in the town of Cienfurgos. His projects were discovered and he fled to the United States. He was accompanied in his flight by other Cubans implicated in his designs, who established at New York a Cuban *Junta*. In exile Lopez endeavoured to mature the insurrectionary schemes, the discovery of which had compelled him to quit the island.

In the month of May 1850 he landed at the head of five hundred men at the port of Cardenas on the northern coast of Cuba, sixty or seventy miles east of Havannah. Being attacked by a small body of troops, he was forced to re-embark and again leave the island. In the following year the standard of revolt was twice raised within the colony: once in the eastern department, and once again in the centre. Neither insurrection attained any important dimensions, and both appear to have been defeated by the Spanish authorities with ease. In August of this same year, 1851, Lopez a second time landed in Cuba. This time the place of disembarkation chosen was the small town of Morillo, near the western extremity of the island. After some partial successes in his encounters with the Government forces, Lopez was at length defeated, and finally tried and executed in the capital. A further attempt made in 1855 to organise an expedition also failed, and with it the numerous endeavours to revolutionise Cuba from without came to an end.

This, perhaps somewhat tedious, enumeration of the various insurrectionary movements in the colony, has been given that the present relations between Cuba and Spain may be rightly understood. It will appear from it that the different outbreaks have been distinguished from each other by essential differences. Some have been caused by the desire of the slave population and the free coloured people to throw off the yoke of their white masters and superiors. Others have been the result of a strong feeling of dissatisfaction, widely spread amongst the latter, with their treatment at the hands of their fellow-countrymen at home. Again, these insurrectionary attempts of the white Creoles have been dictated by various motives. In some instances the object of the insurgents has been to establish the independence of the island; in others,

to procure its annexation to the United States; in others, again, to ameliorate the conditions of its government by the home-authority, and to procure for it some voice in the management of its own affairs. But from the early part of the century to the present time it will be seen that—from one cause or another—there has been a continued succession of disturbances in the colony; and that all have required determined and forcible suppression at the hands of the Spanish authorities.

The increasing importance of the more recent disturbance is easily accounted for. The treatment by Spain of her great dependency has literally gone from bad to worse. Up to the year 1837, Cuba had mainly followed the fortunes, in government, of the mother-country. When constitutional liberty was abolished or restored at home, the same fate befell the Cubans as their brethren in Spain. When the latter country was called upon to elect representatives to a legislative assembly, so also was Cuba. But in 1837—Spain still being in the possession of parliamentary government—this privilege was withdrawn from the colony, and since that date it has had no representation, but was to be governed by *special laws.* In the meantime, by a royal order still, or till very lately, in force, the Captain-General is entrusted with the powers granted to governors of cities 'in a state of siege'—the continental euphuism for martial law. This system of government, if system it can be called, was modified to some extent in 1860, but a late Captain-General, Lersundi, virtually re-established it.

To explain what the Spanish Government of Cuba is, and what it is felt to be by the inhabitants, we may give the opinions of two observers, both of whom are entitled to every credit. In his book, 'The West Indies and the Spanish Main,' Mr. Anthony Trollope, speaking of the Spanish rule, says:

'At present they (the Cubans) have no national privilege except that of undergoing taxation. Every office is held by a Spaniard.' (P. 139.)

And again:—

'No Cuban has any voice in his own country. He can never have the consolation of thinking that his tyrant is his countryman.' (P. 140.)

M. E. Duvergier de Hauranne, who visited the island in 1865, in some spirited sketches published in the 'Révue des 'Deux Mondes,' gives even stronger testimony.

'The Colonial Government, that is to say, the single person of the Captain-General in military command of the island, unites in its hands all attributes and all powers: it is a perfect model of governmental and administrative centralisation, hardly equalled by the Pachas of Turkey.

This system works with admirable ease and simplicity, the Government levying the taxes and leaving the rest to nature. . . . . Spain has no worse enemy than her colony, because she has always treated it as a servant and a vassal.'

'Its (the Government's) trade is to make money, and not to govern, or cause the laws to be respected. Deep and continuous bleeding is the only possible system of this antiquated mechanism. Its solitary function is to hold in docile subjection the *siempre fiel isla de Cuba* (the Spaniards, who are detested in Cuba, and who feel themselves that their empire in the colony is threatened, still persist in calling the island the "ever faithful"), and to turn into the public treasury all the streams of its riches. The functionaries are like hungry leeches, who, from the stagnant marshes of the mother-country, come to fatten on the fresh blood of the colony. A police, an army, a custom-house, a revenue, multifarious and inexorable imposts, justice sold to everyone —such is the Government. The leading idea is the old monarchical one, that authority should be profit and a means of extortion.

'Our French centralisation, with all its inconveniences and abuses, is yet a model of government in comparison. If it does absorb and squeeze out the very sap of a people, it professes in return to supply the public wants, and to provide individuals with all that it takes from them. The practice assuredly is not irreproachable; but the theory is at least civilised. Here the Government does not even take the trouble to have a system; it seizes all avenues, all paths by which life circulates in the country, and levies tribute, like the Arab sheikh upon the caravans, or the feudal lord upon the travellers on the highway. Yet it does not give to those whom it taxes the protection which these worthy brigands used to give in return for their robberies. After it has deducted its share from the goods of each, it leaves to him the duty of protecting himself and preserving the rest. Ask of it neither security nor useful public works, for these are not its business. There are no roads in Cuba but those opened by private individuals; no justice, for the processes are ruinous, and are dreaded like the plague. I know people of the country who have preferred compounding with the robber to appealing to the judges. As a set-off, there is always a way of defrauding the law when one is rich.'

It would be idle to add to this testimony of independent observers anything brought forward by the Cubans themselves; yet we may here declare that in no writing attributed to a Cuban, in none of the works amongst those in our preliminary list which are avowedly written by the colonists to enlist in their behalf the sympathies of foreign nations, have we met with any stronger denunciation of Spanish mis-rule in the island. Yet this colony thus treated, thus neglected, is not a mere barren spot which, but for strategic reasons, or considerations of national honour, continues to be held. Its riches are abundant, and apparently indestructible. In spite of the vicious, and almost ruinous, commercial system of Spain, they

continue to increase. We do not intend to weary our readers with a long string of figures and statistics, but we will venture to lay before them a few which will indicate in unmistakable terms what—under a more enlightened Government—the wealth of the island might become. In 1817 the crushing restrictions upon the tobacco trade were removed. The trade was so oppressed that the export of the article had almost ceased, and it promised to become an object merely of home consumption. 'In 1846,' says Arboleya, in his admirable 'Manual de 'la Isla de Cuba,' 'there were 9,102 *vegas* [that is, tobacco-'farms] against 5,534 in 1827; now (1852) there are 10,000.' And he estimates that the whole number of *vegas* represents a value not far short of thirteen million dollars. In 1869 the value had increased to nearly seventeen million dollars.

According to Pezuela, the historian and statistician of the colony, the imports amounted, in 1869, to forty-three and a half million dollars, and the exports to fifty-seven and a half millions. Before the disturbances, which began in the previous year, they had been estimated, on trustworthy data, to be nearly 50 per cent. higher. The reports of our Consuls bear ample testimony to the enormous wealth of the island.

'Those who understand the sugar and tobacco market here,' says Mr. Consul Dunlop,* in March, 1870, 'assure me that even this year, in spite of disturbances, the aggregate value of the sugar and tobacco crop of Cuba will amount to a value of about 15,000,000*l.* sterling. This large amount of value of yearly produce represents, therefore, an enormous capital invested in the two staple exports of this rich island; which capital (having regard to the necessary expenses of tillage and manufacture, and other deductions) may safely be estimated as exceeding 200,000,000*l.* sterling.'

A statistical report for the three years, from 1861 to 1863, estimated the average yearly total of the import and export trade at one hundred and thirty million dollars. The share of Great Britain in this large sum was nearly one-fourth of the whole. A writer in an American periodical, ('Putman's 'Magazine,') before quoted, thus speaks of the former Spanish monopoly of trade with the possessions in America:—

'This embraced the following:—privileges to work the mines; privileged cities in Spain, which could alone carry on commerce; privileged commercial and shipping companies; privileged mercantile fleets sailing in convoys at stated periods; excise customs everywhere directing the course of trade; patents for providing salt, and selling cattle and other necessaries of life; privileges to the class of mariners;

* Commercial Reports from Her Majesty's Consuls in 1869-70. London. 1871.

patents for executing judiciary acts. Each production and each industry was at war with the other; and the general advance was based, not on reason, not on the price of man's labour, but on might, and on the passive obedience of the colonists.'

Well might the unfortunate Cubans ask, as they did in 1808, 'because the mother-country cannot provide articles we need, 'shall she punish in us the deficiency of her manufactures 'and productions?' This state of things has, of course, improved; but it has by no means entirely passed away. Exclusive privileges and ruinous monopolies have indeed been abolished, but vexatious and almost prohibitive customs' regulations flourish in full vigour in the colonial ports. Mr. Consul Dunlop, in the paper from which we have already quoted, reports that the Spanish authorities had in contemplation a considerable raising of the import duties above what they were already: the export tariff had previously been increased.

A few more figures and we have done with statistics. The total population of the island is somewhat less than a million and a half: of these, upwards of seven hundred thousand, or rather more than half, are of pure European stock, of whom one-sixth is composed of Spaniards from Europe. The slaves amount in all to three hundred and seventy thousand, or less than a fourth of the whole population. The remainder consists of free people of colour and a comparatively small number of coolies and Chinese. More than half the labour of the island is that of free white men. On the tobacco farms, or *vegas*, this is specially the case; and smokers of a philanthropic turn may congratulate themselves on the fact that their favourite weed is seldom watered by the tears of the slave.

The attempt to introduce more free labour into the island has often been made, and, as the Cubans profess to believe, has, when not successful, been thwarted by the Spanish authorities. The reasons of the latter for doing so have been pretty openly stated. It was a great check to the slave-trade; and on the slave-trade they flourished. 'It is notorious,' says M. Duvergier de Hauranne, 'that for many years the slave-trade has 'enriched the greater number of the Captains-General of 'Cuba. Spain sends there her ruined favourites, or her men 'of recent elevation who desire to gild somewhat their new 'escutcheons. Their salaries are comparatively modest, but 'they take care to increase them themselves. Colony or con-'quered country, it is all the same in Spanish politics; a 'vassal ought to serve at least to enrich needy proconsuls.'

Mr. Trollope is equally explicit on the same point. 'The

'Captain-General,' he says, 'will allow no African to be 'imported into the island—except for a consideration. It is 'said that the present Captain-General receives only a gold 'doubloon, or about three pounds twelve shillings, on every 'head of wool so brought in; and he has therefore the repu-'tation of being a very moderate man.' He mentions the name of one Captain-General, Valdez, who declined to receive a gratuity for these infractions of the law made in compliance with the terms of treaties solemnly contracted with the British Government; his reward was the popular title of the 'foolish 'Valdez.'

The Cubans themselves have long been desirous of putting an end, not only to the slave-trade—which has now died out—but to slavery itself. 'At the Havannah,' says Alexander von Humboldt,* 'long before external politics could have had 'the least influence on their opinions, the local authorities the 'most attached to the mother-country have from time to time 'displayed dispositions favourable to the amelioration of the 'state of the blacks.' 'If,' he goes on to say,† 'the Govern-'ment of the mother-country, instead of dreading the least 'appearance of innovation, had known how to take advantage 'of these propitious circumstances, the state of society would 'have undergone progressive changes, and in our days the 'inhabitants of the island of Cuba would enjoy a part of the 'ameliorations which have been discussed during thirty years.' Whatever may be their reason for appearing as abolitionists, whether from philanthropic feeling, or from economic considerations, or from a desire to oppose the Spanish officials, who are strong supporters of the 'peculiar institution,' there can be no doubt of their sincerity. Whenever they have had a chance of speaking out they have done so in no uncertain way. Humboldt quotes from a memoir written in 1796 by Don Francisco de Arango y Pareña, in which the writer nobly pleads on behalf of the slave. The municipality of Havannah in 1799, 'fruitlessly' as its members declared some years later, strove in the same direction. Had it been left to them there is little room for doubt but that the several treaties made by the Government of this country with Spain would not have so long remained in reality unexecuted.

No Englishman can look back without pride upon the

* In his 'Political Essay on the Island of Cuba,' forming the seventh volume of his 'Personal Narrative,' &c. Eng. Trans.: London, 1829. P. 262.

† Ibid. p. 274.

attitude of his country towards Spain with regard to the Cuban slave-trade. In 1817 the latter country, in consideration of a sum of money,* agreed to make the trade illegal for Spaniards, and 1820 was to be the year in which the importation of slaves should cease. Our Government never lost an opportunity of pressing on the memory of the Spanish Government its treaty-obligations. A new treaty, with the same object as the previous one, was made in 1835. In 1840 Great Britain proposed that all slaves imported in defiance of treaties since 1820 should be liberated; in the next year the same demand was renewed, but Spain contrived to elude it. In 1843 the leading inhabitants of Havannah and Matanzas, moved to action probably by the disturbances amongst the slaves, represented to the Captain-General that 'it is time that 'this illicit traffic, the scorn of the civilised world, a hideous 'abyss in which all hope of security, or future welfare, is 'buried, should cease.' And they requested him 'inflexibly 'to prosecute the clandestine traffic in African negroes until 'he had entirely suppressed it.' They renewed their request some months afterwards, and again subsequently, but without effect.

In 1845, under the pressure of Great Britain, the Spanish Cortes passed a law for the more complete suppression of the trade. Unhappily it had no better effect than other laws. But in the *Junta de Fomento*, or Improvement Society, some eminent Cubans drew up a report demonstrating the superior advantages of free labour; still the profits of the slave-trade to the Government officials were too great to allow of their aiding in its real abolition. In time Lord Palmerston came to preside at the Foreign Office, and he was not to be deceived into the belief that the terms of the various treaties were being fulfilled. He claimed an investigation of the origin of all slaves then in the colony. In reply the Spanish Government pleaded that by complying with the request it would fail in its duty of securing the tranquillity, prosperity, and contentment of the inhabitants of Cuba. This drew from Lord Palmerston a characteristic rejoinder. He wrote to the British Minister at Madrid a despatch, a portion of which runs as follows:—

'As to that portion of Señor Miraflores' letter wherein he affirms that the Spanish Government cannot understand how the Government

* Four hundred thousand pounds, 'the acceptance of which,' says Humboldt, 'posterity will one day scarcely believe.' (*Humboldt's Personal Narrative*, vol. vii. p. 146.)

of Her Britannic Majesty can seriously recommend a measure which would be very injurious to the natives of Cuba, while recommending that the Spanish Government endeavour to conciliate the affection of those Cubans; I have to commission your Lordship to state to Señor Miraflores that the slaves constitute a great portion, and certainly of no slight importance, of the people of Cuba, and that any measures adopted to promote their emancipation would be in harmony (as to the coloured population) with the recommendations made by the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, to the effect that measures be adopted to enlist the sympathies of the people of Cuba, with the object of ensuring the connexion of the said island with the Spanish Crown: and it must be evident that, if the coloured population become free, that fact would raise a most powerful element in opposition to any project to annex the island of Cuba to the United States, where slavery still exists. [It will be remembered that 1851 was the year of Lopez' final attempt.] With reference to the influence which the emancipation of the blacks would have on the interest of the white proprietors, it may certainly be affirmed that free labour is cheaper than slave labour; and it is beyond question that a free and contented working class is a safer neighbour for the wealthy than ill-treated and aggrieved slaves.'

It is probable that these sentiments were shared by no insignificant portion of the white population of Cuba. At all events ideas tending to a juster treatment of the unhappy negro had made so much way that in 1865 an association was formed at Havannah with the express object of bringing about the 'complete and final suppression of the illicit trade, known 'as the African slave-trade.' The members of the Association bound themselves on honour 'not to acquire possession, in any 'shape, directly or indirectly, from the date of their joining 'the Association, of any African negro landed on the island 'subsequent to the 19th day of November, 1865.' The permission of the Captain-General had been obtained for the formation of this society. It seemed likely to bear important and early fruit. The Spanish bureaucracy in the island became alarmed, and at the urgent representation of its members the Captain-General cancelled his permission, and the Association fell to pieces.

It is important that these aspirations of the Cubans should not be left out of sight; for the statement of them tends to exhibit the position of the colonists with respect to the mother-country in a very different light from that in which as members of a slave-holding community, largely deriving its wealth from the product of slave labour, it has generally been represented. They claim, and claim with justice, that the fact of their unquestionable desire to be freed from the curse of remaining a slave-importing colony in opposition to the greedy rapacity of

the officials by whom they have been misgoverned is a fact almost unprecedented in colonial history. The fitful opposition of the colony of Virginia to the continuance of the traffic cannot be taken to invalidate this claim. 'The legislature of 'Virginia,' says Bancroft, 'had repeatedly shown a disposition 'to obstruct the commerce;' but in spite of the efforts and the eloquent pleading of the distinguished Virginian, Richard Henry Lee, the Assembly passed the law authorising the imposition of a duty on the importation of slaves only by a majority of one.*

A somewhat memorable fact in connexion with the history of Cuba is, that on various occasions, and for two entirely opposite reasons, the question of the annexation of the island to the United States has been advocated by American politicians. Before the late civil war and when slavery was a recognised institution of the American republic, the Southern party—as it may be called—which so long held office desired its annexation as a necessary addition to the circle of the Slave States. Since the abolition of slavery in the great struggle through which their country has passed, a not inconsiderable party has expressed the same desire, but with the avowed object of putting an end to the institution in an island which by geographical position and commercial ties is intimately connected with the great republic. The Cuban insurgents have not lost sight of the advantage likely to accrue to their cause from this feeling amongst their neighbours, and they have sedulously assisted the promulgation of the opinion that the liberation of Cuba means the abolition of slavery.

Nor is it likely that such is not their intention. From the abolition of the slave-trade to that of slavery—as we in this country must well know—the step, if not easy, is direct. The numerous attempts to shake off, or at least to mitigate the effects of, the Spanish rule at last bore some fruit. In 1854, the Queen of Spain received a petition to grant political freedom to the colony. But there events march slowly, and it was not till the end of 1865, and after protracted efforts on the part of the colonists, that they succeeded in obtaining the appointment of a commission to inquire into the causes of their discontent. A *Junta* was appointed to report, 'on the 'basis of the special laws that should be presented to the 'Cortes for the government of the Antilles.' The *Junta*

* In 1769 the colony of Massachusetts had affirmed a resolution against 'the unnatural custom of enslaving mankind;' but African slaves were not important to the prosperity of Massachusetts.

was to consist of an unlimited number of officials, twenty-two commissioners elected by the colonists, and also of the same number nominated by the Government. The Spanish officials in the island had tried to stop the appointment of this commission by declaring that the majority of the Cubans were averse to any political reforms. But a petition signed by twenty thousand Cubans stated that 'it is not true that the 'inhabitants of Cuba are in a majority so abject as to reject 'and fear political reforms; the truth is that they are anxious 'to receive them, and that they require them of every kind.' When the Commissioners held their first meeting they were informed that they were 'at liberty to discuss any question except 'that of national, monarchical, and religious unity;' and the conduct of the inquiry by the Government seemed likely to leave them in possession of much the same freedom of discussion, as that of the press, according to the celebrated description of 'Figaro.'

So far indeed from the truth was it that political reforms were not desired in Cuba, that a distinct and well-recognised party had been formed in the island whose programme it was to demand them from the Spanish Government. Indeed it was this party, known as the Reformist, which had contrived to get the *Junta* of inquiry appointed. Even since the outbreak of the insurrection the party has made its weight felt. It has now—so rapid has been the progress of anti-Spanish ideas—become almost, if not completely, merged in that of the insurgents, and so entirely has the latter swallowed up the former that every Cuban patriot now appears desirous to purge himself from all stain of connexion with the Reformers and prove that his sympathies have always been with the insurrection. The pamphlet 'La Verdad Historica sobre Sucesos de 'Cuba,' which will be found amongst those enumerated in the list at the head of our article, is an elaborate vindication of many prominent Cubans from the charge of being only Reformers and not insurgents. This is important, because undesigned, evidence of the increasing strength of the insurrection.

The sister colony of Puerto Rico had been joined with Cuba as a field for the inquiry of the Commissioners, and the delegates from that island had submitted a proposal for the immediate abolition of slavery in their own colony. The hands of the Cubans on the inquiry were thus greatly strengthened, and they succeeded in reporting, by a majority, against the continuance of the institution. They based their proposal upon moral and economic grounds, and they were careful to note 'that Cuba has availed herself of the first

'opportunity which has been granted to her to speak, to pro-'test energetically against the abominable trade.' But they go farther, they demand for their island freedom of trade; direct taxation of incomes; local government by a representative body; and the concurrence of the colonists in the imposition of taxes by the mother-country.

After protracted sittings and numerous deliberations, the Cuban delegates seem to have returned home disgusted, reporting to their constituents that nothing in the way of liberal reforms was to be expected from Spain. It is declared, indeed, that the only alteration effected in the system of taxation was one which made it more oppressive than heretofore: and that the only document of a distinct nature which had been drawn up was the draft of a bill on tenancy, which was tendered to the colonists as a specimen of the immense concessions to be made to them. They rejected the term 'concessions,' asserting that they did but demand their rights, and only based their demand 'upon formally contracted obligations, forgotten, 'promised, and withdrawn over and over again.'

The patience of the Cubans was now completely exhausted, and they set themselves to devise plans for freeing their island from the crushing dominion of Spain. The Reformist party, though greatly diminished in numbers in consequence of the recent behaviour of the Government, had by no means ceased to exist. 'The great majority of the Cubans,' says Señor Xavier Cisneros, himself an opponent of the Reformers and an ally of the Insurrectionary party, 'had received the project 'of reforms with singular enthusiasm; and to attempt to con-'tradict it was to establish divisions and run counter to the 'force of opinion.'* But the Reformers had lost heart, and the hotter spirit of those who contemplated a revolt was rapidly bringing affairs to a crisis.

In the month of August, 1868, it was determined that an emissary should be sent through the various districts of the island, with the ostensible purpose of arranging agencies for a journal newly-established at Havannah, but in reality to gauge the state of public opinion, and see upon what assistance an insurrectionary movement might rely. The tour of this emissary was chiefly through the eastern portion of the colony, or that in which the insurgents at this moment have their principal strongholds.

The report made as a result of this visitation was, that the desire of throwing off the Spanish yoke was almost unanimous,

* La Verdad Historica sobre Sucesos de Cuba, p. 6.

but there was little to indicate the possibility of an outbreak meeting with success. Relying for the most part on the hopes of reforms in the administration of the colony, the inhabitants had taken no measures with a view to rebellion, and seemed to doubt the practicability of such an enterprise. In Puerto Principe, a considerable town in the interior, some of the inhabitants had come to a kind of understanding in favour of a revolt with those of other districts. But the means at hand were so insufficient that nothing had come of these intentions. Some steps had been taken towards procuring the necessary armament by way of the British colony of New Providence, in the Bahamas; and the armament thus arranged for subsequently arrived, and was found of great assistance after the actual breaking out of the insurrection. A contemplated *rising* of the coloured people, which has not taken place, was entirely unconnected with these proceedings. At the important city of Santiago de Cuba symptoms of the imminence of a movement were more apparent; and it is not improbable that the rising which eventually occurred in the neighbourhood was being organised during the visit of the revolutionary emissary to the city.

The revolution in the mother-country in September 1868, which drove the Bourbon dynasty from the throne, seems to have precipitated the insurrection in Cuba. It was natural that it should have stirred men's minds in the colony at a time, especially, when all were looking forward eagerly to the inauguration of political reforms, or to an attempt to shake off the pressing weight of Spanish rule. The first hope seems to have been that the new Government would ameliorate the condition of the colony, in which still a not unimportant party clung to the desire for such reforms as would enable them to remain connected with the country of which they had so long formed a part. This hope was disappointed, and the insurgents did not wait long before they took action.

The standard of revolt was at length raised by Carlos Manuel de Cespedes, on his estate of Demajagua, at a short distance from the town of Yara, in the eastern department. Cespedes was known as an able lawyer and wealthy planter; and he was not slow in attracting to himself a respectable following. At first he found himself at the head of but a small number of patriots, and all his more trustworthy slaves, the latter of whom he liberated on the spot. He was soon joined by his friend Aguilera, and the two then decided that they would never abandon the cause till they had freed the island from Spanish rule and rendered it independent. Their army

was small and ill-provided; at first it consisted of but 147 men, with but forty-five fowling-pieces, four rifles, a few pistols and the long country knives or *machetes*, as their sole armament. In three days the districts of Bayamo, Manzanillo, Jiguani, and Las Tunas joined the insurrection, and Cespedes' army was increased to the number of four thousand men; at the end of the month it numbered over nine thousand.

The first steps of Cespedes had been to seize the town of Yara. On the 13th, three days after the outbreak, the insurgents came into collision with the government troops, and got the best of the encounter. On the 15th they prepared to attack Bayamo, an important town of ten thousand inhabitants. On the 18th the town fell into their hands, and Cespedes established in it the revolutionary government. The leaders had published at Manzanillo, with the date of October 10, a Declaration of Independence, which document runs as follow:—

'In arming ourselves against the tyrannical Government of Spain, we must, according to precedent in all civilised countries, proclaim before the world the cause that impels us to take this step, which, though likely to entail considerable disturbances upon the present, will ensure the happiness of the future.

'It is well known that Spain governs the island of Cuba with an iron and blood-stained hand. The former holds the latter deprived of political, civil, and religious liberty. Hence the unfortunate Cubans being illegally prosecuted and sent into exile, or executed by military commissions in time of peace; hence their being kept from public meeting, and forbidden to speak or write on affairs of State; hence their remonstrances against the evils that afflict them being looked upon as the proceedings of rebels, from the fact that they are bound to keep silence and obey; hence the never-ending plague of hungry officials from Spain to devour the product of their industry and labour; hence their exclusion from public stations, and want of opportunity to fit themselves for the art of government; hence the restrictions to which public instruction with them is subjected, in order to keep them so ignorant as not to be able to know and enforce their rights in any shape or form whatever; hence the navy and the standing army, which are kept] in their country at an enormous expenditure from their own wealth, to make them bend their knees and submit their necks to the iron yoke that disgraces them; hence the grinding taxation under which they labour, and which would make them all perish in misery but for the marvellous fertility of their soil. On the other hand, Cuba cannot prosper as she ought to, because white immigration, that suits her best, is artfully kept from her shores by the Spanish Government. And as Spain has many times promised us, Cubans, to respect our rights, without having hitherto fulfilled her promises; as she continues to tax us heavily, and by so doing is likely to destroy our wealth; as we are in danger of losing our property, our lives, and our honour under further Spanish domination; as we have reached a depth of degradation un-

utterably revolting to manhood; as great nations have sprung from revolt against a similar disgrace after exhausted pleading for relief; as we despair of justice from Spain through reasoning, and cannot longer live deprived of the rights which other people enjoy, we are constrained to appeal to arms to assert our rights in the battle-field, cherishing the hope that our grievances will be a sufficient excuse for this last resort to redress them and secure our future welfare.

'To the God of our conscience, and to all civilised nations, we submit the sincerity of our purpose. Vengeance does not mislead us, nor is ambition our guide. We only want to be free, and see all men with us equally free, as the Creator intended mankind to be. Our earnest belief is that all men are brethren. Hence our love of toleration, order, and justice in every respect. We desire the gradual abolition of slavery with indemnification; we admire universal suffrage, as it ensures the sovereignty of the people; we demand a religious regard for the inalienable rights of man, as the basis of freedom and national greatness.'

The insurgents, however, determined to defend their cause by other weapons, as well as by declarations and manifestoes. On November 8 they advanced towards the important city of Santiago de Cuba, and succeeded in defeating a body of troops sent from that place to meet them. The triumphant patriots continued their march till within a mile of the city, and cut off the aqueduct which supplied it with water. The insurrection spread rapidly through the neighbouring districts, and Count Valmaseda, the commander of the Spanish forces, learning the formidable proportions which it had assumed, marched in person against Cespedes. It was not, however, till near the end of the year that he was in a condition to move, and not before January 16 that he reached the town of Bayamo, which Cespedes—the Cubans declare with the consent of the inhabitants—had burned to the ground. General Lersundi, the Captain-General, as soon as he had realised the true character of the revolt, despatched all available troops from Havannah to make head against it. He also prevented the publication of all news favourable to the insurgents, and consistently reported all encounters as successes of the Government forces. The military commissions were empowered to try prisoners charged with political offences, and such commissions were established in the principal cities and towns of the island. Numerous arrests were also made. The vigorous measures of the Captain-General were not unattended by success. The plan of the insurgents had embraced a rising in both the eastern and western departments of the colony. That in the latter district, known in the popular Cuban language as the Vuelta Abajo, was crushed at the very first. A Cuban patriot, Señor Augustin Santa Rosa, was to have proceeded with a small

party of insurgents to an estate selected beforehand, and there remain concealed till his band had received a sufficient accession of numbers to bring it up to two hundred men. Unfortunately for himself, from some cause or other, he halted at the small hamlet of Candelaria, and, his proceedings appearing suspicious to the authorities, he was watched. Before he was able to carry out his plans he and his companions were arrested, and the progress of the revolt in the Vuelta Abajo completely checked.

The provincial officials were ordered to raise the National Guard, or Volunteer Militia, and care was to be taken to exclude from its ranks all but Spaniards from the mother-country. This body consisting solely of Spanish immigrants—men who have come to the colony to seek their fortunes, and between whom and the native Cubans there is and has long been a bitter enmity—has played an important part in the recent history of Cuba. Its numbers have been variously stated, but they probably exceed sixty thousand.* In enrolling these Volunteers, as they are named, the Captain-General was calling into existence a body which was eventually to control the master who had created it.

The Provisional Government at home became frightened by the threatening aspect of affairs in Cuba. Lersundi, who was suspected of coquetting with the dethroned sovereign, was recalled, and General Dulce was sent to relieve him. Dulce arrived armed with important powers, and charged to try the efficacy of conciliatory measures in quelling the insurrection. He issued a proclamation exhorting a return to peace and obedience to the mother-country. The text of his proclamation was 'forgiveness of the past and hopes for the future.' He suppressed the military commissions, which he declared 'violated the laws, and were an insult to justice.' He liberated all political prisoners, abolished the censorship of the press, and proclaimed an amnesty for all insurgents, not foreigners, who within forty days should return to their allegiance. These measures of conciliation were unhappily marred by certain important reservations. The military commissions were suppressed, but the Captain-General reserved to himself the right of judging each case of treason that might occur. The censorship was abolished, but the discussion of certain subjects was still prohibited. Pardon was granted to those who laid down

* The special correspondent of the 'Times' says, '60,000 in the 'whole island, and 11,000 in the city of Havannah.' (*Times*, February 19, 1873.)

their arms, but those who did so were afterwards tried by court-martial and shot.

The new Captain-General had also promised, on the part of the home Government, considerable reforms,—reforms which unfortunately still remain in the category of things promised. The freedom of the press, such as it was, was of but brief duration. Whilst it lasted full advantage was taken of it by the Cubans, and many newspapers appeared, some of which boldly discussed the state of affairs. But Dulce was frightened by the monster he had reared, and after a short existence of a fortnight the freedom of the press was again withdrawn. The right of public meeting which had been granted was withdrawn also.

It is said that Dulce was not in reality responsible for this withdrawal of privileges which his known natural disposition would probably incline him both to grant and to maintain. The Volunteers had already begun to domineer over the authorities whom they had been enrolled to protect. They bitterly resented the granting of any reforms or privileges in answer to the just demands of the Cubans. To their first attempt to influence the Captain-General the latter turned a deaf ear. They insisted, and he reluctantly complied. They determined to read both him and the Cubans a lesson, which should leave no longer the smallest doubt of their intentions. How they did so we we will endeavour to show.

Unable themselves to rise against the Spanish authorities, who were supported by the thousands of Volunteers in the capital, the natives of Havannah bethought them of some way of aiding their insurgent compatriots. They determined to assist them with money and clothing. A society under the title of *Los Laborantes* was formed, which busied itself in the collection of money to help forward the good cause. Ladies contributed their jewelry, and sewing for the use of the patriots became an ordinary family employment. A large sum was soon raised. It is calculated that the contributions amounted to seven hundred thousand dollars. So ill was the secret of this collection of funds kept that it was publicly reported that the proceeds of an entertainment at the theatre of Villanueva were to be devoted to the same patriotic object. It is more than probable that the report was incorrect. Perhaps it was circulated by an 'enterprising' manager. Both parties, however, Spanish and Cuban, believed it. When the performance took place, which it did on January 21, the theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic audience, many of whom shouted the watchwords, '*Viva Cuba libre!*' and '*Viva Cespedes!*'

The reported destination of the theatrical earnings, if it was a manager's trick, was a clever one. The performance was advertised to be repeated on the following night. The theatre was again crowded, and again the enthusiasm and the cries in favour of 'Free Cuba' prevailed. Those who know the city of Havannah will remember the long strip of garden, bearing some resemblance to a Parisian boulevard, which, running along the outside of the original fortifications, divides the old city from the new. On this strip of ground stands the theatre. The deep moat of the half-ruined fortifications hard-by offers a convenient place of concealment to any who desire to hide themselves. The departure of the regular troops for the scene of operations in the eastern department had left the Volunteers as the only armed force in the capital. It is said that two battalions, the 5th and 6th, before the spectators began to assemble at the doors of the theatre, had concealed themselves in the neighbouring moat. At half-past nine, between two acts of the performance, the audience, which was in a high state of excitement, was loudly demanding the raising of the curtain. The conductor of the orchestra, with a view to pacify the people, prepared to play some popular tune. Hardly had he rapped his desk when the report of a pistol was heard. In a few seconds shots were fired in all directions. The panic-stricken audience rushed for the doors, and whilst crowded there offered a convenient target to the rifles of the Volunteers, who, having emerged from their place of concealment, were mercilessly fusillading the unarmed playgoers. A thrill of horror ran through the entire city, and the excitement extended even to the foreign ships of war in the harbour, many of whose officers were on shore and supposed to be at the theatre. Fortunately for themselves none were. After an hour and a half of this inhuman work the Volunteers, as if by common consent, retired.

The Captain-General hastened to disavow the deed. The very next day he issued the following proclamation:—

'People of Havannah! A great crime was committed last night. It will be punished with the utmost rigour of the law. Some of the disturbers of the public peace are already in the hands of justice. Peaceful citizens, defenders of our territory and of the national honour, be confident in your authorities. Justice—and speedy justice—will be administered.'

The wording of this proclamation was somewhat ambiguous, but the adjuration to the 'defenders of the territory' was supposed to be a sop to the ruthless Volunteers. It was so. Still they were not appeased. They made another attempt to break

the spirit of the people of Havannah and cow the authorities at the same time. On Easter Sunday, and of course after the events at the theatre, at six o'clock in the evening, the Captain-General was to review the Volunteers on the *Campo de Marte*, not far from the Villanueva Theatre. In the neighbourhood stands the *Café del Louvre*, since the tide of fashion has flowed without the walls and deserted the once favourite *Domenica*, the most fashionable and frequented *café* in the city. It was crowded with people refreshing themselves after the review. A body of Volunteers, said to belong to the battalion known as the 'Lersundi Guards,' began to fire on the defenceless loungers of the *café*. The immediate cause of this cruel massacre is still unexplained. The 'Voz de Cuba,' the uncompromising organ in the Havannah press of the Volunteers, usually sanguinary enough in its demands against the Cubans, was even moved to call it 'a deplorable mistake.' It had, at all events, one important effect—the Captain-General surrendered at discretion. Thenceforward the Volunteers ruled in Cuba.

'These battalions,' says a letter written from Cuba in the spring of the present year, 'and the council of their colonels, 'together with the *Casino Español*, or Spanish Club, con-'stitute a State within the State, almost on the same footing 'on which the Paris Commune organised itself during and 'after the siege.' They actually made General Dulce quit the island, and in effect compelled General Caballero de Rodas to do the same. Though such frightful crimes as the massacres at the Theatre and the Louvre, and the execution of the Havannah students, have not been repeated, it should not be forgotten that the perpetration of them has guaranteed the ascendancy of the Volunteers. The Spanish authorities especially feel the weight of the power of this unruly militia, and have shown a disposition to imitate Sultan Mahmoud or Mehemet Ali in their dealings with the Janissaries or the Mamelukes. 'It is known,' says the correspondent of the 'Times' (Feb. 19, 1873), 'that the Captains-General have 'often contemplated some *coup-de-main*, by which to over-'power and disarm the Volunteers, and have secretly brought 'together land and sea forces fully adequate to the purpose.' But the fear of mutiny amongst their own men, only too ready to fraternise with the Volunteers, has always caused them to refrain from making an attack.

There is a common literary phrase which runs, 'It would 'require a volume to detail, &c.' We may well use it in connexion with the atrocities with which the Spanish Volunteers, and, it is to be feared, occasionally too, the Spanish regular

forces, have accompanied the war which for four years they have been waging against the Cuban patriots. Indeed such a volume actually exists. Amongst the works of which we give the titles in our preliminary list will be found one of truly startling aspect. In full it is 'The Book of Blood; an authentic 'Record of the Policy adopted by Modern Spain to put an end 'to the War of Independence of Cuba.' It contains, to use its own words, 'first, a catalogue of the persons murdered in 'cold blood by order of the Spanish Government; leaving out 'of consideration the killed on the battle-field. We give with 'the name of each victim the source—for the most part Span-'ish—from which we have taken the data.' It next gives 'a 'list of those captured by the Spanish troops with arms in 'their hands since March 1, 1869, taking them always from 'Spanish sources;' and it adds, 'we have selected that date 'because on February 12, a decree was issued and published 'in all the papers in Cuba, to shoot all the insurgents captured 'with arms in their hands.' Wholesale massacres, like those of the Villanueva Theatre, or the *Louvre Café*, it does not profess to give. Some idea of the hideous butcheries which have been perpetrated in Cuba may be derived from the statement that the total names in the first list amount to no less than eighteen hundred and twenty-eight.

In justice to the Spanish Government it should be stated that there is every reason to believe that it is only indirectly responsible for the greater number of these atrocities; which have in reality been committed in general by the unruly Volunteers. Still the hands of its agents are by no means altogether clean. Not to disgust our readers with a continually recurring account of the barbarities of which unhappy Cuba has recently been the scene, we may anticipate somewhat the course of events and lay before them a few facts illustrative of the mode of dealing with insurgents adopted by even distinguished Spanish officers in the colony. A proclamation of General the Count of Valmaseda, dated Bayamo, April 4, 1869, contains the following:—

'1. Every man, from the age of fifteen years upward, found away from his habitation (*finca*), who does not prove a justified motive therefor, will be shot.

'2. Every habitation unoccupied will be burned by the troops.

'3. Every habitation from which does not float a white flag, as a signal that its occupants desire peace, will be reduced to ashes.'

Well might Mr. Fish, the American Minister, say in an official communication, 'In the interest of Christian civilisation 'and common humanity, I hope that this document is a forgery.'

And yet the government journal of Havannah could say, 'the 'said proclamation does not even reach what is required by the 'necessities of war.' There lie before us as we write extracts from letters written by Spanish Volunteers, (men who as a rule have confined themselves to the safer and more ignoble part of insulting and massacring helpless Cubans in the great towns, whilst the regular troops have been facing the dangers of the climate and of the harassing warfare with the insurgents,) in which the writers exult in the numbers they have had 'shot outright;' in not leaving a creature alive where they pass, 'be it a man or an animal;' or in their determination never to grow 'tired of killing.' One may indeed hope that these are but empty vapourings; but there is too much cause to fear that they are only too sadly true; and *still* worse, that those who are averse to the committal of such iniquities are kept up to what is deemed the proper mark of atrocity by severe penalties. That it is so, let the following testimony suffice to prove:—

'*Captain-Generalship of the Island of Cuba Staff.*

'The drum-head court-martial sitting at this place on this day, with the object of examining and inquiring into the process instituted against the civilian José Valdez Nodarse, for having uttered seditious words, has condemned him to six years' hard labour in the chain-gang; and his Excellency, in conformity with the opinion of the Auditor, has been pleased to approve the said sentence: but recognising, as the Auditor does, too great leniency in the sentence, because it is not in accordance with the regulations, codes, and existing laws, he has ordered that the president and members of the Court be sent to a fortress to suffer the penalty of two months' imprisonment in the same.

'Published by order of his Excellency.'

We need only add that in December 1871, Count Valmaseda issued another proclamation threatening still more terrible things than those contained in his former one, which we have given above. 'Henceforth,' says a Cuban writer with bitter pleasantry, 'the murder of a Cuban will be considered by the 'Spanish authorities as a political dogma.' '*Assommer un 'gendarme*,' says Rabagas in M. Sardou's comedy, '*c'est main-'tenir un principe.*'

General Dulce tried, before things had gone too far, to make an attempt to come to terms with the insurgent leaders. He accordingly sent two Commissioners with letters to Cespedes, one of whom wrote to the latter requesting an interview. To this request Cespedes acceded, but expressed his conviction that all efforts to secure a compromise would be fruitless. The interview never took place. Augusto Arango, a prominent

insurgent, while entering the town of Puerto Principe for the express purpose of making arrangements for the meeting, was murdered by some Volunteers, though he was at the time the bearer of a safe-conduct granted by the Spanish Governor of Manzanillo. When Cespedes heard of the murder of his companion-in-arms he broke off the negotiation, and peremptorily declined to enter into further communication with the Spanish authorities.

The insurrection continued to spread, and a series of harassing attacks upon the Spanish troops began, and has continued ever since. On October 30, 1868, Cespedes, who seems to have felt that the sympathies of a vast majority of his countrymen were with him, published a manifesto, in which he declared that he had no desire to impose his government on the people of the island, and that he was ready to submit to whatever the majority might decide, as soon as they could freely assemble to make use of their right of self-government. On the 10th of the following April a convention met at Guaimaro and drew up a draft of the Constitution of the Cuban Republic, which has since been approved by the Congress assembled at the same place; so that Cuba anticipated the mother-country in the form of government which she has since, with less success, seen reason to adopt.

The Cabinet is composed of the President, Don Carlos Manuel Cespedes, a Secretary of State, a Secretary of War, a Secretary of the Interior and Treasury. Elections to the House of Representatives have taken place, and several laws have been passed; a list of which is published. We may remark that one of them, that of the 7th of June, 1869, declares the commerce of the Republic free with all nations. A regular judicial system has been established, and the Courts have been engaged in trying causes. Cubans point with justifiable pride to the capital condemnation, by one of these Courts, of a native colonist for the murder of a Spaniard, and contrast this judicial impartiality with the conduct of the Spanish Courts in cases between Spaniards and native Cubans.

The friendship of the Americans was naturally soon perceived to be an object of great importance to the young Republic trying to shake off her masters' hold, and an envoy was quickly despatched to Washington. By him a Cuban *Junta*, which sits at New York, was appointed with the object of assisting him in aiding the revolution. Señor Cisneros, in his pamphlet before quoted, gives a list of the large quantities of arms and warlike stores which the *Junta* has despatched from America, and which, in most cases, it has succeeded in deliver-

ing into the hands of the patriot leaders. It seems that our Foreign Minister has been addressed by the agents of the insurgents, but we are not aware of what kind of reception they met with.

The absence of information concerning the progress of the insurrection—to which we have alluded above—is so great that it is principally by indirect means that we are enabled to learn the state of affairs in the colony. We know that Spain has made, and is still making, enormous efforts to put it down. The Spanish garrison in the island at the outbreak of the disturbance reached the respectable figure of 19,700 men, and had, in addition, a considerable squadron on the coast. Up to the 1st of December, 1871, according to the 'Diario de la 'Marina'* (the organ of the Government at Havannah), 60,000 additional soldiers had been despatched there from Spain. The sending of reinforcements has not ceased, and during the past year large numbers have arrived in the island. The naval squadron also has been very materially increased. These forces are in addition to the Volunteers, whose amount is variously stated at from 40,000 to 60,000, all of whom are armed, and all of whom have some kind of organisation more or less complete. The losses of the Spanish forces have been enormous. It has been stated in the press of Madrid that, up to February 1, 1871, 1,748 officers and 29,700 men had fallen victims to the climate or the bullets of the patriots. Mr. Fish, the American Secretary of State, writing on October 29, 1872, to the United States' Minister at Madrid, asserts that the 'so 'far futile attempts to suppress' the insurrection 'have been 'made at a sacrifice of probably more than 100,000 lives.' During the same month General Sickles, in a despatch from Madrid, estimated the reinforcements required for the army in Cuba at 20,000 men. 'Nothing,' says that diplomatist, 'could better illustrate the difference between the colonial 'policy of Great Britain and Spain than the fact that, at a 'moment when Canada is without a garrison of British troops, 'a permanent army is found necessary to constrain the unwill-'ing allegiance of Cuba and Porto Rico.' The drain upon the by no means abundant military resources of Spain caused by the persistent endeavour to put down the insurgents must, in her present condition, be positively insupportable. There can be no doubt that it has contributed, in no small degree, to destroy all power of resistance at home to the Carlists in the North and the fanatical revolutionists of the seaport towns.

* Of Dec. 6, 1871.

The wrongs of Cuba are being avenged in the Pyrenees and at Alcoy. A selection of intercepted letters from officers and men of the Government army has been published by the *Junta* at New York; the writers are almost unanimous in expressing their weariness of the struggle, and their conviction of the uselessness of its continuance.

Occasional reports of the lawless cruelties of the Volunteers, and of the high-handed proceedings of the Spanish authorities, do occasionally find their way direct from Cuba into the public journals of Europe; and such events as the massacre of the unfortunate students of Havannah and the treatment of Doctor Houard have attracted considerable attention. In a speech in the American House of Representatives, Mr. Roberts of New York mentioned the case of an American Consul, Mr. Philips, who was compelled to fly for protection to an English ship.

The Government of the United States appears throughout the struggle to have been actuated by a sincere desire to respect international obligations. Its position has been a difficult one. A large party in America is very naturally on the side of the Cuban insurgents, and has made many efforts to bring the Cabinet of Washington to interfere on their behalf. The case of Dr. Houard, an American citizen, arrested and imprisoned by the Spanish authorities, seemed at one time to render such interference probable. It is understood that Mr. Fish has offered the good offices of his Government to that of Spain to bring about an arrangement between the contending parties. This offer has apparently been declined. The late President of the Spanish Ministry, Señor Zorilla, in his recent declaration of the policy of his Government, stated that the insurgents must be first conquered before any terms can be discussed. It is to be hoped that in the meantime the sanguinary character of the contest may be modified; and an Englishman is tempted to regret the difficulties in the way of making between the leaders on either side some agreement resembling that known as the 'Eliot Convention,' arranged, nearly forty years ago, by our countryman between Valdez and Zumalacarregui, in the war between the Carlists and the Christinos.

It really does seem that the complaint of the Cubans, that they have little to expect from any Government whatever in Spain, is not unfounded. It was hoped that the new order of things in the mother-country would at least tend to facilitate the solution of the great question of the Abolition of Slavery. Such hopes had been strengthened by the accession of Señor

Moret, believed to be in favour of Abolition, to the Spanish Colonial Office. He did in effect bring forward a Bill on the subject which he succeeded in passing through the Cortes, and which is now the law of the land. The Cubans—and in this they are seconded by the opponents of slavery in our own country—declare it to be eminently unsatisfactory. The main provisions of this law (which was finally approved on the 23rd of June, 1870), are:—

1. The freedom of all negroes born after the publication of the law; and of
2. Those who have served in the Spanish army, and who have assisted the troops during the present insurrection,
3. Those who have attained the age of sixty years,
4. Slaves of the Government and *Emancipados*,
5. Those who have been cruelly punished, and whose owners have been convicted by law of the offence; also of
6. Those not registered as slaves in the census to be taken on the 31st of December, 1871.

'The main features' of this law, say the Secretaries of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, in a letter addressed to the 'Daily News' on the 4th of September 1872, 'are the 'liberation of the old and worn-out slaves above sixty years 'of age, and of the slaves held by the Spanish Government; 'but none of these provisions have been carried out. As to 'the latter, the Spanish Government has shown its respect for 'the law by re-enslaving those which have been liberated by 'the free Cuban party.' 'This law,' says Mr. Fish, in his previously-quoted despatch, 'remains unexecuted.' In a letter from Havannah, published in the 'Times' of February 20, 1873, the fact that the members of the *Casino Español* had *permitted the discussion* of a scheme of gradual abolition, is mentioned as a great step in advance.

It is, as we have before said, extremely difficult to get trustworthy information as to the state of the insurrection. The means of communication are almost entirely in the hands of the Government party, and its policy appears to be to keep the outside world completely in the dark as to the affairs of Cuba. The frequent notices in the press of the despatch of reinforcements to the scene of operations is very strong evidence of the vigorous continuance of the struggle. The comparison of the following extract from a letter published in the 'Daily News' last year, with that from one published in the 'Times' as recently as the spring of the present year, will show how little the situation in Cuba has really changed.

'The head-quarters of General Perez are in the centre of a moun-

tainous country, embracing about 120 square miles, which would almost seem to have been intended by nature to form a vast and powerful stronghold. This tract of country is held by some 2,000 men, mostly armed with breech-loading rifles, under the command of General Perez, who, while speaking of his strategic points there, told me that in the course of eight months the Spaniards had attacked him eleven times, and as many times had been easily driven back with heavy losses, the last occasion being the morning of the day of my arrival at his head-quarters. He added that the aggregate loss sustained by the enemy in consequence of the attacks referred to was from 700 to 800 men killed and wounded, while there was comparatively little loss on the side of the Cubans. This account may seem exaggerated in the eyes of persons unacquainted with the nature of the ground, but I see no reason to doubt that it is correct, having myself seen the hardy Cubans, rifle in hand, springing from rock to rock, or leaping across steep ravines, where the enemy, as they remarked to me, was utterly helpless to engage them successfully. The patriots are so strongly posted on their mountain fastnesses of Eastern Cuba, that they can well afford to defy the whole power of Spain to conquer them, and therefore any assaults made upon them there must end as those mentioned have done. They are extremely self-reliant and confident of success.'

The writer in the 'Times' having spoken of 'the calamities 'by which two-thirds of the island have been laid desolate,' thus proceeds:—

'Havannah is the centre of an extensive net of railways—about 500 miles, as I am told—opening an easy and tolerably safe way of communication with Matanzas, Cardenas, and Sagua la Grande on the northern coast, with Villa-clara in the centre, and with Cienfuegos on the southern coast. Even on some of these lines trains do not ply without military escort; but beyond the boundary marked by Sagua la Grande on the north, and Cienfuegos on the south, there is a vast debatable ground in which the insurrection can run riot, threatening now this now that town, ravaging now one now another district, shifting its quarters according as it can hope to find the means of subsistence, avoiding encounters, and escaping pursuit by withdrawing to its recesses of impervious forests or inaccessible mountains. The war which the troops wage against the insurgent bands, owing to the extreme heat and unhealthiness of the climate, is only practicable in the winter months, between December and April. The insurrection which first broke out four years ago in the neighbourhood of Bayamo, in the Eastern Department, spread more lately into the districts of the "Cinco Villas" or Five Towns of the Central Department, and seems now, again, to have shifted its ground to the extreme east of the island, to the Valley of Guantanamo, in the territory of Santiago de Cuba, in the region of *montes desiertos* and *terrenos incultos*, where the mountain crest rises up not unfrequently to a height of 6,000 and even 8,000 feet above the level of the sea.'

In another letter, also written in the present year, the same

correspondent stated that the forces of the insurgents were fixed by their sympathisers at 15,000 strong; whilst the government officials admitted a total of 8,000 or 9,000. The same writer adds, that the true strength of the insurrection lies in the 'latent insurgents,' not openly in arms, of whom '150,000 are scattered in Havannah and the other cities.'

In concluding our notice of the sanguinary struggle which has so long devastated this unhappy island we may be permitted some reflections upon the possible future of the colony. The patriot party has set before itself two objects either of which it is desirous of attaining. These are independence, or annexation to the United States. We cannot help being driven to the conviction that either would be a misfortune for Cuba. Its wealth, and the facilities it offers to the descent of filibustering expeditions—facilities so frequently exemplified throughout its history—would, there is every reason to believe, expose it, if it ever attained independence, to the fate of falling into the anarchic condition of Mexico and other Spanish-American republics. Every dissatisfied politician, every defeated leader, would find himself in a position to follow the example of his neighbours and cousins on the mainland: indeed the geographical circumstances of this island, and the smallness of its population, would greatly facilitate such a proceeding. Horrible as is the spectacle which Cuba presents at present, we may well doubt if it be not less so than that which, there is at least fair reason to believe, would in all probability be its condition when torn by the factions of an independent State. The present state of affairs must terminate before very long. With the example of several South American States before us, we may indeed fail to foresee any limit to the duration of the anarchy of its independence.

Nor do we think it would have much to gain by annexation to its powerful neighbour. Differences of religion, of language, of race, of habits and of previous history, would long prevent anything like real coalescence between the two peoples. It is by no means improbable that the commercial prosperity of the island would decline. Let us listen to what M. Duvergier de Hauranne, who declares himself an ardent believer in eventual annexation, has to say on the subject.

'To shake off the Spanish domination is to court American domination, to make the civilisation of the Anglo-Saxon race pass over the ruins of the old colony, and many still recoil from abandoning the nationality of their fathers. The morrow of the annexation of the island to the United States would, say they, see the beginning of an irruption of Barbarians more terrible in its way than that which has

disfigured the continent of Europe. Our conquerors have in their turn been conquered by the civilisation of the vanquished; while the *Yankee* is to the *Creoles* a civilised barbarian, who will come, armed at all points, to impose on them his language, his religion, his manners, and overwhelm or humiliate the native race. In fifty years English would become, as in Louisiana, the official language; in a hundred, Spanish would have disappeared. This inevitable abasement would not leave the conquered race indifferent; it would no sooner have suffered its hands to be bound than it would regret its servitude.'

There is a third, and as we deem it a happier, solution of the difficulties of Cuba. We trust that both Spaniards and Cubans may before long be brought to agree to it. That is, the continuance of the island under the dominion of Spain on much the same terms as those existing between our own colonies and the mother-country. Of the advantages to both of such an arrangement we have no doubt. What is now a weakness to Spain would become a source of comfort and of strength; whilst the colony, purified from the taint of slavery, and endowed with that measure of political and commercial freedom to which it has every right, and of which it has pressing need, would retain the protection and alliance of a mother-country which is still of some importance in the family of nations. The new Federalist Constitution proposed for Spain gives a species of legislative autonomy to the Antilles; Cuba and Porto Rico forming a single province. This promise of self-government to the island is unhappily marred by connecting it with Porto Rico, from which it differs as much as Jamaica does from Barbadoes. Cuba is rich, extensive, and thinly populated. Porto Rico is comparatively small and populous; whilst the number of its slaves does not amount to much more than a tenth of that of the whole population. Still there does seem a gleam of improvement in this first attempt to permit the Cubans to manage their own affairs without interference from the unprincipled adventurers from the mother-country, at whose hands it has suffered so much. The future of Spain itself is yet too dark to draw any inference from the recent progress of events as to their effect upon the state of Cuba; but no one who has had the privilege of visiting that lovely island, of partaking of the hospitality of its inhabitants, and of being impressed by a sight of its riches and its misfortunes, can refrain from expressing a fervent hope that the end of its trials is at hand.

ART. V.—1. *Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Horses.* 1873.

2. *Papers on Indian Studs, laid before the House of Commons.* 1873.

3. *De l'Espèce chevaline en France.* Par le Général DE LAMORICIÈRE. 1850.

4. *Rapport par le Directeur-Général des Haras* (Général Fleury) *à l'Empereur.* 1863.

5. *Atlas statistique de la production des Chevaux en France.* 1850.

6. *Étude du Cheval de service et de guerre.* Par A. RICHARD. 1864.

7. *Die Remontirung der Preussischen Armée.* Ier Theil, 1845. IIer Theil, 1871. Von G. O. MENTZEL.

8. *Jahresbericht über den Zustand der Landeskultur in Preussen für das Jahr* 1871.

9. *Die Gestüte und Meiereien Sr. Maj. des Königs von Württemberg.* Von J. VON HÜGEL. 1862.

10. *Vorschläge zur Hebung der Landes-Pferdezucht.* Von V. WEDEMEYER-SCHOURADE. Berlin: 1872.

11. *Aperçu historique sur les Institutions hippiques de la Russie.* Par J. MÖRDER. St. Petersburg: 1868.

12. *Vorschläge zur Hebung der Pferdezucht.* Von K. ABLEITNER. Wien: 1871.

13. *Die landwirthschaftliche Fohlenzucht von Dilg.* Wien: 1871.

14. *Deutsches Gestütbuch.* Berlin: 1872.

THE list of publications at the head of this article is only a selection from the numerous works which have recently emanated from the printing-presses of Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg on a subject which has lately engaged the attention of the House of Lords—the supply of horses. It is remarkable that, although the British Isles are pre-eminent in Europe for horse-breeding, and although our countrymen are probably unrivalled for practical skill in all that concerns the rearing and treatment of horses, our literature is singularly deficient, and our statistics are lamentably wanting in all that relates to the raising of the horse. The happy cross produced by some Arab and Barb stallions with English mares has created a distinct type—the thoroughbred racer, who is un-

rivalled in the world for combined speed and stoutness. But the high-stepping carriage-horse, the trotting roadster, the lady's hack, of our English breeders, are all equally famous in the horse-markets of Europe, and the careful experiments of the French Government, recorded by General de Lamoricière, show that we may place the English cart-horse in the same category.

General de Lamoricière states:—

'Notwithstanding the broad differences that necessarily exist between the cart-horse breed and horses used for purposes of luxury, the English, who know how to mould nature according to their national wants, have solved the problem; and we lately witnessed at the meeting of the Agricultural Institute at Versailles, working in the same field, with ploughs exactly similar, and under identical conditions, four teams composed as follows:—

1. Two Clydesdale mares.
2. Three Suffolk mares.
3. Three Percheron mares.
4. Three Boulognese mares.

The two Clydesdale mares performed the same task as the other three teams, and did it much quicker. In point of time the teams finished their work in the order indicated above. The Suffolk mares finished much before the Percherons; and between the latter and the Boulognese there was scarcely any difference.' *

Yet this European reputation which England has obtained as a horse-breeding country is scarcely a century old. In Queen Anne's reign Holland, Holstein, and Belgium supplied the equipages of the wealthy in the great capitals of Europe with those massive horses that we see depicted on the canvas of Rubens.

'The Gods, to curse Belinda with her prayers,
Gave the gilt coach and dappled Flanders mares.'

And the annals of the French studs show that in the first half of the last century none of the 'chevaux de luxe,' which were then imported into France in large numbers, came from England. The same skill, however, which has produced our best types in bullocks, sheep, and pigs, conjoined with the temperate climate and the succulent pastures of England, and still more of Ireland, have succeeded in creating the various breeds of English horses above noticed. This excellence of our horses is now fully appreciated by foreigners. The notable improvement in the studs of France, Germany, and Russia is avowedly owing to the introduction of English blood.

* De l'Espèce chevaline en France, p. 127.

The famous trotters of America are descended from a well-known English racehorse; the enterprising settler in Australia, where the soil and climate are singularly propitious to horse-breeding, does not scruple to give five thousand guineas for an English stallion; and at all our horse fairs foreign purchasers will be found buying up almost every suitable mare or promising stallion that present themselves. Coupled with this great demand from abroad, it is notorious that the price of horses, in common with the price of beef and mutton, has risen enormously of late years, and the breeder, in attending to the demands of the market, has had to consider whether it is not more profitable to breed a sheep that he can sell at a year old, or a bullock at three years old, than a horse which he must keep at a much greater expense till he is at least four. The returns of the Assessed Taxes Commissioners undoubtedly show that there is an annual increase in the employment of horses for purposes other than agriculture. A day with the Pytchley at Crick will probably find from two to three hundred horsemen in the field, where fifty years ago there were not more than sixty, and the equipages in Hyde Park have probably increased in the same proportion. These facts are clearly owing to the great accumulation of wealth, for, although we can no longer say, with the courtly Spenser:—

> 'Chiefly skill to ride
> Seems a sciénce proper to gentle blood,'

undoubtedly newly-acquired riches in this country first display themselves in the carriage and pair of paterfamilias, and in the appearance of well-mounted young Rapid in the hunting-field. But we have no authentic information whence these horses come; our Custom-house returns are avowedly defective, as there is no duty upon imported horses, and we are assured by experienced dealers that the horse-markets of the Continent are now ransacked to supply animals for English purchasers. Prussia is said in loose language to supply half the equipages in London with good-looking animals of English blood, and not distinguishable in appearance from their progenitors, though intrinsically very inferior. What we know with certainty is, that the production of agricultural horses is diminishing, that England is not able at Horse Guard prices to supply the few hundred remounts wanted for our home cavalry, but that Ireland has to be resorted to, and that on any sudden demand for so small a number as a thousand or twelve hundred horses, the foreign market alone can furnish the supply. Although the War Office pays 47*l.* a horse for the animals

required in the autumn manœuvres during the present year, it is stated that nearly the whole were obtained from France. But is it really the case that England can no longer afford to breed horses for agriculture or the useful animals that supply our cavalry, and are so conducive to the industrial wants of the community? And with respect to the more valuable class, is it true that our best blood is being abstracted from the country, and that the high prices of foreign agents are attracting all our valuable mares from the breeders' paddock? Racing men often deplore that we have allowed horses like the Baron, Buccaneer, West Australian, Flying Dutchman, to leave the country; but it is obvious that the high prices which such animals fetch afford the best possible stimulus to private enterprise to produce others like them. But the abstraction of brood mares in any large proportion is a very different question. If in the place of the well-bred, roomy, high-couraged hunting mare, from whom our best hunters and carriage-horses are produced, a weedy, ill-organised animal be substituted, we shall see the same result as may now be witnessed in the stables of inferior breeders for the turf, a lot of wretched leggy brutes, who, if they have not speed enough to win a two-year-old race, are fit for nothing but a hack cab.

The supply of good horses to a country is undoubtedly matter for the grave consideration of Government; for, although its own immediate wants are only concerned in obtaining sufficient numbers for its cavalry, the industrial demands of a progressive community, in which horse labour is more and more resorted to, undoubtedly deserve attention. We cannot but think, then, that, whilst all the other Governments in Europe are paying grave attention to the supply of horses, Lord Granville was somewhat too jaunty in disposing of this subject in the amusing speech which he made in reply to the Earl of Roseberry in the House of Lords last session, on the motion of that promising young nobleman for a Committee. When only indistinct indications are made that Government should do *something*, but no definite plan or scheme is proposed, it is easy, of course, for a practised swordsman like the leader in the Upper House to parry every thrust; but there are various grave questions concerned with the matter, which neither the debate in the House of Lords, nor the evidence taken by Lord Roseberry's Committee, at all tend to solve; and for this reason we are inclined to think that a well-organised Royal Commission to visit the different breeding districts, and to collect information from the most experienced raisers of horses in the British Isles, would well have justified the ex-

pense. The fine publication of the French Government, 'L'Atlas statisfique de la production des Chevaux en France,' took four years in preparation, and was most costly in its illustrations and in the labour bestowed upon it, but its value has been repaid tenfold both to Government and French breeders. An English breeder of horses has nothing like it to refer to, and no authentic statistics to guide him.

The Report of the Lords' Committee just issued cannot, we think, but prove unsatisfactory. It tells us little that all horse-breeders, and even the general public, did not know before; it leaves untold much that ought to be known. Their lordships admit fully that the supply of horses has not kept pace with the demand, but (with the exception of prizes to be given by Agricultural Societies) the only remedies they seem to suggest are, that a farmer should not pay the horse-duty on a young three or four year old, whom he is training in the hunting field, and that some alteration should be made in the law of warranty.

We propose in the present article to make some inquiry into what has been done by continental Governments for the encouragement and improvement of horse-breeding, and to ascertain if possible whether any useful hints can be obtained for the guidance of the English breeder.

In looking backwards as to the employment of the horse, it is remarkable how slowly he has come into use for the different industrial purposes of man. Although mentioned in the most ancient literary monuments of the world, in the Vedas and the Book of Job, his employment as a domesticated animal was undoubtedly unknown in the dawn of history. His name does not occur with the numerous flocks and herds of Job himself, and he would not have been passed over in the Decalogue if he had held place with the coveted ox and ass in the stables of the Israelite. Indeed, even now over a great part of the world the horse is only employed for war and parade. In the land of the Vedas itself, as we learn from an instructive memorandum by Sir Erskine Perry on the Government studs of that country, he is used by natives in no industrial capacity, and it was lately stated in the Indian newspapers that the mail-cart just established by our Government in Rajputana, was the first horse conveyance ever seen in that country. In China also, although the Chinese annals tell of a war conducted by that empire 109 B.C. to obtain some horses of a celebrated breed in the country about Khokand, modern travellers in China tell us that the horse is rarely seen there. Even in Arabia, the animal is seldom employed for useful purposes. In the

Hedjaz Burckhardt found that the sole means of conveyance were asses and camels, and the post between Mecca and Medina was served by the former animals. Von Wrede made his late adventurous journey through Hadramaut on a camel, and does not seem to have encountered a single horseman. Even in the Nedjed, those grassy limestone uplands of Central Arabia, the birthplace of the most eminent of the race of pure Arabs, Palgrave, who had unexampled opportunities for forming an opinion, estimates the whole amount of horse population (to use a convenient French expression) at a number under 5,000, and these are clearly retained chiefly for war purposes by their Wahabi owners. Nay, even in advanced England the ox still holds his place in the plough in certain counties.

When Britain first became known to history, we find its inhabitants in possession both of a useful breed of horses, and of great skill in charioteering; and the fact as recorded by Cæsar raises many a curious problem as to whence the Celts, not generally an equestrian race, obtained their horses and their art, and as to what the state of roads must have been to permit of their employment. The kindred Gauls on the other side of the Channel were also in possession of horses, but not apparently of war chariots; and the rich horse pastures of Belgium are specially mentioned. Both races probably obtained the original stock from the Phenicians, the great carriers of antiquity, and whose early settlement on the Red Sea or Persian Gulf before their migration to the shores of the Mediterranean, brought them closely in connexion with the horse-breeding races of the East. Solomon, however, obtained his horses not from Arabia, but from Egypt, and, as Canon Rawlinson informs us that horses were unknown in that land before the eighteenth dynasty, it is probable that the Phenicians imported them into that country also. Whence they obtained their horse-stock, however, is at present entirely unknown, for we presume our readers will not accept the theory of Captain Upton, an enthusiastic admirer of the Arab horse, that God, by a special interposition, directed to the Ark the two most perfect animals then in existence, from which they found their way to Central Arabia, and their offspring preserving their pure blood to this day have sufficed to ennoble and improve the studs of the world.*

On inquiring into the statistics of horse-production in the different states of Europe, it will be found that Russia stands pre-eminent. She not only produces largely on her own vast

* Newmarket and Arabia. By Captain Upton.

southern plains, but from her vicinity to the great equestrian races of the East she imports largely from their surplus stock. Pallas relates that in the time of Catherine II. ten thousand Turki horses per annum were brought into Orenburg and were thence dispersed throughout the empire; and Count Wenceslas Potocki, who administered Russian Poland in the first quarter of this century, speaks of '187,000 chevaux asiatiques que les 'Calmouks et Tartares amènent annuellement en Russie à la 'fameuse foire de Berdgigon. En 1814 ils y en avaient amené '67,000, et je ne crains pas d'avancer qu'il m'a passé sous les 'yeux pendant cinq ans de séjour dans la Pologne russe plus 'de 240,000 chevaux de Steppe.'

These eastern horses and, indeed, Russian horses generally, although with much blood, and useful, wiry animals, are, in general, far too small to be serviceable either for modern warfare or for purposes of luxury, and accordingly among the Russian nobility we find that there is scarcely a large proprietor who has not an extensive breeding establishment for the purpose of improving the original stock. Pre-eminent amongst these is the Orloff family, who have succeeded in establishing two distinct breeds, which have gained so high a reputation in Russia that it is worth while to pay some attention to their formation, as their descents can be carefully traced.

The originator of the stud was the stalwart Alexis Orloff, whilome private in the Guards, and brother of the still more celebrated Gregory, the lover of Catherine II. On the eventful night of July 8, 1762, which terminated in placing the empire of Russia in the hands of Catherine, Alexis played a memorable part. When the conspiracy of which Catherine had been for some weeks laying the foundation became prematurely divulged, her confederate, the wife of Prince Dashkoff, a girl of eighteen, put on man's clothes and galloped at midnight to the bridge at St. Petersburg, where the conspirators were accustomed to meet. She selected Alexis Orloff, and sent him to the Empress at Peterhoff, ten miles distant, with this laconic note: 'Venez, Madame, le temps presse.' The rude grenadier reached the palace at about three in the morning, burst into her room, and gave her the Princess's note, telling her there was not a moment to lose. He then galloped across the park, and brought up one of the country carts which he had secured on his route to the château, and in this the Empress, half dressed, and with only her favourite maid, placed herself. On her road to St. Petersburg she met her French hair-dresser, whom she bade get up on the box, which

the poor fellow did in trembling, believing that his Imperial mistress was probably on her road to Siberia. Shortly afterwards a horseman appeared at full speed, who turned out to be her lover Gregory, and he took charge of the *cortége*, which he conducted triumphantly through the streets of St. Petersburg. Thus, says Rulhière, 'pour régner despotiquement sur le plus 'vaste empire du monde arrive Catherine entre sept et huit 'heures du matin, partie sur la foi d'un soldat, conduite par son 'amant, accompagnée de sa femme de chambre, et de son 'coiffeur.'

The services of Alexis, which were enhanced a few days later by the part he took in the despatch of the unfortunate Emperor, did not go long unrewarded. Created Count by the Empress, like all the brothers of Gregory Orloff, Alexis was immediately placed in high and lucrative appointments. On the declaration of war against the Turks in 1772, Catherine committed to him the command of the Russian fleet, and with the assistance of our countryman, Admiral Elphinstone, he obtained a signal victory over the Turks. Catherine, in one of her letters to Voltaire, describes the chivalrous conduct of Alexis to the family of the Pacha commodore, which he had captured; and the Pacha, to evince his gratitude, soon after presented to Count Alexis the celebrated Barb Smetanska, progenitor of the two celebrated Orloff breeds, and whose skeleton is reverently preserved in the Orloff Museum to this day.

Count Alexis commenced his stud in 1770, and Russian horse-breeders give the following list as the first occupants of his stable:

	Stallions	Mares
Arabs	12	10
Turkish	1	2
English	20	32
Dutch	1	8
Persian	3	2
Danish	1	3
Mecklenburg	0	5

Smetanska, from a Danish mare, got Volcan, who was the sire of Barss, out of a Dutch mare. Barss exhibited extraordinary trotting powers; and all the modern trotters of Russia trace their lineage up to him, and to daughters of Smetanska out of English and Arab mares. Count Orloff also obtained from England two sons of Eclipse, two sons of High Flyer, and the winners of the St. Leger in 1792, and of the Derby in 1794, Tartar and Dædalus, besides many others.

The race of trotters thus produced became a distinct type

in about thirty years, and curiously enough since that period all attempts to improve the breed by fresh blood, whether Arab, English, French, or Dutch, have failed. Count Alexis, like the late Lord Glasgow, and many breeders of horses, was most unwilling to sell any of his best sires; and at his death in 1808, he provided by his will that none should be disposed of. It was not till 1845 that the prohibition was removed, when Government bought from his daughter and heiress the Krenowaya stud. And now it is calculated that there are no fewer than sixteen hundred private studs in Russia, with nearly 6,000 stallions and upwards of 50,000 mares, from whom the Orloff trotters are produced.

The trotting performances of these animals are very remarkable, and their stoutness is equal to their speed. Like the American trotter, the Orloff horse does not appear to gain the perfection of his powers till he is eight or nine years old, which seems to show that trotting is more of an artificial pace in the horse than the gallop. The French stud officers, who attended the horse exhibition of Russia in 1869, found that these animals were selling at from 120*l.* to 280*l.* a-piece, which it must be confessed are very remunerative prices to Russian country-gentlemen. It does not appear, however, that these celebrated trotters at all come up to the mark which is required for a first-class equipage either in London or Paris. Besides the Orloff trotters, the Orloff nags or saddle-horses are equally celebrated. These also descend from Smetanska, and from another barb called Sultan, crossed with English and Anglo-Arab mares. According to Russian writers, they combine the good qualities of both their parents; and without equalling their English progenitors in speed, they exceed them in beauty, soundness, docility, and aptitude for all military purposes. Like the trotters, they maintain a distinct character, and every attempt to introduce fresh doses of English or Arab blood has failed signally.

At the great exhibition of horses, however, in 1869, at St. Petersburg, it was the general opinion that the Orloff breeds had very much degenerated.

In addition to the private studs above enumerated, the Russian Government, like indeed all the Governments of the Continent, maintain large studs at the charges of the State; and some idea of the horse resources of the empire may be gained from it being found necessary to divide into fourteen classes the animals brought forward to compete for prizes at the annual exhibitions.

The list is curious:—

1. Thoroughbreds, English and Arab.
2. Saddle-horses, half-bred.
3. Orloff trotters.
4. Carriage-horses.
5. Carabaghs. Saddle-horses crossed from Arabs and Trouchmens.
6. Trouchmens. A fine breed from Central Asia, much resembling the Arab.
7. Horses from the Don. The well-known irregular cavalry horse of the Cossack.
8. Cart-horses.
9. Bitugs.
10. Finlanders.
11. Smouds.
12. Baschkines.
13. Ponies.
14. Horses from the Caucasus.

The five last classes comprised animals, however, too small and insignificant to be of any national importance.

Next to Russia in quantity, superior possibly in quality, comes the empire kingdom of Austro-Hungary. Hungary alone produces sufficient suitable horses to supply all the cavalry of Europe; and the efforts of the Government to encourage the breed of horses are well backed by the Esterhazys, the Palfys, the Sinas, and other noblemen who maintain private studs, some of them containing five hundred horses.

The principal government stud in Austria is at Lipitza, which is devoted entirely to the breeding of a race of pure Spanish blood, and of a cross between Spanish and Arab horses. But the most noteworthy establishment is that at Kladrup, in Bohemia—the private stud of the Emperor. It contains upwards of four hundred horses, and the *personnel*, including an English trainer, consists of ninety-eight persons. His Majesty breeds for the turf, and amongst other sires he possesses the celebrated horses Fandango and Blue Jacket, the latter of whom is very well spoken of. Every thing is conducted with imperial magnificence—loose boxes, large paddocks, hospitals for horses, hospitals for men, immense stables 250 feet square, in the quadrangle of which the colts run loose all the winter. Unfortunately, as with most of the stud farms, or rather stud domains, of Germany, the pasturage is very poor, and its want of succulence is visible in the young stock. The most notable product of the stud is a Spanish breed that was introduced by Charles V., and has been preserved pure for three hundred years. They are all black or

white, and are used on occasions of State, like the cream-coloured Hanoverians of her Majesty, for the royal equipages. It must, however, be confessed that they are a sorry lot, with frightful heads, drooping quarters, and stilted legs—their good front action in no way compensating for their other defects.

But it is in Hungary that the Government studs are seen to most advantage, and of these the establishment at Mezöhegyes and Kisber are especially remarkable.

The former stud occupies an immense domain of nearly 45,000 acres, and is exceptional in possessing excellent herbage. No fewer than 2,500 horses are maintained here; and for breeding purposes thirty-five stallions are kept, thoroughbreds, Arabs, Norfolk trotters, Normans, and stud-bred horses. Here, however, as elsewhere, improvements in agriculture have led to the diminution of horse-breeding. The stock some years ago at this stud consisted of 7,500 animals; but everywhere on the Continent one hears the same remark so often made in England, that it is more profitable to breed a sheep or a bullock than a horse.

The Kisber stud is devoted entirely to English thoroughbred and half-bred stock, and contains over six hundred animals. Amongst the thoroughbred sires may be seen Buccaneer, Daniel O'Rourke, Ostregor, Bois Roussel; and there are between two and three hundred English and Irish mares, who for the most part have been extremely well selected. The chief point of interest in this stud is that in selecting the best models of thoroughbred blood to breed from; and in aiming at a combination of the three great qualities of substance, speed, and endurance, none but sound animals, uninjured by early struggles on the turf, have been employed.

The other great State stud in Hungary is at Babolna, where Arabs only are bred; and formerly this breed enjoyed quite a European reputation. But whether from the poor soil which environs the stud domain which has told upon the produce, or from other causes, the breed has undoubtedly deteriorated, and it now offers little worthy of remark. The stud consists of 615 horses.

When we leave the great horse-producing countries of Eastern Europe, and approach further west, we shall find a very different state of things. Up to the present century the two great military Powers, Prussia and France, depended almost entirely on importation for the supply of their cavalry, even in times of peace. During ten years of the reign of Louis XIV. upwards of four millions sterling were expended by France in the purchase of foreign horses. And although Government

studs were established in 1717, it appears that so late as 1788 one-half of the French cavalry was mounted on animals supplied chiefly from Denmark, Holstein, and Oldenburg. So also in Prussia, when Frederick the Great came to the throne in 1740, the greater part of his cavalry were mounted on Polish horses, and on the produce of Mecklenburgh, Hanover, and Denmark. But the annual demands for horses by these great military Powers are so large, that the necessity for meeting them, and the danger of depending on neighbours who may cut off the supply when war breaks out, have long engaged the notice of their statesmen. The peace establishment of France in 1850 consisted of 49,408 horses; and this force, on their average of one in seven for remounts, requires an annual supply of 7,000 animals. The peace establishment of the Prussian army in 1870 was 73,801, which on the German average of eleven per cent. for remounts, requires annually over 8,000 horses. But these numbers need to be tripled or quadrupled when war breaks out; and the losses caused by war exceed all calculation. For example, in the late Franco-Prussian war, the French estimate their loss in horses at 150,000. But a German writer* states that the Prussian loss exceeded a million horses—half a million by death, and the remainder disabled by sickness or other causes. Figures like these cannot fail to rouse the attention of thoughtful politicians, and accordingly, for many years past, the State, both in France and Prussia, have been unremitting in their efforts to encourage the breed of horses.

We have seen that the first establishment of Government studs in France dates from 1717, and the despotic government of that day was enabled to lay down many stringent rules as to the employment of horses, and the right of the State to seize suitable animals in the possession of private individuals. Many of these rules have remained to the present day, but the administration of the system being placed in the hands of the grands seigneurs in the different provinces during the periods of feudal supremacy, it gave rise to so many abuses that the *cahiers* of grievances, sent up to the National Assembly of 1789, were full of complaints as to the operation of the Stud Department. It was accordingly abolished in 1790.

In 1806, however, Napoleon I. re-established Government studs, and a most instructive account of them is given by General de Lamoricière in the work mentioned at the head of this article. The Lords' Committee report that military studs

* Ableitner's 'Vorschläge,' p. 49.

'have been tried and abandoned in France;' but we are wholly unable to put any sound construction on this sentence, on the assumption that their lordships were acquainted with the facts of the case. The French never have had any military studs, strictly so called, and the studs they have abandoned are those at the Haras of Pompadour and Le Pin, where thoroughbred stock from horses like the Baron were produced, and where a judicious system of breeding was introduced which has taught French country-gentlemen how to raise animals like Gladiateur, Bois Roussel, and Reine.

For the systematic encouragement of horse-breeding in France the country has been carefully mapped and divided into twenty-seven districts, in which three classes of stallions are employed, namely: (1) Government stallions; (2) Horses of private individuals who have received premiums, and are classed under the term *approuvés*; and (3) Horses inferior to the above, but who are allowed for want of better, under the term *autorisés*, to serve the public. It is penal for a private individual to employ any other stallion except for his own mares. For the information of private breeders, all the statistics of horse-production, horse-rearing, forage, and pastures in each district, have been collected and published. The State encouragement of horse-breeding has been committed to two departments of Government, that of Agriculture and Commerce, and that of War. The former is charged with maintaining stud establishments, supplying fit stallions to the country, instituting races in breeding districts, offering premiums for the best animals who may be exhibited at the agricultural shows, and diffusing sound information amongst breeders. The Minister of War affords his support by the purchase of seven or eight thousand horses annually. To maintain this system in working order a special civil service exists, for which a very assiduous training is required, and which is much sought after by young men of the best families in France.

France is in nowise deficient in the number of horses it produces, which are estimated at above three millions, and, according to M. Moreau Jonnés, she has eight horses per hundred souls, whereas England has only seven and a half. Some of her breeds also are justly celebrated. The grey Percheron of the Paris omnibus, so well known to all visitors of that gay capital, and the still stronger Boulognese horse, have recommended themselves to English dealers for heavy draught where speed above a walk is required, and they may be noticed in many of our London vans, omnibuses, and cabs. The

strong, active post-horse of Brittany, which is now but little seen since the introduction of railways, is also an excellent animal. But where France was deficient, where she had to seek the assistance of the foreigner, was in the saddle-horse, or horse of action and breeding, whether the lower-priced animal available for cavalry or the dashing steeds required for the Bois du Boulogne and the Champs Elysées. Great differences of opinion have existed in France as to the beneficial operation of Government patronage. The celebrated Dombasle in the last century stoutly objected to it, and maintained that it completely crippled private enterprise. M. Richard also, in the present day, a member of the French Chamber, and formerly Directeur de l'École des Haras, has published a work, full of disparaging criticisms of the Government system. He asserts that since 1806 the State has expended more than four millions sterling on the Government studs, and he states, on his experience as a veterinary surgeon and stud officer, that the results are most unsatisfactory. It must be admitted, however, that this gentleman writes under a strong professional bias, and seems to think that all would go right if veterinary surgeons were placed in authority at the Government establishments. He cannot, therefore, be cited as an authority against the maintenance of studs. The French Government have themselves, however, seen fit to limit the extent of their operations. The remonstrances of the Jockey Club that the thoroughbred animals raised by the Government carried off all the national prizes, led to the suppression which we have mentioned of the breeding studs at Le Pin and Pompadour. And General Fleury, who was Director-General of the Studs under the late Emperor, in his report of 1864, recognised fully that in some districts Government was competing injuriously with private individuals, and he procured the abolition of several stallion depôts in the great breeding district of Normandy. On looking dispassionately at the question, it must be admitted that up to the present time the encouragement given by the State has been very beneficial. We have seen that at the breaking out of the French Revolution about half the cavalry was horsed from abroad; at the present day the French are mounted entirely on horses bred at home or in Algeria, and are able to send to England on an emergency some thousand animals.* But it is in the quality of their horse-stock

* In an Address delivered to the Central Agricultural Society of France on May 18 last by Count de Kergorlay, its President, he states that the value of the horses, mules, and asses exported from France to

that improvement is chiefly visible. The selection of good English blood, both of the thoroughbred and roadster classes, has been made with great judgment, and the results are patent to every eye.* A few years ago a French-bred horse on our race-course was allowed several pounds, but when the blue ribbon of the turf was carried off by Count La Grange, and French horses are seen in every great race to be competing on equal terms with the best animals bred in England, our national vanity has led us to devise various causes for this success. The favourite opinion is that the French climate being milder than our own is more favourable to the early development of horses, so as to enable them to compete successfully in two and three year old races. Such, however, is not the French view on the subject, for they believe it to be wholly fallacious. In fact, the great breeding district for superior horses in France is Normandy, the climate of which differs little from our own, and its pastures, to say the most for them, are not superior to ours. French success, in our opinion, has been founded entirely on the good selection which has been made in England of thoroughbred and roadster stock, and on the sound principles which have prevailed in their system of breeding, which have never allowed a faulty sire or dam to perpetuate its race however celebrated its performances on the turf might be. On this subject we are permitted to quote the following interesting letter from M. de Thannberg, who for nearly forty years was connected with the Government studs of France, and who is considered the highest authority in that country on all subjects connected with horse-breeding. In answer to an English gentleman who had addressed him several queries with respect to the English horses he had bought in this country, and adverting to the opinion entertained by many breeders for the turf in England, that the climate of France encouraged an earlier development of the young racehorse, M. de Thannberg replied as follows:—

'Paris: May 30, 1873.

'The questions you ask me respecting the merits of French and English horses would take a volume to answer. I will deal with them in a general way; and must commence by stating that I do not at all

England is from 12,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*, whilst the value of the same animals imported from England into France amounted in 1869 to 92,000*l.*, so that the balance is largely against this country, and we send away far more than we receive.

* Nothing perhaps can illustrate this improvement more than the fact that in a hunting county like Northamptonshire four or five French stallions have been lately imported for breeding purposes.

agree in the opinion that the French climate is superior to yours for breeding horses. The deterioration of horses in England is attributable to many causes. The first is that, having no Government stud for the conservation of the most approved types, private owners have been tempted by high prices to part with them, and have allowed their best animals to leave England. The second is, that the system of racing now in vogue lends itself solely to gambling, and defeats the purpose for which races were first introduced.

'At the present day you disregard entirely the science of breeding, of which you were the first to establish the sound principles, and you seek only for speed. You care little about the shape or make of a horse, or whether he is suited to a particular mare; and you only seek for an animal that may be worked up to win one of the great two or three-year-old prizes, sufficient to compensate for the cost of rearing him; whilst in former times the object was to produce an animal that combined speed, staying-powers, symmetry, and freedom from all unsoundness. What has resulted from blameable proceedings like these? Simply this, that a first-class stallion is scarcely now to be found.

'Foreign purchasers who go to England for well-shaped sound horses have great difficulty in finding them; and at the same time they secure the few examples that they meet with. The third cause must be attributed to your practice, opposed to all sound principles, of putting animals of extreme youth into training. I am quite aware that it is asserted no greater work is exacted from them than is suitable to their age. But I cannot accept this reasoning, as I am convinced that when an owner backs his colt for immense sums, much greater than the value of the animal, he will not hesitate to screw him up to the utmost point, to the detriment of his constitution, in order to win his money. I could say much more on your system of racing; but I pass over the class of thoroughbred horses.

'Allow me to say a few words on your Norfolk Trotters, or roadsters. I place the greatest reliance on this breed; for it has been the source of the great amelioration in our horses which has been produced in France. Although these animals are not very high bred, they are of very similar conformation. They invariably transmit to their offspring all their qualities, their action, their courage—in one word, all that constitutes the requisites for a good troop-horse. Unfortunately for England Norfolk stallions are becoming very scarce; foreigners pick them up wherever they find them; and the want is felt sensibly. My conviction has been long established, that it is only Government that can ensure the preservation in its own country of the best types of animals. But you have in England a great authority, who enjoys a European reputation on this subject, as well for his honesty as for his profound knowledge of horseflesh. I speak of Mr. Phillips (of whom I have bought horses to the amount of 80,000*l.* at least), who could advise you as well or better than myself on all these questions. In fact it is owing to the purchases he made for the French Government that our successes on the turf and in the general improvements of our breeds are mainly due.'

In Prussia we find the phases of the horse-question very

much in accordance with those of France. The State gives great encouragement to horse-breeding, and maintains large studs. From depending almost wholly on foreign supply, the Prussian army is now entirely horsed from indigenous sources, and German writers believe that their cavalry is the best mounted in Europe. Horse-breeding is also much taken up by Prussian landowners, and the German Stud Book enumerates eighteen private studs of English thorough-bred stock, one of which, Count Renard's in Silesia, produced Hochstapler, the winner of a good race at Newmarket in the present year, and second favourite for the Derby. To make the resemblance still more complete, an active party exists who entirely deprecates the interference of Government in the matter.*

Prussia, for military purposes, enjoys great advantages over France with respect to cavalry, for although she has no strong active breeds like the Boulognese and Percherons, nor, indeed, any cart-horses whatever, all her animals used in agriculture are sufficiently light to be available for employment in war when required. And requisitions, it may be observed, are a casualty that a horse-breeder in the great military empires of Europe must take into his calculation.

Besides thirteen stallion depôts, which contain above fifteen hundred sires, and which are distributed, like those of France, over the empire under careful superintendence, Prussia possesses three great breeding establishments, Trakehnen, Graditz, and Neustad.

Trakehnen is situated on an immense sandy plain of very poor soil, with indifferent herbage, near the Russian frontier, and was established in 1732 by Frederic William I., with some English thoroughbred stallions, and mares from different quarters, Barbs, Lithuanian, German, &c. At present it contains a horse population of nearly 1,200 animals. Of the 18 stallions reserved for the stud only, there are six English thoroughbred, one Arab, three Anglo-Norman, and eight stud-bred horses (Trakehnens). The other stallions are distributed over the country.

What this stud is chiefly celebrated for are three families of carriage-horses, black, bay, and chestnut; each of which has attained a distinct type through systematic care in breeding. Every year purchases to the amount of forty horses are made for his Imperial Majesty's stables at Berlin, if suitable animals can be found; but the Trakehnen breeds are falling off, and a

* At a congress of horse-breeders, held at Berlin in February 1870, various resolutions deprecating Government studs were passed.

recent visit to the Imperial stables showed that the best horses it contained were Norman. Graditz is also a very large breeding stud, containing about 500 animals, and presents, amongst others, four English stallions, and fifty-two mares, all thoroughbred. The acquisition of Hanover and Holstein must have added greatly to the resources of Prussia in horse-production.

A late careful inspection, however, of the studs in Prussia did not lead to favourable conclusions. The extremely poor pastures amid which the establishments are placed evidently tell with injurious effects on the young stock; yet a Prussian officer lately informed General Walker that he attributed the excellence of the Prussian troop-horse to the scanty fare on which he is brought up; a Prussian mare and foal having frequently to wander twenty-five miles a day over the sandy plains to get a bellyfull. Races of the best breed seem to deteriorate, and the constant infusion of fresh doses of blood from English and Norman studs clearly shows that Prussian breeders do not choose to rely on their own stocks for perpetuating their breeds. Certain it is that English dealers who now, in default of suitable animals at home, resort largely to the German market, pronounce that the good-looking, well-bred animals, whom they buy in Germany, undistinguishable in appearance from English horses, and nearly allied to them in blood, are soft animals without bottom. In horse-dealer's language, a well-bred English horse has three lives, a German only one.

If the establishment of studs by Government has proved successful in France and Prussia (and it will have been observed that even there it is matter of controversy), the same cannot be affirmed of our possessions in India. On this subject we have some interesting information in papers just laid before Parliament by the India Office.

In India it would seem, although the horse has been known from time immemorial, he has never been used except for war and parade; and therefore except for war purposes there is but little demand for him. India, under native rule and in a chronic state of warfare, maintained large troops of horse in the armies of its native princes, and various breeds were celebrated; but so soon as the British Government became established and order prevailed throughout the land, the supply of horses diminished, and the Government found a difficulty in procuring sufficient animals for its mounted force. Accordingly, in 1794, the Governor-General established a breeding stud in Bengal. Unfortunately, the locality was extremely unsuitable, for the climate is relaxing, the country is for some

months under water, and the population, most unused to horses, knew no other method to deal with the animal than to keep him tied up during the whole twenty-four hours of the day. But there was no choice at that period, for the red absorbing line had not then included more propitious sites. The studs became gradually extended with our power, and have now assumed such large proportions that the Indian stud officers assert them to be the largest breeding establishments in the world. With regard to their results the language of the late Commander-in-Chief is not too strong. Lord Sandhurst pronounced them to be 'a gigantic failure.' The price of a troop-horse which they furnish to the service amounts to the almost fabulous sum of 219*l.*, according to the estimates of Government, and the studs are able to furnish only 550 horses annually for the remounts wanted for the Bengal army. At the same time that these studs have so grievously failed in accomplishing the object for which they were instituted, they have had the collateral effect of stifling private enterprise. The once famous Bheema Thurree mare, and the Kattywar horse are almost extinct, and foreign supply is alone resorted to for filling up the ranks of the British cavalry. The Duke of Argyll has very properly brought this costly experiment, which has now lasted nearly eighty years, to a close; and Lord Northbrook, whose experience at the War Office stands him in good stead in these and kindred matters, is dealing with a vigorous hand in reforming abuses which have had so long an existence, and which are protected by so many vested interests.

In giving a general review of the breeding establishments in Europe it would be unpardonable to pass over the attempts which have been made to improve indigenous breeds by the introduction of Arab blood. The large part which Arab and Barb sires have played in the production of the English race-horse is so obvious that it has long been a favourite experiment amongst horse-breeders to recur to good Eastern blood. By no one was this experiment so fully conducted as by the late King of Würtemberg. His Majesty, whilst Crown Prince, rode through the last campaign against Napoleon I. an Arab charger which he subsequently sent into the stud he had established near Stutgard in 1810. But it was not till he came to the throne in 1817 that the stud attained the large proportions which it maintained till his death in 1864. His Majesty took extraordinary pains to obtain the best blood from all parts of the East. By his marriage with a Russian princess he was enabled to procure some very high-bred mares from the Caucasus, and he sent special commissioners to Hun-

gary, Russia, Syria, Constantinople, and Egypt for the purchase of horses. At the royal sale at Hampton Court on the death of William IV., he bought the splendid black horse Sultan, said to have been the highest caste Arab ever brought to this country, and which had been presented to that monarch by the Imâm of Muscat. In 1857 the King also obtained from the late Prince Consort another Arab that had been similarly presented to the Queen by the Imâm. Altogether his Majesty succeeded in procuring for his stud no fewer than 38 horses and 36 mares, all of pure Arab blood and birth, and in 1861 the authors of the handsome volume at the head of our article which describes his Majesty's breeding establishments, state that the stud contained over one hundred brood mares, fifty-one of which were Arabs. It will thus be seen that during half a century and more, during which the stud was conducted with royal magnificence, every opportunity was afforded for trying the effect of Arab crossings. Freiherr von Hügel, who was chief of the stud, writing, it is true, in the lifetime of the King, speaks most favourably of the results so far as the breeding of pure Arabs was concerned. According to him the produce became bigger and stronger than their parents. It is to be apprehended, however, that as in India, where the breeding from pure Arabs was also for a long time attempted, although the young produce became much longer in the leg than Arab-born horses, what is gained in size is lost in symmetry and compactness. Abbas Pacha, late ruler of Egypt, made a shrewd remark to von Hügel when he was describing the pure Arabs in the royal stables at Stutgard, 'Even if you succeed in 'getting hold of genuine Arabs you will never breed real 'Arabs from them, for an Arab horse is no longer an Arab 'when he ceases to breathe the air of the desert.'

With respect to half-bred stock the crossing of Arabs with Würtemberg mares failed signally, as it did with Russian and Polish mares, but it succeeded better with those from Persia and the Caucasus. With sixteen English hunting mares imported in 1816, and crossed with Emir, an Arab horse purchased at Damascus, an excellent strain of carriage-horses was produced. A similar importation of Yorkshire and Irish mares in 1828, which were crossed with another Arab, Mahmoud, laid the foundation of the present fine breed of carriage-horses, which are to be seen drawing the royal carriages and averaging seventeen hands in height. The king's favourite colours were black and grey. From the English mares and Mahmoud descend the greys, whilst the blacks owe their origin to mares procured from the Trakehnen stud

in Prussia. As a general result it is found that though the first generation from Arabs and English mares, even when the latter are under-bred, is very satisfactory, the further produce is doubtful, requiring great skill in the selection of dams, and recurrence to thoroughbred English or Arab blood is generally quite a failure.

We have no means of judging as to the profit and loss of this royal establishment, but its beneficial operation in the welfare of the country is undoubted. At the commencement of the century the cavalry of Würtemberg was supplied chiefly from abroad, but now the home resources are all-sufficient, and five or six hundred high-priced horses are exported annually. It seems, however, that under the present king the stud has dwindled greatly away. The demand for Arab chargers which was so great when an Arab was in all strictness a royal hobby, has given way to calls for the larger and stronger horse more suited for military purposes. The four-year-olds which used to sell at the royal annual sales under the late reign at an average of 125*l.* each, now fetch only 67*l.*, and the number of Arab mares has diminished to seventeen.

Another great breeder of Arabs, the greatest, according to Baron Hügel, since King Solomon, was Abbas Pacha himself. A child of the desert, for he was brought up in Arabia, where his father was Governor of Mecca, he displayed throughout life the greatest love for the horse. His stud contained over a thousand horses of the purest strains of blood. As an example of his reckless expenditure in relation to any horse of reputation, von Hügel tells the following story. The Pacha had presented her Majesty Queen Victoria with a grey stallion of the purest breed and of great size, but the animal (like all Arabs we may say *en passant*) was not esteemed in England, and was sold to go to India. The Pacha, on hearing the fate of his much-prized animal, was extremely nettled, and sent into Arabia for the Bedouin who had bred him, of whom he inquired whether he should recognise the horse again. The Arab replied that he should know him out of a thousand. Whereupon the Pacha sent him to India in company of a trusty agent, and they returned at the expiration of a twelvemonth with the high-bred grey, Saklavi Durbi, whom they had obtained at an expenditure of five thousand guineas. We suspect the whole story is fabulous, but it is illustrative of the character of the Pacha.

Near his stud in the desert Abbas Pacha built himself a splendid palace, the Abbassié, and laid the foundations of a city with grand aqueducts, avenues, and gardens, where he com-

pelled his nobles to dwell; but a few years after his short reign all culminated in ruin, and his stud was brought to the hammer at Cairo, in 1860. At the time of sale only three hundred and fifty animals were left, for the successor of Abbas Pacha, a madcap youth of eighteen, had given them away right and left to every one who managed to approach him with a well-turned piece of flattery. Von Hügel attended the sale on the part of his royal master, and had to give exorbitant prices for the two stallions and three mares which he purchased, but which were of the very highest caste. The sale lasted three weeks, and the bids were made in English guineas. On one day 26 horses fetched five thousand guineas, aged mares, 20 years old, were sold at from 180 to 250 guineas, colts and fillies from 300 to 700 guineas each.

These prices sound astonishing to an English buyer of horses, for it is notorious that the Arab is not a favourite in this country. He has been tried over and over again by breeders for the turf, but the intermixture of fresh Arab blood has hitherto proved wholly unsuccessful. The Arab is in fact not a racehorse, and an ordinary plater would probably beat the best animal ever bred in the Nejed. He is also too small for a hunter, too short for harness, and, from his shambling action at slow paces, is indifferent as a hack. What endears him to the inhabitant of the East—his powers of endurance, his docility, his sound constitution, his sureness of step under excitement mid rugged ground or broken ravines—all or most of these qualities are lost on breeders who wish to produce a winner of the Derby, a high-stepping carriage-horse, or a hunter that can go in the first flight across Leicestershire.

Our limits do not permit us to dwell longer on such a fascinating topic to all lovers of horseflesh as the Arab horse, whose qualities are celebrated by no fewer than eighty-six classical authors in Arabic and Persian according to Hammer-Purgstall.*

We cannot resist, however, giving one extract from the pages of Mr. Palgrave, who alone of Europeans has been admitted into the interior of the royal stables at Riad, the capital of the Nejed. After stating that 'the Nejdean horse is 'considered no less superior to all others of his kind in Arabia 'than is the Arabian breed collectively to the Persian, Cape 'of Good Hope, or Indian; and that in Nejed is the true 'birthplace of the Arab steed, the primal type, the authentic 'model.' He continues:—

* Das Pferd bei den Arabern.

'Nejdee horses are especially esteemed for great speed and endurance of fatigue; indeed, in this latter quality, none come up to them. To pass twenty-four hours on the road without drink and without flagging is certainly something; but to keep up the same abstinence and labour conjoined under the burning Arabian sky for forty-eight hours at a stretch is, I believe, peculiar to the animals of the breed. Besides, they have a delicacy, I cannot say of mouth, for it is common to ride them without bit or bridle, but of feeling and obedience to the knee and thigh, to the slightest check of the halter and the voice of the rider, far surpassing whatever the most elaborate *manége* gives a European horse, though furnished with snaffle, curb, and all. I often mounted them at the invitation of their owners, and, without saddle, rein or stirrup, set them off at full gallop, wheeled them round, brought them up in mid-career at a dead halt, and that without the least difficulty or the smallest want of correspondence between the horses' movements and my own will. The rider on their back really feels himself the man-half of a centaur, not a distinct being. This is in great part owing to the Arab system of breaking in, much preferable to the European, in conferring pliancy and perfect tractability. Nor is mere speed much valued in a horse unless it be united with the above qualities, since whether in the contest of an Arab race, or in the pursuit and flight of war, "doubling" is much more the rule than "going ahead," at least for any distance.'

Mr. Palgrave's account of his horsemanship, and he is evidently a good rider, enables one to understand the figures on the Elgin Marbles, where the horsemen without saddle or bridle are seen guiding their animals at a gallop by the gentle pressure of their fingers on the neck.

What is chiefly interesting to horse-breeders, however, in the few pages which Mr. Palgrave devotes to the subject is the description of the soil on which this celebrated race is bred. With most of us the current belief was that the Arab horse was reared in the desert, and sharing the tent of his Bedouin owner, partook at long intervals of such scanty fare as the arid sands of Arabia produced. On the contrary, the Nejed or central uplands of Arabia are clothed with rich pasture suitable to every kind of stock, and are indented with well-watered valleys, where cereals and clover are grown in great abundance. The soil, above all, is limestone, the most favourable of all for the production of horses.

From the foregoing survey of what is being done to encourage horse-production in Europe, it appears to us that an obvious moral may be drawn. The Continental Governments are main actors in all that relates to the production of horses; and it is to England chiefly that they look for fresh blood. In England, private enterprise alone furnishes the supply, and her animals are eagerly competed for by purchasers from all

parts of the world. The decision of the Committee of the House of Lords, that Government studs should not be established, so as to be brought into competition with the efforts of private individuals, is in our judgment entirely sound, and will be disputed by none who have looked closely into the subject from an English point of view. State patronage has always been at a discount in England, and the small sum (6,000*l.* a year) now given for Queen's Plates in support of racing might be dispensed with to great advantage; for certainly no class of horses requires less encouragement at the hands of Government at the present moment than racehorses. If this grant were abolished, and a sum say of 20,000*l.* per annum were allotted for premiums to be distributed, in addi tion to their own prizes, by the various agricultural socie ties, as suggested by various witnesses before the Lords' Committee, all would be done in the way of direct encouragement by the State that is necessary for stimulating to the utmost private enterprise.

What, then, is the conclusion to be drawn from the evidence taken by their lordships, and from the facts which we have culled from foreign writers? It is exactly the same we ventured to put forward in this Journal* some years ago, when bringing to the notice of our readers the increasing price of horses. We then indicated that country-gentlemen and occupiers of home farms might turn their attention most usefully, and not without profit, to the breeding of superior half-bred horses. The course of events in the last ten years, the increasing demand for horses, and the growing wealth of the world, not only justify the opinion then given, but enable us to reiterate it with much greater confidence.

The British Isles possess advantages in climate, soil, and forage for the production of the horse which no other country in Europe can boast of. Every county is, more or less, travelled by stallions of good blood, and many noblemen and country-gentlemen keep a horse for the use of their tenants and neighbours. Lord Vivian told the House of Lords that when a boy nothing but cobs were to be found in Cornwall; but now, since the introduction of good thoroughbred blood into the county, he is able to mount himself with good hunters; and his lordship is well known as one of the best heavy weights across country in England. The same results have followed the introduction of good stallions into Devonshire. But it is said continually that horse-breeding does not pay, and un-

* Edin. Rev., 1864, p. 114.

doubtedly it does not, unless good judgment and careful attention are employed. Much exaggeration, however, is often employed as to the cost of production. A great authority lately stated in the 'Times' that a four-year-old horse could not be produced under fifty or sixty pounds; but it is certain that the Irish breeder finds himself well recompensed when he sells his trooper to Government for 30*l.* If present prices continue, and the probability is that they will increase rather than diminish, to breed a horse of the commoner quality will be found a profitable operation for the small farmer, even without capital. A Percheron breeder calculates that he can produce his animal up to the age of eighteen months at the cost of 4*l.*, the first six months as a suckling costing him nothing, and the keep for the next twelve months being covered by the sum above mentioned. At eighteen months a Percheron colt earns his living by light operations on the farm. Granting that the cost in the British Isles would be something (but not a great deal) more, the prices which an average cart colt is now fetching—30*l.* for a yearling, 40*l.* to 50*l.* for a two-year-old colt—will well remunerate a breeder. We need have little fear but that with present prices, the falling off in our cart-horse supply will soon be filled up. It is obvious that the profit in breeding such an animal at least equals that in breeding a bullock. So also for light cavalry, there is no doubt that Ireland can well supply at the present regulation prices our annual demands for light cavalry, especially since it has been determined to take them at the age of three years and a half. Indeed the unwise reductions in price introduced by the Horse Guards for the purchase of troopers after the Crimean war, have been mainly instrumental in inducing English farmers to sell their mares, and to give up breeding troopers.

It is to the production of the superior class of horse—the animal that cannot be used to a profit till he is four or five years old—that attention need chiefly be given. Here the small farmer who can breed a cart-horse or trooper without any perceptible charge is chiefly in straits, for a valuable animal at three and four years old needs much care, superior provender, and is subject to divers casualties, without rendering the least return for his maintenance. Undoubtedly, a good roadster from Norfolk or Yorkshire, that sells at four years old for two hundred and fifty guineas, is highly remunerative to the breeder; but that breeder must be a man of capital. Here, again, England possesses advantages unequalled in Europe. We have a wealthy landed aristocracy

devoted to country pursuits, and farmers employing larger capital in developing the resources of the soil than are to be found elsewhere. To the same class of men who have produced our best strains of Short-horns and Herefords, Southdowns and Cotteswolds, we may look for an increased supply of the animals now most wanted—weight-carrying hunters, high-stepping machiners, and trotting roadsters. Our great landowners have not hitherto operated in this direction, but have turned their attention mainly to the production of thoroughbred stock. It is patent, however, that although breeding for the turf is on the increase, the pursuit has been abandoned by many of our most eminent noblemen and country-gentlemen, who were led into it originally by sheer love for that noble animal the horse, and by a hearty desire to benefit their neighbours and tenants. We believe fully that a breeding establishment for such half-bred stock as we describe, if conducted with skill and sound judgment, would prove more remunerative, and infinitely more useful, than four out of five of all the racing studs in the kingdom. Indeed Lords Combermere and Charlemont assured the Select Committee that they have for some years conducted breeding establishments with this object, and have found them very remunerative.

The witnesses before the Lords' Committee have pointed out a real danger to the maintenance of our good breeds, when they describe the eagerness of foreigners to buy up our best mares, and the tendency—nay, the necessity—of the humbler class of breeders to sell them for the first tempting price that offers. Here it is that our great landowners may step in with advantage. Their parks, their paddocks, their stables, their home farms, are all at hand for the purpose. Undoubtedly horse-breeding is attended with many casualties; on the other hand, foot and mouth disease and pleuro-pneumonia are confined to sheep and cattle. If the Orloff trotters were produced by the skill and perseverance of a wealthy landowner in Russia, it is incredible to suppose that our great landed gentry, who are addicted to horses, with the superior advantages they possess in soil and climate, and with the judgment and experience they would bring to the task, would not produce equally advantageous results. An annual sale of weight-carrying hunters at Badminton, or of Norfolk trotters at Sandringham, if the establishment were conducted on the principles we indicate, would attract all the horse-buyers of the world. We will conclude this article by describing such a stud as we desire to see instituted in England by some of our great noblemen and landowners; and we would even suggest that it might

worthily occupy the attention of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. The Marquis de Croix, who spent his younger years in England during the emigration, and here probably acquired his love for horses, established a stud more than thirty years ago on his estate at Serquigny in Normandy. His object has been to breed superior half-bred horses for the saddle and harness; and he has used mainly English blood, and especially Norfolk trotters. His stud consisted at the beginning of 1873 of sixty-one horses, with three stallions, one of which, Norval, a roadster of English blood but bred in France, would win a prize at any of our agricultural meetings. M. de Croix has an annual sale, but never parts with a good mare; and the following table exhibits the results of sales during the last twenty years:—

	1851–60			1861–70		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Average per head	125	8	0	137	10	0
„ of thoroughbreds . . .	140	0	0	120	0	0
„ produce of thoroughbred horse and half-bred English mare	106	0	0	100	0	0
„ from half-bred horse and thoroughbred mare . .	120	14	0	143	0	0
„ from half-bred horse and mare	165	15	0	138	15	0

ART. VI.—*A History of the Three Cathedrals dedicated to St. Paul in London: with reference chiefly to their Structure and Architecture, and the sources whence the necessary Funds were derived.* By WILLIAM LONGMAN, F.S.A. London: 1873.

AMONG the admirers of the majestic Church whose dome towers proudly over the greatest city in the world none perhaps have been more sincere and enthusiastic than the late Dean Milman and the author of this handsome and instructive volume. With the former, admiration of the mighty achievement of Christopher Wren became a passion which was fed by the imagination of the poet and the yearnings of the artist, who could no more tolerate a great work incomplete than a great work marred. For Dean Milman it is scarcely too much to say that the church with which his name is now inseparably associated was the greatest and the most beautiful of earthly temples; but the delight with which his eye rested on its vast and harmonious proportions arose almost more from the ideal picture which, ever present to his mind, showed him St. Paul's, not in the chilling nakedness which

but a few years ago made its walls repulsive, but as it would have been, if Wren's power with regard to the structure and all its accessories had been equal to his will. When, after the terrible calamity which laid half London in ashes, Wren was bidden to furnish a design for restoring the Cathedral which the fire had ruined, and when an examination of the shattered walls showed that the task of restoration was hopeless, it was not long before a vision of surpassing grandeur rose before his mind. On that vision Dean Milman dwelt with the generous enthusiasm of kindred genius. It was one well worthy to call forth his enthusiastic homage. The hill above which Wren's great dome soars aloft amongst crowds of dwellings and storehouses which, without plan or proportions, throng and jostle it, was to have been the scene of architectural triumphs more splendid than those which have made the Piazza of the great Roman Basilica the admiration of the world. The toil which is now costing millions to clear spaces for convenient thoroughfares, or sweep away the seed-beds of disease, was to be rendered at once and for all time unnecessary. Splendid and well-proportioned streets, all strictly subordinated to the great fabric from which they were to radiate, were to give free play to light and air, and to carry the eye along the lines of stately buildings fading away in the long perspective. Here in the vast and open centre, looking down on the incessant traffic of the great city, yet not trammeled or imprisoned by it, the huge mass of St. Paul's was to rise in the freedom and repose which mark the sites of Canterbury, Wells, and Salisbury. The Cathedral of London had indeed the advantage over all these, and the hill which rises above the Thames between the Temple and the Tower furnished a site as commanding as that of Lincoln and almost as magnificent as that of Durham.

Unhappily, vehement admiration brings with it some temptation to unfairness; and for Dean Milman it was less easy to resist the temptation when a comparison was to be made between the work of Wren and that which it displaced. In one sense Old St. Paul's might fitly have come in for even a sterner condemnation than that which, with something like rash inconsiderateness, he has dealt out to it. Had the pile, the most ancient portions of which belonged to the days of the Red King, been completely destroyed by the fire, had its piers been demolished utterly, and all its walls thrown down, Wren's great scheme might very possibly have been carried out, to the immense advantage of modern London. The opportunity was indeed a golden one; but while attempts were being made to

patch up a building for which Wren with whatever justice would have signed an immediate death-warrant, it passed away for ever. The indispensable needs of business and traffic could brook no delay. New streets were marked out, and new dwellings and warehouses built, before it was decided whether the old church was to be patched up or a new one planned. If the first resolution of those who were made responsible for the preservation of the Cathedral had been adhered to, London would in truth have been doubly the poorer. There would have been the same cramping of space, and the same destruction of perspective which now mars the view from Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill; but the hill itself, instead of being crowned by a fabric singularly majestic in its outlines and harmonious in its proportions, would have been disfigured by a building which might well have brought a heartache to all lovers whether of Gothic or of Classical forms. Had he been speaking of Old St. Paul's as thus masked by an utterly incongruous casing, or by Renaissance insertions which could be compared only to patches of new cloth on old raiment, Dean Milman might well have said that no great building in England could be so well spared. But his censure is of Old St. Paul's, not as it was left by Inigo Jones, but as it stood in the days of John of Gaunt; and his censure is certainly sweeping and severe enough.

'Excepting its vast size, it had,' he asserts, 'nothing to distinguish it. It must have been a gloomy ponderous pile. The nave and choir were of different ages (that was common), but ill-formed, ill-adjusted together, with disproportioned aisles and transepts, and a low, square, somewhat clumsy tower, out of which once rose a spire, tall indeed, but merely built of woodwork and lead. London would, at best, have been forced to bow its head before the cathedrals of many of our provincial cities. Old St. Paul's had nothing of the prodigal magnificence, the harmonious variety of Lincoln, the stately majesty of York, the solemn grandeur of Canterbury, the perfect sky-aspiring unity of Salisbury. It had not even one of the great conceptions which are the pride and boast of some of our other churches; neither the massy strength of Durham, "looking eternity" with its marvellous Galilee, nor the tower of Gloucester, nor the lantern of Ely, nor the rich picturesqueness of Beverley, nor the deep, receding, highly decorated arches of the west front of Peterborough.' *

Criticism of this kind can be tested only by an appeal to facts; and the honest disciples of all architectural schools must be grateful to Mr. Longman for the thorough impartiality which has brought out all the facts relating, whether to the

* Annals of St. Paul's, p. 388.

present edifice, or to the church on whose site it stands. Their gratitude will not be lessened when they learn that the accumulation of these facts was no part of his design at starting. He had accepted the office of Chairman of the Finance Committee for the Completion of St. Paul's, and it became naturally his wish, as he tells us in his preface, to furnish a more particular account of the cost and of the building of Old and New St. Paul's than fell in with the scope of Dean Milman's work. But this design could not be carried out without going into more minute details relating to their architecture; and the result is a work which leaves little to be desired for the history whether of Old or of New St. Paul's, and which, in the chapters relating to the old church, are rendered doubly valuable by the enthusiastic admiration which he expresses for the design of Wren. This admiration is indeed carried to excess when Wren's western campaniles are compared to Alpine aiguilles, and the dome is contrasted with Mont Blanc, with the further remark that 'in the Alpine 'scene there are no aiguilles so picturesquely placed as to form 'outposts of the majestic mass in the background.'* It is safer to avoid comparisons of small things with great. The bell-towers of St. Paul's become ludicrous if they are suffered to call up the image of the mountains which stand forth at Dehradoon as the vanguard of the army of Himalayan peaks a hundred leagues behind them. Such exaggerations, far from impairing the value of Mr. Longman's remarks on the building which the great fire shattered and Wren finally removed, enhance it indefinitely. But in truth, the historical form which his work necessarily assumes is a great safeguard against the unfairness involved in undue praise or blame; and the completeness with which it has guarded him from any such unfair judgments is no more than what we should look for from the writer whose unswerving truthfulness has been shown in his volumes on the Life and Reign of Edward the Third.

The question as to the cost of the building patched and cased by Inigo Jones and ruined by the fire is answered in a word. On this point we have absolutely no record, although we have many notices of the efforts made to raise funds, and of the methods resorted to for obtaining them. A boxful of letters assuring indulgences to those who might aid the good work themselves, or even induce others to aid it, is still preserved in the Cathedral; but no one, it seems, felt it his duty to enumerate the several sums spent on the building in the

* P. 183.

successive stages of its growth or in carrying out the several changes made in its form. Such a record, the comparative value of money at the different periods being taken into account, would have possessed great interest, as testing the reasonableness of the outlay on the present structure, which, speaking roughly, may be said to have cost 924,000*l.** But if we do not know how much Old St. Paul's cost, we are not less ignorant of the history of the earlier structure or structures which may have stood on the site of the present cathedral. That a Roman temple dedicated to Diana was built on this site, there is no evidence to show. The discovery of an altar, with the image of that goddess, in Foster Lane can scarcely determine the precise position of the building to which it may have belonged. It is even doubtful whether the site of the present edifice was that of the church of the monastery to which a charter of Ethelbert of Kent, during the episcopate of Mellitus, the companion of Augustine, assigns the manor of Tillingham.†

Fire (it is always fire which does the work of destruction in the annals of St. Paul's) demolished the church of Ethelbert towards the close of the Conqueror's reign, or possibly at the beginning of that of his son. The fabric which Bishop Maurice then began, and which was not completed for some two centuries later, possesses a more abiding interest. More or less changed in outward garb and in its inward form, it stood till the great fire of 1666 sealed its doom. William of Malmesbury saw not indeed the glorious choir which immeasurably surpassed that of Westminster, but its grand nave, of no less than twelve bays, its transepts of five bays each (exclusive of the quadrangle between the points of intersection), and a choir of at least four bays stretching to the eastward beyond them. A perspective so splendid would fully justify the praise which he bestows on this church. In the number of its pier arches,

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* The total amount of receipts up to September 29, 1700, was 1,167,474*l.*, of which there remained a balance of 49,384*l.* 0*s.* 3*d.* Of this balance 11,000*l.* was expended up to 1723 in 'additional 'embellishments,' and the rest retained for future use. But of the remaining sum spent about 11,000*l.* was paid for the removal of the old building, and nearly 84,000*l.* was paid as interest on moneys borrowed. (Pp. 103–127.) The true cost would therefore be much what we have represented it.

† This manor is the only piece of land belonging to St. Paul's Church which has not been swallowed up in the mass of property placed in the hands of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and it still furnishes part of the fund for the repairs of the present fabric. (P. 5.)

its nave, with its twelve bays, was surpassed only by that of Norwich. Winchester, with the seemingly infinite perspective of its arcade, has no more. Westminster has but eleven, Salisbury ten, Canterbury nine, Durham only eight. The vault of this building rose to a height falling short of that of Westminster by not more, it would seem, than four or five feet, while that of the later choir fully equalled it. This choir, erected in the thirteenth century, was the crown and glory of the church. Up to this time the choir had consisted, it would seem, of only four or five bays, the work, like that of the nave and transepts, being Romanesque. Now, however, either it was taken down, or its main fabric treated much as William of Wykeham treated that of the nave of Winchester. Speaking of the ruins still smouldering after the fire, Pepys, after his usual fashion, notes the prettiness of the way in which, as he termed it, a new case had been wrought over the old church. 'You may see,' he asserts, 'the very old pillars standing 'whole within the walls of this.' This, it is obvious, could be true in the strict meaning of the words only of circular piers; and if such piers are completely incased, it is not less clear that the diameters of the later piers must be greater than that of the piers which they have thus swallowed up. It is true that at Winchester the Romanesque nave has been transformed into the later Pointed of William of Wykeham; but an examination of his work shows that the shafts of the old piers were taken off, while the new clustered shafts were run up to a height which marked the base of the Norman triforium. At Gloucester, where the piers are circular, and where the task would therefore be easier, a work of a somewhat similar kind was begun but carried only through two bays from the western end. In Old St. Paul's the piers, as at Winchester, consisted of clustered shafts inclosing masses of rubble; and the incasement of such pillars would go far towards blocking up the open spaces between them. But a glance at the plan settles the question. The diameter of the four western choir piers is less by almost one-third than that of the piers in the nave and transepts; and if any trust whatever is to be placed in the architectural and perspective drawings preserved by Dugdale, it is abundantly clear that Pepys has blundered, and that the work of incasing was one simply of transformation.

It may very safely be affirmed that nowhere was such a work carried on with more masterly judgment and skill. The heedless criticisms of Dean Milman are refuted at a glance by the plans and elevations for which this volume is indebted to

Mr. E. B. Ferrey. Not only were the more heavy and sombre forms of the old choir displaced by bays the proportions of which are practically those of Westminster, but eight more bays were added to the eastward, covering the splendid crypt, which served as the Church of St. Frith, and of which Dean Milman's Annals contain an illustration; nor can we imagine anything more effective than the vista which, starting with the massive columns of the nave, stretched beyond the transepts in the lighter forms which still charm the eye at Westminster as the very perfection of proportion. Throughout his 'History of Architecture' Mr. Fergusson praises the wisdom of the English builders, who chose to make their great fabrics remarkable rather for length than for height; and nowhere was this idea so magnificently realised as in Old St. Paul's, where a nave of 93 feet in height and 260 feet in length was succeeded by transept and choir stretching fully 260 feet more, the choir vault reaching all the stately height of Westminster. Winchester, Ely, Salisbury, Lincoln, cannot be brought into comparison with the long arcade of St. Paul's, which to the beholder at the western doors might well have seemed infinite. If on entering the nave of Winchester the spectator is amazed at the stupendous perspective before him, what must have been the effect in a building free from those defects which soon force themselves on his notice at Winchester, where the eye is dissatisfied not merely with the lower choir following the loftier nave, but with the useless, if splendid, wall by which Bishop Foxe cut off all view of the building behind the high altar? Ely may, indeed, serve better to recall the glories of a rival which now exists only upon paper; but Ely can exhibit no unbroken vault nearly 600 feet in length, while the ridge of the choir vault is lower by some feet than the flat ceiling of the nave. Neither at Ely, however, nor in any other church in England, have we transepts running five bays' length each way from the space between the great tower piers. These transepts alone furnished a space almost equal to that of nave and choir in most of our cathedrals, and their effect was heightened by the views along aisles which, disproportioned according to Dean Milman, exhibited pretty much the proportions of those of Westminster. When we remember further that the eye, led eastward along the boundless perspective of this splendid church, rested on a rose window far more beautiful than those which still delight us in the transepts of Westminster, and filling up with seven tall and graceful lancets the whole eastern end, we may form some notion of the magnificence of a building which the citizens of London regarded with enthu-

siastic fondness and pride. Throughout the church might be seen the more elaborate or more simple tombs of princes and bishops, of judges and statesmen, some covered by gorgeous and fretted canopies, rivalling those beneath which Plantagenets rest at Westminster and Gloucester. As we mark the exquisite simplicity of its plan, leaving the eye free to range over all its vast extent, fancy may picture to itself the gorgeous spectacles here exhibited to the men of London when Arthur of England plighted his troth to Katharine of Spain, or when, amidst a magnificent array of prelates and abbots, Fisher preached by command of the Pope against the damnable heresies of Martin Luther. Nor can it be said that the exterior of this great fabric, as it stood in the days of Wolsey and Warham, was unworthy of the splendid perspective within. Dean Milman speaks of its low, square, somewhat clumsy tower, and of its spire as tall indeed, but built merely of woodwork and lead. This low and clumsy tower rose to a height of 235 feet on a square with sides 50 feet in length, and exhibited externally three two-light windows each 60 feet high, above which rose another story lighted by a similar range of windows of less than half that height. There can be little doubt that this central tower was internally a lantern, like the angel tower at Canterbury, and that it was open, if not to the base of the spire, yet at least to the stringcourse above the first range of windows. But Old St. Paul's had greatly the advantage of the Metropolitan church. The low arches with the fretted walls above them thrust between the great piers of the tower not merely clog the view of the lantern at Canterbury, but injure, if they do not destroy, the general effect of the whole building. At St. Paul's the necessary support for the tower and spire was obtained by means of flying buttresses visible externally, a simple and straightforward method which by no means impaired the beauty of the fabric generally. These buttresses furnished to Wren a strong argument for the condemnation of the tower. Mr. Longman cites, from Wren's proposal to the Commissioners before the great fire, the sentences in which, having noted the great inequality of the bays of the choir nearest to the tower,* he criticises still more severely the buttresses, which, rising one on the back of another on three

* P. 24. According to the plan there are no irregularities in the width of the bays of the choir, except in the fifth bay. This, being wider than the rest, probably marks, as Mr. Longman states, p. 8, the junction between the first portion, the choir proper, commenced in 1222, and the compartments added eastward of it in 1255.

sides, the fourth being wanting, are so irregular as to make the tower from top to bottom and the next adjacent part a heap of deformities. From this it would appear that one set of buttresses had fallen down; it is incredible that so large a mass should have been left lacking support at one of its angles. It is, indeed, not only possible but likely that the state of the fabric at the time may have fully justified the severity of Wren's remarks; but the author of this volume, far from regarding the tower as a heap of deformities, thinks that 'the 'pinnacles and bold flying buttresses must have formed a very 'striking feature. It is not likely that they were parts of 'the original design, but were added, as Wren intimates, 'during the progress of the building to strengthen the failing 'tower walls; and if so, we must admire the skill with which 'the awkwardness of the "prop" was made an integral feature 'of the composition. At Gloucester, Salisbury, and in other 'examples the flying arches pass through the clerestories, 'without showing much outside.'* If, again, the materials employed in the spire of Old St. Paul's enabled the architects to raise the steeple to a height only a little less than that of Antwerp or of Strasburg (these being, it must be remembered, on towers solid from the base), the superiority of this method over the more ponderous mass of stone, which at Salisbury imperils the whole fabric, seems to be conclusively established. Mr. Longman justly praises this spire, with the tower on which it rested, as 'culminating points of the composition,' and denies that the use of lead as a covering must necessarily cause poverty of effect. 'Lead,' he says, 'is even more capable 'of ornamentation than the stubborn material, stone, used by 'architects in such cases; and from Dugdale's remarks it is 'clear that the lead-covered roof of St. Paul's was much 'admired. On the Continent, steeples covered with lead are 'more common, and sometimes furnish beautiful examples of 'lead-work.'

In short, whether within or without, Old St. Paul's stood among the first of the churches of Christendom. The setting of the spire on the tower may have been too severely simple, and the western front † may have exhibited a stern plainness

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* P. 36. Whether it be worth while to take so much trouble in order to support a tower rising out from a building beneath it, is a distinct question; but we may note that the buttresses of St. Paul seemed to have so far answered their purpose that no supporting walls were needed internally.

† Mr. Ferrey's elevation of this front exhibits no towers. This

which carried with it a strong temptation to Renaissance architects to try their hands at embellishing it. But no other part of the building lacked a sufficiency of richness, while certainly in no part was the ornamentation overdone. The transept fronts in their chastened gracefulness were no unworthy rivals of those of Beverley, while the chapter-house, small though it was, was perhaps unmatched, even among English chapter-houses, in elegance and beauty.

But although Old St. Paul's stood until the great fire swept over the city, it had undergone since the days of Bonner and Ridley changes which had not a little altered its character. The soaring steeple, the pride and glory of the building, was gone, and the tower which had supported it was practically a ruin. The lightning flash which struck the spire in 1561, setting the woodwork in a blaze and sending down the metal of the bells in a stream of liquid fire upon the church below, was but a precursor of the greater conflagration which awaited it a century later. No attempt was made to remedy this mischief. There was enough and more than enough to do, if the body of the church was to be made fit again for its sacred purposes. On all sides the flames, bursting from the tower, had travelled along the roofs which, falling into the church, filled it with masses of ruin. The work of restoration was taken in hand; but it went on so slowly and so imperfectly that sixty years later King James I. went in state to the Cathedral, in the hope of kindling the charity of his subjects. Not many months later a Royal Commission was appointed for considering all necessary measures, and for raising funds; and among the members of this commission was Inigo Jones, Surveyor of his Majesty's Works. This appointment made it clear that

omission is intentional, because there is no evidence that the turrets represented in Hollar's plate as flanking the portico of Inigo Jones were built by him on the foundations of larger towers. In the early editions of Stow mention is made of two towers, the one on the southern side adjoining St. Gregory's church being known as the Lollards' Tower, and used as a prison. Mr. Longman thinks that the turrets figured by Hollar do not deserve the description of 'a strong tower of 'stone,' and are hardly large enough to be used as a prison; but this is perhaps doubtful. The towers, such as they were, were probably sixteenth century work; and it is unlikely that the old church had any western towers. Like Salisbury, Old St. Paul's, we can scarcely doubt, would have been far better without them. The Lichfield type is not suited to churches of the first magnitude, in which the pyramidal effect can be given only by a single tower and steeple brought into no comparison with humbler rivals.

restoration did not in this case mean a return to ancient forms. Such a course was not thought of; and probably no feeling of regret was felt, as, by way of adorning the building, the network of tracery disappeared from the windows, leaving great chasms in the naked walls, which were stripped of their flying buttresses and pinnacles, while heavy bands of stone took the place of the open parapets which had been carried round the whole length of the roof. The chapter-house, shorn of its high-pitched octagonal roof, alone remained to tell of a 'manner' of building, as it was termed, which had received its death-blow. The rose window in the gable of the western front shared the fate of all the rest, while beneath it arose a portico of sixteen Corinthian columns, 66 feet in height, surmounted by a rusticated parapet in place of a pediment. Thus renewed, the building exhibited, in Dean Milman's words, a dull, flat uniformity,* except on the western front where the utmost splendour of Renaissance forms struggled with the utterly alien outlines of the old Romanesque church. Jones, in the judgment of Horace Walpole, had made two capital faults; the first being that he had renewed the sides with very bad Gothic (although it is hard indeed to see how this term could be applied to any part of his work), the second that he had 'added 'a Roman portico, magnificent and beautiful indeed, but which 'had no affinity with the ancient parts that remained.' In a very interesting chapter on curious customs connected with Old St. Paul's, Mr. Longman describes the several uses to which the building was put and which involved a vast amount of abominable and shameless profanation. The thieves had entered into and taken possession of the temple, and the portico of Inigo Jones was, in Dean Milman's words, 'a sort of 'compromise with the money-changers, who were at least 'ejected from the church itself, though it might be impractica-'ble to expel them entirely from its precincts.'

Frightful as was the disaster which befell the city of London in 1666, we can scarcely regret that it sealed the doom of the great church which Inigo Jones had sought to beautify under the auspices of Laud. Even before the great catastrophe Wren, on being appointed to the Commission issued in 1663, had urged, not merely the need of completing the Cathedral 'after a good Roman manner,' instead of 'the Gothic rudeness 'of the old design,' but the great advantage which would be gained for the church both within and without 'by cutting off 'the inner corners of the cross, to reduce this middle part to a

* Annals of St. Paul's, p. 336.

'spacious dome or rotundo, with a cupola or hemispherical roof.' The design which embodied this idea is given among the illustrations which, as accurate as they are beautiful, enable the reader to test every statement in these pages; but while it shows how great a work Wren could produce if left wholly to the guidance of his own genius, it also shows that nothing but dissatisfaction could in the long run be the result of combinations which could be compared, in the words of Horace, only to monstrosities in which a human head rested on a horse's neck. That Wren could look with any feelings of real admiration on such a fabric as that of Old St. Paul's was a sheer impossibility. All that for years past had been done in the way of restoration had been in the direction to which his own taste and inclination led him; and even if the building had retained all the grandeur of the time when the Spanish Philip worshipped within its walls, his keen eye would have been quicker to discern its defects than its merits. What is called bad work may be found in every old English building, in the most sumptuous scarcely less often than in the meanest. Pier-arch mouldings awkwardly turned, guiding-lines not always strictly followed, walls not raised with mathematical exactness, may be seen in Salisbury and Exeter, in Ely or in York; and Mr. Longman is justified in asserting that Wren's 'remarks charging the builders of Old St. Paul's with faulty 'construction must be considered overstrained when we reflect 'that the Cathedral had stood for four hundred years, and that 'many parts of its walls required gunpowder and battering-'rams to destroy them' (p. 22). The building was, beyond doubt, far stronger than Wren had taken it to be; and the work of renovation would probably have involved fewer dangers than he anticipated. That no such attempt was seriously made is not a cause for regret; but a strange comment on Wren's own censures is furnished by the description of the mast, forty feet long, armed with a great iron spike, and fortified with bars and ferrels, which for a whole day the despairing workmen hurled against a single spot in the wall without producing any visible effect. On the second day it was seen to tremble at the top, but some hours passed before it fell: and yet this wall had been subjected to as fierce a fire as any which has ever laid cities in ashes. Wren used this machine for beating down the rest of the walls.

So passed away a structure which, whatever may have been its merits or its defects, was unquestionably the work of Englishmen building not after this or that 'manner,' but following the order which in their own day they found

established—working, nevertheless, not servilely, but carrying out to their logical results, whether for good or for evil, the principles on which their predecessors had acted already. Of the cost of this building we know nothing, of the builders scarcely more, and on the designs we cannot lay our hands. The task of designing the structure which was to take its place was entrusted to one man. By him were made a series of drawings, illustrating with singular clearness the course in which a great idea is brought to perfection; * and these drawings, as exhibiting the growth of the idea, possess, we should suppose, a value which it would not be easy to exaggerate. We may not regard the St. Paul's of our own day as an absolutely faultless structure; but the question whether the

* The genius of Wren is not called into question, if we take exception to Evelyn's statement that the cupola was 'a form of church 'building not as yet known in England, but of wonderful grace.' The ignorance implied in these words is, in truth, to adopt Dean Milman's phrase, singularly characteristic of the times. (Annals of St. Paul's, p. 398.) In 1665 Wren made a journey to France; but his diary says nothing 'about the matchless French cathedrals—Amiens, Rheims, 'Chartres, Rouen, or even of what he could not but see, Notre Dame 'of Paris. He studied with great care the Louvre, Versailles, and 'describes them with felicitous judgment, as also St. Germains, Fon-'tainebleau, and the "incomparable villas" in the neighbourhood of 'Paris. Of any church he is silent.' In fact his eye was open only to forms of a certain kind; and the same partiality removed from the horizon of Evelyn's vision that great dome of Ely, than which Mr. Fergusson doubts whether in the whole range of Gothic architecture, either here or on the Continent, there exists a feature more beautiful. Alan of Walsingham alone, in his judgment, 'seems to have conceived 'the idea of abolishing what was in fact the bathos of the style—the 'narrow tall opening of the central tower which, though possessing 'exaggerated height, gave neither space nor dignity internally to the 'central feature of the design. By the arrangement which he adopted 'a central area was obtained more than three times the extent of that 'originally existing; and, more than this, propriety and poetry of 'design which are not to be found elsewhere.' (*History of Architecture*, ii. 16.) His remarks on this structure in his 'History of Modern 'Architecture,' p. 269, are even more emphatic in their praise. The octagon of Ely is, in truth, a real dome, which by removing the upper octagon, which rises as a louvre above it, would be almost perfect: but some details of this portion of the church might be severely criticised for poverty of design, if not of execution. The comparative failure is perhaps not much to be regretted; but the degree in which success has been achieved must be taken into account in discussing the beauties or faults of the great works, whether of Wren, of Bramante, or San Gallo.

excellence of a building arises from the idea which brought it into life becomes one of supreme importance at a time when architectural forms, and the possibility of developing new architectural styles, are subjects of almost fierce controversy. If our judgment on any matters is to be worth anything, it must be not only clearly expressed, but also in accordance with facts; and these qualifications are especially needed in treating of a state of things which is confessedly unsatisfactory. The buildings raised at the present day are raised in different styles; but that the workmanship of the details belonging to these styles is wrought with a care and exactness equal to that of the time which marks the palmiest days of these styles, there can, we believe, be no doubt at all. It is quite possible that this detail may be misapplied, the ornament overloaded, and the design itself pretentious or ill-suited to its purpose: but the question is whether we should remedy present evils and achieve greater success if we insisted that for future buildings there should be no designs at all.

That this is the course which should be adopted, if we wish to keep English art from sinking continually to lower depths of degradation, we are gravely assured by some who profess to speak with authority, and who draw pictures of society in the middle ages for which we should be glad to find adequate historical evidence. The point thus raised is one of supreme importance. Whatever may be the quality of the work, there are faults in the architectural practice of the age to which we cannot blind our eyes. A dozen successive buildings may exhibit forms which had their origin in Italy, Germany, Lombardy, France, Aquitaine, or elsewhere, by the side of others which may more strictly deserve to be called English. These buildings, again, in spite of a lavish abundance of ornamentation, may exhibit a miserable poverty of design, or the design may be utterly unsuited to the purposes for which the building is required. There may be mere pretentiousness where there should be dignity, and an apparent display of the ingenuity and cleverness of the architect where the thought of the workman should be lost in admiration of the excellence of his work. All this we may readily admit and deplore; we may even allow that the Quarterly Reviewer has been not much too severe in his scathing criticism of the Midland Railway Terminus.* The superabundance of polished granite and carved stone throughout the structure may be a ludicrous blunder. The eye may be 'constantly troubled and tormented, and the

* Quarterly Review, April 1872, p. 302.

'mechanical patterns follow one another with such rapidity 'and perseverance, that the mind becomes irritated where it 'ought to be gratified, and goaded to criticism where it should 'be led calmly to approve.' There may be ample ground for irritation when we find an elaboration worthy of a palace 'used as an advertising medium for bagmen's bedrooms and the 'costly discomforts of a terminus hotel.'* All this may prove that the architect has wofully misapprehended the nature of his work; but the question is whether the evils now complained of would have been avoided if the task of raising a suitable terminus station had been left altogether in the hands of masons, carpenters, paviours, and glaziers,—in other words, whether the guidance of a single mind be or be not necessary. Not only is the necessity of this guidance denied by the Quarterly Reviewer, but we are assured that to this guidance may be traced all the faults of modern practice. In the olden time, we are told, workmen were employed 'whose delight 'was in the product of their own skill, and with whom the 'employer was in constant and familiar intercourse. The 'style of work was national and as well understood by the 'people as their own language. People no more thought of 'building in "styles" than of talking in "tongues." The 'mason could build simply for a cottage or gloriously for a 'cathedral. His perfect familiarity with his work, his good 'sense and cultivated imagination, *were his only guides*; and to 'these plain working men, whom our modern architects are 'very proud to imitate, we are indebted for the chief remain-'ing glories of the middle ages. . . . The Panathenaic frieze '*appears to be* the direct expression of the chisel without even 'previous modelling. . . . So in our old churches and 'cathedrals, *the design was obviously done by the workman*; 'in fact, there is no record of design at all. The work was '"built" or the stone was "cut," and that included what we 'call the design.'† This thesis is illustrated by a political history not altogether like that of the contemporary writers from the times of the Conquest onwards. The massive Norman is supposed to exhibit the crushing power of the conquering race. The Early English work of the twelfth century is 'a symptom of the rising spirit of the working men,' and attests the reviving happiness of the nation, which culminated under the Edwards. 'The workmen then were quite at ease. 'They worked among intelligent and sympathising friends.

* Quarterly Review, April 1872, p. 302.
† Ibid., p. 305.

'The clergy, who were the main dispensers of the surplus income of the nation, were men of the people, and they planned and built in a dignified and manly way. Even when in the course of the fifteenth century mere commercial wealth became a predominating influence, and the workman was gradually sinking, as the man of trade rose higher in the financial world, the churchmen still maintained the architectural dignity of their order, until at last the tide of luxury swept merit all away, and the Italian fashion took its place.'*

We believe all this to be romance, and romance of a very dangerous kind. Not only is the course of architectural development represented as depending wholly on the discomforts or happiness of a people, but the possibility that there may have been other causes at work is quietly put out of sight, and we are left to infer, if we please, that old English work might have gone on for an indefinite time, either in its latest or in some fresh phases, if the growing luxury of the nation had not sealed its doom. In this respect the Quarterly Reviewer agrees remarkably with Mr. Fergusson, who throughout his volumes on the history of architecture is not less vehement in his condemnation of what he terms copying, although he nowhere uses the Reviewer's language of infinite contempt for the architectural profession generally. These opinions we have combated more than once,† and we can but repeat our conviction that they stand on no evidence of facts, but that rather they so distort facts as to be thoroughly deceptive. There is no proof that the workmanship of the Romanesque churches is in its kind less good than that of the styles known as the Lancet and the Second Pointed; nor can we say that continuous or perpendicular work is in itself worse than that of the earlier styles. We have insisted that from first to last there is a philosophical sequence between the several styles until the rise or intrusion of the Renaissance, and that this inseparable connexion rendered any other course than that which they actually took inevitable. We have maintained that the genuine architecture of the round arch, to which we give the names of Romanesque or Norman, led inevitably to the adoption of the pointed arch, and that the use of the pointed arch necessarily developed two styles, the idea of the former consisting in the production of unity by the subordination of parts retaining their independent existence, that of the latter in the produc-

* Quarterly Review, April 1872, p. 315.

† Edinburgh Review, January 1857, Art. IV., and July 1863, Art. III.

tion of unity by the fusion of parts. We have said that these two ideas, with the transitional stages leading from one to the other, explain the whole course of English architecture from times preceding the building of Waltham Abbey to the erection of Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster; that the real point of separation was reached, and the downward course, if such it must be termed, begun, when geometrical forms were abandoned for the flowing; and that when the lines of flowing tracery were superseded by perpendicular lines, the course of English architecture reached its close. It had no further ideas to work out, and no safeguard remained against the introduction of foreign styles. It is true that as the English builders drew nearer and nearer to the goal, the weakening of the idea from which the flowing and continuous English styles had sprung gradually impoverished their conceptions and debased their workmanship; but the death-blow was given, not by the growth of luxury, but by the lack of any fresh ideas which might lead them into new paths.

We do not, therefore, for a moment admit that our great buildings sprang up at hap-hazard, as the result of conferences between workmen of various kinds employed upon them. It is simply impossible, in the absence of the clearest evidence to the contrary, to believe this of such a building as Salisbury Cathedral,—a structure which is as manifestly the conception of a single mind as the Octagon of Ely is the work of Alan of Walsingham. Unfortunately, the criticism of the Quarterly Reviewer, and in a less degree that of Mr. Fergusson, involves a fatal temptation to manipulate facts; nor can we be surprised if with such methods facts become or seem to become elastic. If a building clearly shows in all its parts fertility of genius as well as excellence of workmanship, it is easy to represent it as the production of an age when art was really living, and when all the workmen wrought out in exquisite gracefulness and propriety of detail the notion sketched out roughly or perhaps barely outlined by the master mind among them. If another structure exhibits rather a rigid regularity of parts and an unbroken uniformity of plan, it is not less easy to ascribe it to an age when the independent alliance or partnership of workmen had been weakened by the rise of a class resembling the professional architects of our own day. In short, there is no end to the inconsistencies and contradictions into which critics may not be led, when they judge by standards of their own making; and so in fact we find it. The Quarterly Reviewer, starting with a feeling of contempt, or at least of extreme suspicion, for all designs by professional architects,

naturally judges buildings more severely in proportion as they approach a studied regularity of parts, and his dissatisfaction therefore necessarily becomes greatest when he has to speak of the Cathedral of Cologne. With him this building is 'a favour-'able and emphatic specimen of the highest style of profes-'sional work.' 'The original design,' he adds, 'made at a time 'when art became stagnant and composers had begun to take 'the lead, has been discovered and for the most part faithfully 'followed; and shortly we may see completed here the biggest, 'tallest, most uninteresting Gothic cathedral in the world,— 'the very climax of scholastic work.'* This design belongs to an age but a little later than that which produced Westminster Abbey or the Cathedral of Amiens, an age which he has described as the very paradise of the workmen; but because it exhibits too much of mathematical precision we are at once assured that art had become stagnant. The criticism in its general tone is strangely like that of Mr. Fergusson, who speaks of the design as 'so mathematically perfect that not one little corner 'is left for poetry,' and consequently as 'infinitely less inter-'esting than many buildings of far less pretensions:'† but here the resemblance ends. Far from being built at a time when art had become stagnant, it has, in Mr. Fergusson's belief, 'the 'advantage of having been designed exactly at the best age;' and far from being the 'climax of scholastic work,' it is 'a noble 'conception of a mason,' that is of a workman, the porches of Rheims, Chartres, and Wells being the works of artists in the 'highest sense of the words,' that is, we suppose, of men who had made architecture their profession.

We are fully justified, not only in making our escape from this labyrinth of inconsistent assertions, if not of real contradictions, but in asserting that the great buildings of the middle ages are as much the fruit of deliberate and well-prepared design as New St. Paul's is the work of Christopher Wren. The graceful ease or the mathematical stiffness of different structures may be readily accounted for by the differences between one mind and another; nor is the originality or the strength of Wren's genius called into question, because he chose to follow, as he termed it, the Roman manner,—in other words, to adopt forms which were not English. Wren had a work to do; and 'throughout Christendom,' as Dean Milman rightly insists, 'the feeling, the skill, the tradition of Gothic 'architecture had entirely died out.'‡ If we are to believe

* Quarterly Review, April 1872, p. 332.

† History of Architecture, i. 616.

‡ Annals of St. Paul's, p. 336.

Mr. Fergusson, they have not yet been revived: and Gothic and Classical forms are alike condemned as shifts to which none but copyists would resort. But in place of censures which seem to block up every path, it would be more considerate if Mr. Fergusson would tell us what road he would have wished Wren to take, or what course he would desire our architects to follow now. Happily, Wren's mind was made up at once; and we may rejoice that no attempt was made to introduce any so-called Gothic detail into the design for his great Cathedral.* From the first the idea of a mighty dome brooding over a vast

* Mr. Longman appeals to the evidence of Wren's works as showing that, 'however much he may have shared the prejudices of the day as 'regards minor forms and details, he had thoroughly mastered the 'principles of Gothic composition.' (P. 22.) This appears to us to be a rash statement; for can anyone be said to have mastered the principles of a style, whose buildings fail to display really good workmanship in the details of that style? Wren built certain churches which may justify us in saying that he had caught the general spirit of old English outlines, but certainly not one which exhibits the perfection of old English detail; nor can anything more than this be meant by the assertion that 'Wren built the tower of the church of 'St. Dunstan's in the East, and of St. Michael's, Cornhill, in the Gothic 'style.' (P. 85.) It is no disparagement to Wren to say that all his so-called Gothic work would in the eyes of Alan of Walsingham and William of Wykeham have appeared utterly contemptible; and Wren, in turn, would have been the last man to allow that the bungling attempts of mediæval builders to turn out a genuine Corinthian capital would deserve anything better than a severe condemnation. It would be as reasonable to compare the incipient Ionic capitals dug out of the ruins of Khorsabad with the piers of the Erechtheion as to place the Gothic details of Wren by the side of the exquisite mouldings and living foliage which delight the eye in the minsters of Beverley, York, Lincoln, or Ely. But that Wren, had he lived at the present time, 'would have been, not only the greatest Classic but the 'greatest Gothic architect of the day,' is very possible. No one work which came from his hand fails to exhibit marks of genius, although some may betray tokens of haste and negligence. But it is no praise to so great a man to ascribe to him a knowledge to which he laid no claim. All who have made the English architecture of the Middle Ages the subject of serious study know that the foundations of this study must be laid in an accurate acquaintance with the mouldings of the several styles; and of these mouldings Wren knew nothing. The best 'Gothic' of the eighteenth century is to the genuine mediæval work but as the feeble and uncertain outlines of a child compared with the elaborate picture of a consummate artist. The greatness of Wren's reputation can never be dimmed by a candid acknowledgment of his deficiencies.

assemblage of worshippers, an idea realised only as yesterday, floated before his imagination. This notion he had sought to work out even before the great fire, while no thought was entertained of doing more than patching up the old building; but it passed through many forms before the first stone of the new work was laid. His second and favourite design may still be seen in the model preserved at Kensington, if the term may be used when negligence or violence has deprived it of the magnificent portico, at once more majestic and more beautiful than that which Inigo Jones had reared before the western doors of Old St. Paul's. In spite of this very splendid feature this design cannot be compared externally with the immeasurably more dignified structure which now rests on the summit of Ludgate Hill. Internally it would have been, we can scarcely doubt, far more beautiful, as being throughout thoroughly harmonious. But although the clergy had no desire to retain the details of the old churches, it was not so easy to break the traditions associated with the Latin cross. The second design of Wren was practically a Byzantine cupola with the strange difference that the circular apses surrounding the dome, as in the great church of Justinian, are shorn away, concave quarter circles appearing externally in their place. It is possible that a form so unusual, it may perhaps be said so unpleasing, may have made the clergy less inclined to its adoption; but the objection of the Dean and Chapter was grounded on the fact that the model was 'not enough of a Cathedral fashion, to instance 'particularly in that the Quire was designed circular,' and that there were no aisles or naves.* The design which was subsequently approved by Charles II. as 'very artificial, proper, 'and useful,' might, if it had been the first framed by Wren, have gone far towards shaking faith in his genius. Happily, the warrant of approval gave him licence to make variations, 'rather ornamental than essential, as from time to time he 'should see proper;' and still more happily Wren availed himself of this licence to make alterations so essential that the building now existing resembles the approved design scarcely more than it resembles Old St. Paul's.

Of these several designs (and their number is very large) Mr. Longman has carefully and patiently given the history, while many of them are illustrated both by plans and by sectional and perspective drawings; and in the case of most of them he has further cited the remarks, whether in the way of praise or blame, made in reference to them by architectural

* P. 110.

critics. One of the intermediate designs is singularly instructive, as showing how the genius of Wren hit upon a mode of supporting domes, (never adopted in Europe, but by no means unknown in the East,) by which the arches of the pendentives intersect one another and form a mass of masonry stable in itself and capable of counteracting any thrust from the pressure of the dome. In most European domes, Mr. Fergusson remarks, huge masses thrown on the haunches hide the external form, 'a singularly clumsy expedient in every respect, compared with the elegant mode of hanging the weight inside.' But this method, for whatever reason, was abandoned in favour of another which shows in a degree not less striking the consummate mechanical genius of Wren. The feeling of the time required him to raise his outer dome* to a height which, allowing for its mightier mass, might be compared with that of the steeple which had once soared upward from the same spot. This height could not be made to harmonise with Wren's internal designs, and he resolved accordingly to support his outer dome with its heavy stone lantern on a cone rising from the order on which he raised the inner dome. This order consists of thirty-two Corinthian pilasters, which assuredly appear at the present time to converge to a centre at some point about four or five diameters above the base of the Whispering Gallery. The effect is singularly disagreeable; but Mr. Fergusson asserts that this seeming convergence is caused by a real departure from the perpendicular, the cone which supports the outer shell being thus, in fact, continued below the drum of the internal dome. Regarding the introduction of this cone as 'a masterstroke of mechanical skill,' he adds that 'there is 'perhaps no instance in monumental architecture where the 'mechanical exigencies have been allowed so completely to 'govern the artistic as this, and we cannot but feel that we are 'verging so nearly on the limit of stability as to give rise to a

* Too much has, perhaps, been said about this covering of the inner dome of St. Paul's. It may, or may not, be better that, as in Justinian's church at Constantinople, the dome seen from without should be the vault beheld from within; and if this be a praise it must be conceded with but slight qualification to the dome of St. Peter's at Rome. But it seems unreasonable to condemn an architect for giving an outer roof not concentric with his internal vault, unless all buildings having an outer roof over an inner ceiling are to be condemned impartially. On this score no architects have been greater offenders than those of the middle ages, thirty, forty, and fifty feet sometimes intervening between the outer ridge of the roof and the inner vault of the church.

'feeling either of falsehood or insecurity utterly destructive of 'all grandeur in the building.'* It is not easy to see why Wren should thus deliberately mar the most magnificent portion of his work, by a device which, as he must have felt, would obtrude itself painfully on the eyes of all spectators; but Dean Milman cites the opinion of Mr. Penrose—an opinion to which we must attach the greatest weight—that this seeming leaning forward is merely the optical effect produced by the comparison with the architecture of Thornhill's paintings, which throws them forwards.† The opinion concerns a plain matter of fact; but if Mr. Penrose be right, Mr. Fergusson is wholly without excuse for inserting in his 'History' a half-section and half-elevation of the dome, in which the walls of the order are represented as converging towards the base of the cone. It is clear that Mr. Penrose could not have given this opinion, had he been aware of measurements which would convict him of error; and without the authority of measurements Mr. Fergusson's section is not merely worthless but mischievous. But if this almost matchless dome is thus marred by no fault of the architect, an argument of irresistible force is furnished for the immediate removal of paintings which, whatever may be their intrinsic merit, are in their present position simply offensive. In the later judgment of Dean Milman the whole was an egregious mistake, and the cost and labour expended on their restoration a subject of deep regret. When we remember, further, that the employment of Sir James Thornhill was against Wren's expressed wishes, we may surely hope that these disfigurements may not long remain to vex the eye of all beholders. Dean Milman has passed upon them an emphatic condemnation.

'To paint a cupola,' he insists, 'nothing less was required than the free, delicate, accurate touch, the brilliant colour, the air and translucence, of Correggio. Instead of lifting the sight and thought heavenwards, Thornhill's work, with its opaque and ponderous masses, lies like a weight upon the eye and mind. It was a fatal fashion of the times; no ceiling was allowed its proper elevation; it was brought down by heavy masses of painting—

'"Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre."'

Indeed, we much doubt whether the task of bringing St. Paul's into the condition in which Wren longed and would have rejoiced to see it can be very considerably advanced,

* History of Modern Architecture, p. 271.

† Annals of St. Paul's, p. 441. It is unfortunate that Mr. Longman's work gives no section of this part of the dome.

until all existing blots and disfigurements shall have been removed. Foremost among these are Thornhill's pictures; but scarcely less destructive of the general effect of Wren's design is the heavy and opaque colouring laid on upon the order round the apse, filling as with impenetrable blackness the deep recesses of the eastern windows, and effectually marring the general effect of the choir for spectators standing near the western door.* The removal of this paint is indispensably necessary for the decision of a further question by which the future appearance of St. Paul's must in great part be determined. The great need of the church, especially in the atmosphere of London, is light; and for this purpose it would have been better if these eastern windows could have been widely splayed within. But not only are the arched recesses darkened with black green colour; the windows themselves have been filled with Munich glass. In Mr. Longman's opinion this was a fatal step; but although for the reasons given we must suspend our judgment, it would be unfair to withhold the forcible arguments adduced in support of his conclusions:—

'The great want of the interior of the cathedral, after light, is colour. Colour, in a Classical as opposed to a Gothic building, must, inevitably, be given by one of three methods—viz., either by painting, by marble, or by mosaic. It is not for me here to offer an opinion as to which of these three methods is the best; but it is clear that colour must be given by two, and possibly, to some small extent, by all of the three. That is, colour must come from appliances to the interior, and not from the exterior. It seems necessarily to follow from this that no strong colour should be admitted from the windows, and that the light admitted through them should be lessened as little as practicable. Pure white unadorned glass in little squares is mean, cold, and wretched; but it is probable that it would not be difficult to devise some delicate colour for the glass with which the windows are filled, that would harmonise with, and even heighten the beauty of, the colours of the interior. Whether, in order to relieve them from the monotony of unadorned colour, it would be desirable to decorate them with figures, architecture, or some kind of ornaments, is a question for the architect.' †

* The miserable painting in the apse, in imitation of veined marble, was done at the rate of 4*s.* a yard, while the wretched sham of the 'fluted pilasters, painted with ultramarine and veined with gold,' cost 160*l.* (P. 145.)

† P. 157. It must further be remembered that, all praises of modern stained glass notwithstanding, the mediæval art of painting in glass has not been recovered. Nor can it be denied that this ignorance of the ancient methods stands as seriously in the way of all plans for the

Mr. Longman adds that, according to the intention of Dean Milman and his Committee the use of Munich glass was to be rigidly limited to the east and west ends, and to the ends of the two transepts; and it is just the wisdom of this decision on which we feel ourselves unable to express a positive opinion, so long as the apsidal windows remain surrounded by their deep black borders. The objections urged against the eastern windows apply with greatly diminished force to Mr. Brown's window over the great western doorway, and possibly under different conditions of local colour might be removed altogether.

The chapters in which Mr. Longman examines the several portions of Wren's great achievement, taking in detail the remarks made by critics whose judgments have any claims to respect, are among the most excellent and useful parts of his work. But we need notice here only those which bear practically on work yet to be done in order to make St. Paul's what Wren desired to make it. It is possible that the effect of the dome would have been finer if it had been placed on four instead of eight arches, or if it had been allowed to spring from the stringcourse above the Whispering Gallery, and lighted at the base; or, again, that the body of the church would have been better with a barrel vault like that of St. Peter's at Rome in place of the series of small flat domes, which in Mr. Fergusson's judgment are confused and inartistic. Wren's work is not faultless; but there is no use in discussing defects the remedying of which would interfere with and perhaps destroy his main fabric. But one or two objections, at least, are of another kind, and deserve very careful consideration. Mr. Fergusson, we can scarcely doubt, is fully justified in asserting that, as at St. Peter's in Rome, the pier-arches are too few to give perspective effect.* Four bays in the nave and choir have taken the place of the twelve which extended their long vista in Old St. Paul's; the five bays in each of the transepts of the former cathedral have been reduced to two: and to this defect at least it can scarcely be said that Wren was sufficiently awake. The side chapels attached to the westernmost bays of the nave formed no part of his original design, and were added, we are told, by the influence of the Duke of York and his party, to the great vexation of Wren, who shed tears as he spoke of 'the pre-

adornment of our ancient buildings as of the decoration of our modern structures.

* History of Modern Architecture, p. 272.

'judice they would create.' The Duke insisted on their being inserted, and he was obliged to give way. Whatever may have been James's motive, the result is most happy. No one can stand in the northern or morning chapel without feeling the great beauty of the building in itself, and without admiring the exquisite perspective across the columnar piers of this portion of the nave to the consistory court on the southern side. But if many may regret that the same vista cannot be seen in other parts of the building, and may think that the extension of lateral perspective would be the crowning glory of the church, there are probably few who would agree to the removal of these chapels as excrescences, because externally they interfere with the longitudinal elevations, destroying, it is urged, the independence of the towers, and obliterating their vertical emphasis.* It is enough to say that we cannot part with any integral portion of Wren's work; but the case is altered if without such a sacrifice we can add to its beauty and remove some of its defects. Wren's great fault in the lower part of his design externally arose, Mr. Fergusson insists, and we think with good reason, from his 'not accepting frankly 'the mediæval arrangement of a clerestory and side aisles. If 'his aisle had projected beyond the line of the upper storey 'there would at once have been an obvious and imperative 'reason for the adoption of two orders, one over the other, 'which has been so much criticised. Supposing it were even 'now determined to fill up the interval between the propylæa 'and the transept [i.e. to extend the walls of the western 'chapels eastwards] the whole would be reduced to harmony; 'it would hide the windows in the pedestals of the upper 'niches, which are one of the great blots in the design; and 'by giving greater simplicity and breadth to the lower storey, 'the whole would obtain that repose in which it is somewhat 'deficient.'† Mr. Fergusson's words, taken in their strict sense, would seem to urge the erection of a sham wall resembling that which now exhibits the upper order, and which, as serving to hide the flying buttresses behind it, has been both highly praised and severely condemned. The multiplication of such devices, if he meant no more, is not greatly to be desired; but if this wall were made the wall of an aisle by the piercing of the northern and southern walls of the nave between the western chapels and the transepts, the general effect

* This opinion of Mr. Wightwick is cited by Mr. Longman, p. 164.
† History of Architecture, p. 272.

of this already grand church would unquestionably be rendered twice as grand and impressive. It would at once gain that infinity of perspective which is the glory of Westminster and others of our greatest churches; and this again would involve no marring of Wren's work, or the introduction of a single detail which may not be found in the building already. Of all the changes which may be suggested by way of improvement there is none which is so urgently called for as this, or which may be carried out with greater ease and safety. We can but express an earnest hope that Mr. Fergusson's suggestion may in this shape become a reality.

With double aisles, thus enhancing the majesty of the nave, and rid of the disfigurements which mar the beauty of the dome and choir, the church would at once assume a form more nearly realising the idea which filled the mind of its great architect. There would then remain that last and possibly not much less costly work of completing its 'adornment,' for which Wren yearned with a longing never to be gratified. With a fortune rare, perhaps unexampled, in the history of architecture, he had himself laid, or witnessed the laying of, the last stone in that vast fabric to which his mind alone had given shape, and whose growth he had watched with all the fond and untiring care of the most zealous even of mediæval builders. Thirty-two years had sufficed to raise the mighty mass from its foundations, to complete the costly carvings in nave, transepts, and choir, and to rear on its gigantic arches the great dome in proportions which judges of all schools have praised as faultless. But they had not sufficed to prevent the growth of mean and malignant feelings towards the great architect, on the part of men to whose gratitude above all others Wren had established his title by the devoted labour of a lifetime. Such a work as his had, perhaps, never been achieved in a single generation; and because it had not been achieved with a rapidity still more marvellous, he had been charged with delaying its progress from interested motives, and fined by the withholding of a moiety of the paltry pittance which was to be the recompense of his genius and his toil. Nor were these the last changes or troubles in his wonderful life. Eight years after the finishing of the great church, Wren was rewarded by dismissal from the office of Surveyor of Public Works; and the old man departed to spend the rest of his days within sight of another of his great works at Hampton Court. For five years more he was carried once in each year to look again on the splendid church which owed its existence to his genius. With a serene satisfaction, which

with Dean Milman we may well call sublimely pathetic, he contemplated its great dome, or allowed his eye to wander along the retreating lines of its nave and choir. There was, in truth, enough to content him in all that had been done already. His great conception had been realised in the vastness, solidity, and harmonious proportions which he had intended to bestow upon it. But St. Paul's was still not what he wished it to be, although perhaps he may have felt that in this further sense he could not hope to see it completed. Its walls were cold and naked, or, where an attempt had been made to adorn them, exhibited designs and colours which could only jar on his sense of beauty and fitness. On the dome the unsightly pictorial architecture of Thornhill was an eyesore, marring even the work beneath, when, if Wren could have had his way, the beautiful canopy would have been filled with everlasting mosaic. Too great stress cannot be laid on this his expressed intention; and we cannot but think that Mr. Longman has understated the case when he says, that 'we 'have hardly any materials to assist us in answering the ques- 'tion, whether Wren intended any adornment of his cathe- 'ral.' He adds, indeed, that 'it is hardly possible to imagine 'that he contemplated, as we know he did contemplate, a 'gorgeous dome and a magnificent Baldachino, and at the 'same time proposed to leave the rest of the building without 'colour and without decoration of some kind.' When he admits that 'beyond this we have absolutely nothing to guide 'us except an engraving of the interior of the dome, by Wil- 'liam Emmett, of the date, probably, of 1702,' the lack of guidance must refer rather to the modes of adornment than to the general question of adornment. This question must surely be regarded as definitely closed by the expression of Wren's wish to see his dome lined with mosaic, 'which strikes the eye 'of the beholder with a most magnificent and splendid appear- 'ance, and which, without the least decay of colours, is as 'lasting as the marble or the building itself.' Had Wren seen those paintings in stone which impart to the domes and apses of Ravenna an unspeakable dignity and charm, his longing might have been painfully quickened to see his own work graced with forms and hues which a thousand years hence might be as fresh as those which have come down unchanged from the days of Theodoric to our own. Whether the long delay in carrying out Wren's wish has been for the advantage of his great fabric, and for the general interests of art in this country, it would perhaps be rash to determine. It was his intention 'to have procured from Italy four of the most emi-

'nent artists in that profession;' but it is possible that the work may be done more worthily and fitly now. The ornamentation of the spandrels of the dome arches, as given in Emmett's engraving, may very probably have had Wren's approval. Taken together with his wish to see the dome itself lined with mosaic, they must be regarded as evidence of the earnestness with which he desired to see the area of this central structure employed as a place for Divine worship. From the first, the idea of the dome as a vast auditory had been present to his mind, and we can scarcely doubt that this, rather than the eastern apse, was to be the culmination of his work. His plan was confessedly modified to suit the ecclesiastical traditions of the time; and it is true that he suffered 'the painting and gilding of the architecture of the east end 'of the church,' but only as a makeshift, 'till such time as 'materials could have been procured for a magnificent design 'of an altar, consisting of four pillars wreathed, of the richest 'Greek marbles, supporting a canopy hemispherical, with 'proper decorations of architecture and sculpture.' But that in his heart Wren would have preferred to see this magnificence transferred to his dome, is, we think, practically beyond dispute. He cared much for the vast throngs which, as he hoped, might gather under his dome for the work of prayer and praise; it cannot be supposed that he cared at all for the special forms of worship which James Duke of York hoped perhaps to witness within the walls of the choir.

For nearly a century and a half the interior of St. Paul's remained chilling to a singular degree, if not oppressive in its nakedness and gloom. The first real step towards the completion of Wren's work was prompted by the desire to use his dome for the benefit of the masses of the people. The Bishop of London suggested a series of special evening services to be held in its area, and Dean Milman hastened to avow that it had long been the dearest wish of his heart to see not one narrow part alone of the great building 'applied to its acknow-'ledged purposes, the worship of God and the Christian in-'struction of the people.' The result of this movement was that, 'in addition to special donations, about 24,000*l.* was 'raised; and up to the death of Dean Milman in 1868, about '10,000*l.* was spent on matters connected with the services, 'and about the same amount on the decorations.'* On these decorations Mr. Longman purposely says little. 'Much,' he thinks, 'was done well; but much might perhaps have been

* P. 156.

'done better. The funds raised were utterly inadequate to the 'requirements; public enthusiasm was not raised to the re- 'quisite height; and finally, Dean Milman's illness and death 'necessarily checked the promotion of his favourite scheme.'

The enthusiasm thus needed has been, we may hope, permanently kindled by the National Thanksgiving early in 1872 on the recovery of the Prince of Wales; and in the ability and zeal of the present Dean and his colleagues we have the best guarantee that the work will be carried on with equal wisdom and vigour. To the end of March in the present year the amount subscribed was about 56,000*l.* How much more may be needed to complete the work, it is impossible to say. Happily, it is a task the finishing of which we may, if need be, leave to another generation, although the wealth and devotion of England should surely suffice to bring it to an end in our own. For no man can there well be a worthier object of ambition than that his name should be remembered in association with the glory and grandeur of St. Paul's, as that of Canynge is linked with the magnificence and beauty of St. Mary Redcliffe, the creation of his princely generosity. Nothing, however, is more clear than that the work can never be done worthily, if the limits of its cost are to be rigidly defined at the outset. The words of Sancroft to Wren, when first he invited him to frame a design for a wholly new building, may well be borne carefully in mind: 'And then for the procuring 'contributions to defray this, we are so sanguine as not to 'doubt of it if we could but once resolve what we would do 'and what that would cost. So that the only part of your 'letter we demur to is the method you propound of declaring, 'first, what money we would bestow, and then designing some- 'thing just of that expense; for quite otherwise, the way their 'Lordships resolve upon is to frame a design handsome and 'noble, and suitable to all the ends of it, and to the reputation 'of the city and the nation, and to take it for granted that 'money will be had to accomplish it.' Now, as then, the chief thing is to know what to do, and to prepare for the work in the same confidence that the money needed will be forthcoming. Nor can we well follow a wiser or a better course than that which, it seems, Wren would have taken, if the power of free action had been left to him,—namely, by beginning with the dome and completing it with all the splendour which may be judged advisable for it as the crown of his great design, and working away from it through the other parts of the building. There is no reason why all the services on Sunday and other great days should not be held under the dome, the choir being

reserved for the ordinary services of the week days. Hence two, perhaps three models may seem to be indispensable, one giving the adornment of a bay of the nave, a second that of a bay in the choir, while the third should exhibit the complete decoration of the dome, with all that may be needed for Divine worship in its area.* It can be scarcely necessary to say that these models may very possibly seem overdone in colour, when the effect of the same decoration spread over the vast surface of the actual building may appear sufficiently or more than sufficiently quiet and chaste. Not a little judgment is needed to estimate the influence of atmosphere, and especially of an atmosphere such as that of London, on colours and patterns at a great height above the eye. The supreme need, to use the words of Dean Milman, is that the dome, 'instead 'of brooding like a dead weight over the area below,' should be made to expand and elevate the soul towards heaven. 'The 'sullen white of the roof, the arches, the cornices, the capitals 'and the walls' must be 'broken and relieved by gilding, as 'we find it by experience the most lasting, as well as the most 'appropriate decoration.' To the remarks made by Mr. Longman on the adornment of the church in the concluding chapter of his volume not much more needs to be added. The general principles which he lays down will, we venture to say, not be disputed by the most zealous lovers of Gothic or of Renaissance forms. It may, however, be found that gilding may with advantage be employed more largely than he anticipates. The experience furnished by a neglected building is no measure of the durability of gold; and Dean Milman remarks that some even of Wren's gilding comes out, when burnished and cleaned, as bright as ever.† The broad band of gold, kindling the massive cornice which runs round the whole church above the range of pier arches, will, with the capitals gleaming with the same material, inseparably unite every part of the structure, the cooler shades of stone and marble in the portions below the cornice leading up to the warmer hues of the domical vaults, these again being subordinated in their richness to the more gorgeous yet more transparent colouring which should be reserved for the cupola. From the pavement laid down in marbles, intermingled perhaps with stone, in forms centring

* We look forward in the hope that the model now being prepared by Mr. Burges may be found to solve the several questions involved in this matter of adornment; but in order to do this, the model must exhibit the decoration of the dome as well as that of the other parts of the building.

† Annals of St. Paul's, p. 436.

in the area of the dome, as the area of greatest brilliance, the eye may rise to pilasters with flutings brought out in delicate tints, and still more to columns to which costlier marbles may afford a richer raiment. Thus adorned, the dome may appear more grand, but no part of the building, we feel sure, will be more beautiful, than the western bays between the chapels from whose insertion Wren shrank in something like dismay, while the exquisite proportions of the columns will gain in beauty from the long lateral perspective of the double aisles which may, we trust, be the result of Mr. Fergusson's suggestion for the removal of the external fault in the use of two orders.

As thus completed, the general effect of the building cannot fail to be one of overpowering grandeur. Yet with all this sumptuousness there needs to be, and we have full confidence that there will be, nothing to offend the eye as gaudy and flaunting, nothing involving the dangers from which the Cathedral escaped by the failure of the injudicious, if well intentioned, scheme of Sir Joshua Reynolds, nothing which shall be inconsistent with or set at nought the belief and convictions of the majority of Englishmen. The work is unquestionably a great one; and its results must be commensurate with its importance. It will mark, we trust, a new era in the growth of art, and of a right feeling in art throughout England, healing not a few of the diseases, and remedying many of the abuses, which now rouse the grief or wrath of the Quarterly Reviewer and Mr. Fergusson. But our first thought must be for the work of Wren and its worthy completion. This great end the Dean of St. Paul's and his colleagues have striven to advance with a zealous and disinterested energy. Mr. Longman offers his views on the adornment of the fabric 'with diffidence,' and only as his own opinions; and we are far from wishing that our remarks should unduly bias the decision on which the future of St. Paul's must turn. But with a greater confidence we anticipate the adoption of a plan in substantial agreement with the suggestions of the Committee, supported as these are by the earnest pleading of Dean Milman. To them a systematic beginning of the work which is to end in the completion of Wren's magnificent fabric will be an abundant reward. It will also, we believe, insure to the country the possession of one of the grandest and most sumptuous as well as most beautiful of the churches of Christendom.

ART. VII.—1. *A Handbook for Travellers on the Continent: being a Guide to Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Northern Germany, and the Rhine from Holland to Switzerland.* London. First Edition, 1836. Seventeenth Edition, 1871.

2. *A Handbook for Travellers in Devon and Cornwall.* London. First Edition, 1850. Eighth Edition, 1872.

A DISTINGUISHED churchman and scholar of our acquaintance is in the habit, when he leaves his Cathedral Close for a tour among foreign countries and cities, of removing the red covering of his 'Murray,' and replacing it with a graver vestment of black or grey. By this simple device he flatters himself that when he sallies from his hotel, like Sebastian in the play—

> '—— to satisfy his eyes
> With the memorials and the things of fame
> That do renown the city—'

he does not carry his nationality in his hand, and may hope to escape some, at least, of the extortions which fall to the lot of the ordinary 'Anglais avec son livre rouge.' His success is, we should suppose, very trifling. An Englishman—least of all an Anglican dignitary—even if he be so accomplished a linguist as our friend, will hardly walk the streets of a foreign town undetected, whether the 'familiar' he carries with him be black or white, red or grey. But however this may be, his plan bears remarkable testimony to the value and superiority of the special familiar which, like the rest of his countrymen, he adopts, and, unlike the rest, disguises. The history of these red books, bearing as it does on that of the many changes in life and domestic habits brought about by modern facilities for travel, is worth attention. Some such guides have become indispensable; and it is only to be feared that (as is often no doubt the case with the best of us) the eyes thus provided should lead to an entire disuse of our own.

A handbook for travellers is essentially an English invention. Englishmen have always been, and still are (unless we ought to except our American cousins), the greatest and most unwearied travellers in the world; but their objects and plans of travel have changed altogether since those early days when it was undertaken mainly for commercial, or for religious purposes. Foreign travel, as the completion of an English gentleman's education, seems to have risen into fashion in the earlier part of the sixteenth century; when the modern world was slowly taking form, and great religious changes were

impending. At this time, besides the younger nobility, who passed from one European court to another, or spent their time at the head-quarters of whatever great military commander was most active or most in repute, another class of travellers had appeared, and was becoming more numerous with each succeeding year. These were men of inferior birth, but many of them still gentry; cadets of the small Esquires' houses, whose claims were duly allowed at each Herald's visitation, and who were then so numerous in every English county. Others of this class could claim no such distinction, and were poor students, patronised often by the great churchmen (as Cromwell by Wolsey), and, at least as often, finding the means of wandering and of subsistence as best they might. This class of wandering students had been produced by the changes in European policy which date from a somewhat earlier period; and which led to the employment of agents and secretaries at the courts of various foreign countries—the germ of the permanent embassies of later times. A thorough acquaintance with the languages, and quite as much with the manners, dispositions, and tendencies of the continental nations, was an indispensable passport to employment. Such knowledge seems to have been eagerly sought; and throughout the sixteenth century we find this new class of political agents actively at work, resident at Brussels, at Rome, or at Venice, and in close correspondence with such great ministers at home as Wolsey, Cecil, or Walsingham. For men who aspired to positions of this sort a 'wandershaft' in early life was an absolute necessity. The Church, with its many openings for men of the humblest birth yet of powerful intellect, was changing, or had changed, its position. The prospects which that had afforded in former days were now unfolding in the world of politics and of active external life. They were readily welcomed: for the world was full of seething, stirring, restlessness and ambition; and many a distinguished statesman of that period laid the foundation of his career by a course of travel throughout the principal cities and countries of Europe.

Such travellers reacted, no doubt, on the idler sort,—the youthful nobles and wealthier gentry. With those, at any rate, who, like Bodley, the founder of the famous library at Oxford, were able to interpose their travels between a finished course of academic study and an entrance on diplomatic life, the 'wanderjähre' must have been a time of great and serious labour, spent not only in the acquisition of languages, but in the study of the various national policies and prospects. There are few such travellers now-a-days. But the seriousness with

which they regarded foreign travel, making the time spent on it one of the chief and most effective periods of education, was speedily adopted by men of all classes, and became the light in which it was held correct to view it, from the days of Peacham's 'Complete Gentleman' to those of 'Lord Chesterfield's Letters.' By that time the objects of travel had of course greatly changed; yet when Johnson was giving Boswell advice as to what he should seek for when abroad, he 'did not 'dwell upon cities and palaces and pictures, and shows and 'Arcadian scenes. He was of Lord Essex's opinion, who 'advises his kinsman, Roger, Earl of Rutland, "rather to go '"a hundred miles to speak with one wise man, than five miles '"to see a fair town."'* Johnson's judgment was in harmony with his own tastes, which did not lie in the direction of pictures or 'Arcadian scenes.' But he repeats the traditional advice of an earlier day; and he might have quoted weighty words of Lord Burghley and Francis Bacon, to confirm 'the 'opinion of Lord Essex.'

In Johnson's day, however, the change had become considerable; and a new era was on the point of opening which, so far as the objects of travel were concerned, was to be productive of far wider results than the period of the Reformation. A love of art—of painting and of architecture—had been gradually becoming 'fashionable' throughout Europe, since the so-called 'Renaissance,' and the art-patronage of the Medici. In England it had been encouraged by Charles I.; but the troubles of the Civil War had checked it, and the noble gallery of pictures collected by the King was scattered in all directions. The taste (except in so far as family portraits were concerned) was long in reviving in this country. But it came at last; and from the first half of the last century we may date the beginning of those great collections which adorn the houses of the English nobility, and which have made this country the chief storehouse of European art. Love for such things led to a more general desire for foreign travel; and the study and acquisition of them became one of its chief objects. An excellent proof of the extent to which they were affecting the higher classes of English society is afforded by the letters of the young Lord Tavistock, son of the fourth Duke of Bedford, whose unfortunate fate (he was killed in hunting, in 1767, at the age of twenty-eight) provoked such widespread sympathy. He and his beautiful wife, who survived him hardly a year, are the subjects of two of the finest Sir Joshuas

* Boswell's 'Johnson,' vol. ii. p. 216. (Ed. 1846, in 10 vols.)

in the vast assemblage of portraits at Woburn; and his letters, written in the course of his 'grand tour,' are full of real appreciation of the great works of art he was seeing, and of delight at the occasional acquisitions he made for himself. The 'grand 'tour'—embracing a journey through France, Italy, Austria, and Germany (Constantinople and the East were as yet beyond the scope)—had by this time become the recognised duty of man—at least of all men who held, or thought they held, any kind of position in the world. These were the early days of Walpole and of Gray; whose travelling union ended, as such unions frequently end, in a disunion which was never thoroughly repaired. Art had become the fashion; and to admire the Correggiosity of Correggio, and to praise the works of Pietro Perugino were, as Goldsmith lets us know, the marks which stamped all would-be *cognoscenti*, and which raised the critic at once to the rank of 'your traveller, your 'picked man of countries.'

The name of Gray suggests another, and as yet hardly developed, phase of the revolution in taste which was affecting foreign travel, and which in the end has affected it more than any other. Gray was one of the first English travellers of note who felt and expressed anything like real pleasure from the contemplation of those 'great wild prospects' of which his contemporary, Johnson, spoke with so much indifference and contempt. Walpole cared for such things little more than Johnson; but Gray could travel under 'that huge 'creature of God, Ingleborough,' and look up to the Yorkshire mountain with such a feeling of entrancing awe as a modern tourist might envy; or among the stern rocks of the Chartreuse he could rouse himself to all the enthusiasm of his fine Latin ode:—

'Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
Obscuras per rupes, fera inter juga,
Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.'

He was, in short, a pioneer of the great change which, acting first upon letters, was destined to produce a general love of Nature (or, at least, a general affectation of such a love), in her grander, as well as in her softer, aspects; the change which, influencing the English world through Cowper, Wordsworth, and most of all Sir Walter Scott, has produced that rush of travellers 'in search of the picturesque' which is one of the great characteristics of our time. It is curious to note how completely unknown such a taste seems to have been before the latter part of the last century. Even Shakspeare, myriad-

minded and of myriad sentiment, reflects but imperfectly any real feeling for the wilder and grander scenes of Nature—the solemn mountain solitude, or the rock-strewn gorge of the torrent. He delights rather to dwell on such scenery as surrounds his native Stratford—quiet meadows, through which the Avon winds her broad, full stream; tracts of venerable greenwood haunted by troops of deer; or the ridge of breezy upland, overlooking hall and homestead with their wide-spread parks and pastures. And Shakspeare's feeling is the feeling of all the elder English writers. To charm them, Nature must always be more or less cultivated. The utmost roughness they cared to dwell upon was such a landscape as Sidney paints in the 'Arcadia'—a wide, tree-shaded, but not lonely country, having 'a show, as it were, of an accompaniable solitarinesse, 'and of a civill wildnesse.'

But whatever the tastes and objects which were influencing foreign travel at the end of the last century, travellers had to depend almost entirely on their own knowledge and resources. Lord Bacon indeed, in his famous essay, advises the young man 'to carry with him some card or book describing the country 'where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry;' but such 'cards or books' as existed were either very brief, or very ponderous. It was still the same at a much later period. In other countries than our own there had never been that desire for movement and love of wandering even for its own sake, which was becoming an increasing characteristic of Englishmen. Now and then a brace of learned Benedictines, journeying from convent to convent and from city to city, told something of the history and of the art-treasures of the country through which they had passed, in a 'Voyage Littéraire;' but such books were intended for the world of savans only; and for the most part for the very few who, like D'Achery or Mabillon, cared chiefly for the manuscript treasures preserved in the libraries of the greater monasteries. These books, like the travels which produced them, have their special charm; but they were 'caviare to the general,' and in no way assisted the ordinary grand tourist. Such a traveller, be his rank what it might, was compelled to rely for assistance on the information he might himself bring with him, or, more especially, on the introductions to men of learning and of position which it was then the universal custom to carry. Combined with many difficulties—bad roads, worse inns, many of them much resembling the strange 'diversorium' of Erasmus' Colloquy, perils from robbers, and even from the political state of the country—there must have been a degree of pleasure and instruction in

such travelling for anything parallel to which we must in these days go much farther afield than Europe. For the lover of art and of literature his journey was in many respects one of discovery. He scarcely knew what treasures he might find in each church that he entered; what great master's hand he might trace in the altar-piece, or what stately monuments, giving life to past history, might be resting under the shadow of the arches. In the more remote districts he was almost as much an explorer as a modern barrow-digger, and could as little foresee what riches or what fragments of interest he was likely to unearth. His rewards must often have been great. It was during some of these expeditions along the less beaten tracks that many an important picture was, in a sense, 'dis-'covered,' and eventually brought to England to grace the country mansion of the discoverer.

For travellers within the shores of our own country the case was somewhat different. The national love of travel had carried a few, from time to time, to parts of England remote from their own dwelling-places; and for them, before the beginning of the present century, some kind of help had been provided. But the difficulties of travelling in England were really very great. The roads in winter were almost impassable for horse or waggon. In the Weald of Kent it was the custom, as soon as the summer had fairly set in, to plough them up, and to lay the surface soil in a half-circle to dry thoroughly. Oxen were generally used to drag carriages of all sorts through these heavy roads; and they are still now and then to be seen serving as 'beasts of draught' in both Kent and Sussex. The latter county was in greater disrepute than even Kent for its deep, miry ways. 'If you love good roads, good inns, plenty 'of postilions and horses,' writes Walpole to Montague in 1749, 'be so kind as never to go into Sussex. We thought 'ourselves in the northest part of England. The whole coun-'try has a Saxon air, and the inhabitants are savage, as if 'King George II. was the first monarch of the East Angles. 'Coaches grow there no more than balm and spices. . . . I 'have set up my staff and finished my pilgrimages for this 'year. Sussex is a great damper of curiosity.' The 'north-'est parts,' although the clothing trade had already, when Walpole thus wrote, been in great measure transferred to them from Norfolk, Suffolk, and the western counties, were little better known to men of the south than in the days of Camden, who approached Lancashire 'with a kind of dread,' and only ventured to trust himself among the rough ways and the savage natives in implicit reliance on the Divine assistance.

Robbers of course (we remember the adventure of Jeanie Deans) were to be dreaded on all such main lines of road as it was worth their while to frequent; lying among the woods or on the waste lands adjoining, and coming down in due season, like Will Scarlet or Much the Miller's Son,

'To Watling Street, to take a prey.'

When the Grand Duke Cosmo set out from Dorchester to travel to London in 1669, he was 'convoyed by a great many 'horse-soldiers belonging to the militia of the county,' to secure him from such thieves. They were still numerous a century later; and travellers, besides making their wills before they started, armed themselves with pistols at their holsters, or a blunderbuss in their postchaise. The stage coaches which journeyed with slow and laborious dignity from one end of the kingdom to the other, or the huge stage-waggons, such as that in which Roderick Random first travelled to London, were always fully armed in similar fashion.

The dangers, and even the difficulties, of travelling in this country were, perhaps, greater throughout the last century than they had been in the days of Leland or of Camden, the first Englishmen who set themselves, from pure love of science, to make a personal survey of the whole of Britain. When Leland travelled, the greater monasteries were still standing. They not only afforded pleasant hostelries, in which such a visitor was readily welcomed, but the care had not as yet been much relaxed, with which they watched over the roads of approach to their houses, kept in repair the bridges which in so many instances had been built at their own cost, or marked out the track through many a perilous ford and over many a lonely moor. Camden, journeying somewhat later, found the monasteries in lay hands, the houses themselves often shattered and roofless, and the good works of the monks in their immediate neighbourhood altogether neglected. But they were still of service to the traveller; and Camden had more than once to bless the cowled 'pontifices' whose pious labours enabled him to brave the dangers of a flooded hill-stream. The troubles of the seventeenth century—the long civil war, with the destruction which it wrought on all sides—threw the country into a state of disorganisation greater even than that caused by the changes of the Reformation. The bye-roads fell into utter disrepair; and the coaches, which, shortly before the Restoration, began to travel (in summer only) on the main lines of road from the metropolis, took about eight hours to perform a journey of four-and-twenty miles, during which the traveller was often obliged to get out and walk. 'Ever-

'coach,' says Mr. Smiles, 'carried with it a box of carpenter's 'tools, and the hatchets were occasionally used in lopping off 'the branches of trees overhanging the road and obstructing 'the traveller's progress.'* The greater part of the main roads were in precisely the same condition when Arthur Young, so late as 1769, made his famous tour through various parts of England and Wales. The 'turnpike,' as it was called, between Tetsworth and Oxford, was full of enormous loose stones, holes, and deep ruts. Some of the ruts on the Lancashire roads were, according to his measurement, four feet deep. It is true that, after the rising of 1745, some attempt was made by the Government to put the Great North Road into better order; and the steady improvement of that line of road must perhaps be dated from this time. But the change was slow, and the introduction of turnpikes made it very unpopular. There was much rioting; and however much later travellers might have been disposed

'To hold up their hands, and bless General Wade,'

the disposition of the natives at that time, especially in Yorkshire, was very different. They preferred their old, evil ways, and did not at all care to make them easier for strangers.

In spite of all these dangers, an English traveller, even at the beginning of the century, was occasionally found adventurous enough to set out on an exploration (the word is by no means too strong) of his own country. Perhaps the most daring was the Rev. James Brome, rector of Cheriton in Kent; who in the year 1700 began a series of travels in England which lasted altogether for three years. He could only travel in summer. In the winter he laid himself up, like a modern Arctic voyager, until sunshine and dry weather enabled him to journey forth again over the rough, neglected roads. His friends, we are told, convoyed him from his rectory at Cheriton to the first resting-place on his journey, and then left him, commending him to the care of Providence. He journeyed through the Eastern counties, and thence into Northumberland. Crossing the border, he even dared a short tour in Scotland; and then, passing down the Western side of the island, he invaded Devonshire, where he found the farmers gathering in their corn on horseback—that is, on the picturesque Devonshire 'crooks,' still to be seen under the heights of Dartmoor. Mr. Brome wished much to see Cornwall. But he had already spent much time on his travels, the season was rainy, and he

* Lives of the Engineers, vol. i. p. 174.

was far from home. He did not advance therefore into the farther horn of 'West Wales'; but progressing through the Southern counties he returned at last, safe and sound, to his hearth at Cheriton. One would like to know more about him than can be gathered from his book, which was not published until 1726. He must have burned with a passion for sight-seeing and adventure not less ardent than that which now carries a traveller into the remoter provinces of Norway, or leads him to dare the dangers and difficulties of the 'inhos-'pitable' Caucasus. And like them, Mr. Brome, whenever he left the main track, was compelled to employ guides, who conducted him from one village to another. The places and objects which most attracted him, and which he describes most carefully, are much the same as drew the chief attention of De Foe, who some ten years later (about 1714) began those 'Journeyings' through Great Britain, the results of which were afterwards given to the world in three small volumes. The principal English cities, especially those which, like York, Norwich, or Exeter, were old centres of national life; rising towns like Leeds, already the staple of the cloth trade, and extending its influence throughout the neighbouring district; or marvels like the Cavern of the Peak, or the dropping well at Knaresborough, such as Giraldus or Matthew Paris would rank among the 'mirabilia Britanniæ'; all these are duly visited and wondered at. De Foe's narrative is for the most part prosaic and practical enough; but here and there occur passages of description which disclose at once the master hand. Such is his account of crossing Blackstone Edge, between Rochdale and Halifax, when, although the month was August, 'the mountains were covered with snow.' 'It was not easy,' he says, 'to express the consternation we were in. The wind 'blew exceeding hard, and drove the snow so directly in our 'faces that we could not possibly keep our eyes open to see 'our way, nor if we could was there any to be discovered, 'except as we were showed it by a frightful precipice on one 'hand, and uneven ground on the other.' There came at last 'a surprising clap of thunder, the first that ever I heard in a 'storm of snow, or I hope, ever shall.' The travellers descended safely into the Vale of Calder; and as they approached Halifax the day cleared up, and 'we could see at every house a tenter, 'and on almost every tenter a piece of cloth, or kersie, or 'shalloon, which are the three articles of this country's 'labour. . . . These by their whiteness reflecting the bright 'rays of the sun that played upon them, formed, I thought, 'the most agreeable sight I ever saw; the hills rising and

'falling so thick, and the valleys opening so differently, that 'sometimes we could see two or three miles this way, some-'times as far another.'

There is reason for believing that De Foe himself wrote no more of the 'Journeys' than what is contained in the first, and part of the second volume. The whole book, however, was superintended by him. It was published some time before his death, which occurred in 1731; and, like the volume of the adventurous Mr. Brome, it served not only as a gazeteer, but as some kind of guide to those whose fate or inclination led them to traverse any part of England. These books entered into details far more than the 'Descriptions' and 'Road-'books' which already existed, and which, properly, should have been noticed before. The earliest, and in some respects the most important, was the 'Angliæ Notitia' of Edward Chamberlayne; first printed in 1668, but frequently revised and renewed by the author and his son. There are more than forty separate editions of this, the 'English Handbook' of its day. Its great popularity shows that it must have been found useful; and we need only refer to the frequent references made to it by Lord Macaulay to prove that it may still be consulted with advantage. It contains, in effect, a brief but accurate description of the then condition of England; and is divided into three books—the first giving a general account of the several counties and their inhabitants; the second describing the government, ecclesiastical and civil; and the third embracing manners, customs, and laws. Chamberlayne's 'character 'of the natives of England' is worth quoting:—

'The men are strong, courageous, warlike, resolute, enterprising, constant, not knowing how to fly in battel. Liberal to prodigality, open-hearted, hard to be provoked, yet when exasperated, stomachful till satisfaction be given, and then easie to be reconciled. . . . . They are thought to be wanting in Industry (excepting mechanics, wherein they are of all nations the greatest improvers), Caution, Suspicion, Craft, Obsequiousness; and which is most of all to be deplored, Content. But these wants are supplied by many eminent qualifications. . . . . The women are tender, chaste, constant, prudent, loyal, industrious, passionately loving to their relations. They are not without Vanity, pretensions to Satire, Raillery, and the like; which vices they have borrowed from their neighbours the French. But no women can outdo 'em in Modesty, Patience, Charity, Providential Care, Temperance, Wit, Good Humour, Cleanliness; and that which crowns all the rest, in the Sincerity and Zeal of Religious Devotion.'

Chamberlayne was himself so impressed with the value and importance of his books, that he ordered copies of them to be wrapped in cerecloth, and so placed in the vault in Chelsea

Church where he was buried. They might, he thought, be thus preserved for the use of future ages. The fact is recorded by the inscription on his monument.

The 'Angliæ Notitia' served as a companion to the first English Road book, drawn up by the ingenious John Ogilby; who began life as a dancing-master, but lamed himself 'by an 'unlucky step in high capering,' when performing in a masque 'set forth' before the Court of James I. by the great Duke of Buckingham. Ogilby afterwards took to letters, and figured as a translator of Virgil and Homer; but he was chiefly famous as a master of revels; and was much concerned in the conduct of the processions and other ceremonies which attended the coronation of Charles II. in 1661. Towards the end of his career he was appointed the King's 'cosmographer 'and geographick printer'; and it was in 1675 that he published his 'Britannia; .... a geographical and historical 'description of the principal roads thereof; actually Ad-'measured and Delineated in a Century of Whole-sheet 'Copper Sculps. Accommodated with the Ichnography of 'the more remarkable Passages of Antiquity, together with a 'Novel Discourse of their Present State.' The book is a handsomely printed folio; and the 'sculps,' by Hollar, represent each main line of road, with the various rivers, bridges, cross-roads, houses, parks, villages, and towns by which it passes, marked on either side. The distances are given in miles. The size of the book must have made it a somewhat inconvenient travelling companion; and succeeding editions, of which there were many, reduced it to an octavo, and added various minute directions, such as 'indirect ways' to be followed if approved, or 'turnings' to be avoided. Other compilers followed Ogilby; but the arrangement in all cases is much the same—a long ribbon of road, with each object of note visible from it on either side duly mentioned, and sometimes illustrated by a slight copper 'sculp.' The plan has many advantages; and in the days when railways were less familiar than at present, some of the earlier guides along their lines were designed on a very similar principle.

It must be remembered, however, that these Road-books dealt with none but the highways of the land. Hence a traveller like Brome or De Foe, who turned aside to visit 'mirabilia,' was left altogether to his own resources, and was frequently compelled to employ guides. Stukeley the Antiquary, the 'Arch-Druid of his age,' as it was the fashion to call him, not unfrequently lost his way during the various 'Itinera' which he undertook, 'not wholly a hunting after

'fresh air with the vulgar citizens, but an examination into 'the works of nature and past ages.' His journeys were neither so long continued nor so laborious as those of Brome; but he was a man of considerable learning, however weary and unprofitable much of his Druidical lore may now appear to us; and his books, with their illustrations and plates of antiquities, were no slight stimulants to travellers of similar tastes. So they were felt to be by Thomas Pennant; whose various tours in Scotland, Wales, and England, begun about 1769 and continued almost to the end of the century, were performed entirely on horseback, and often at great risk—since Scotland, at any rate, was then, in Pennant's own words, 'as little known 'as Kamschatka.' His books, so highly praised by Johnson, who declared that he had 'greater variety of inquiry than 'almost any man,' may still be read with great interest. Much that he records has now passed away; and, besides many curious local descriptions, his occasional touches strikingly illustrate the great gulph that divides the latter years of the eighteenth, from those of the nineteenth, century. Thus he tells us that at Hockley-in-the-Hole 'the English rage of novelty is strongly 'tempted by one sagacious publican, who informs us, on his 'sign, of newspapers being to be seen at his house every day 'in the week.'

Travellers in Great Britain, whose objects were something better than those of the 'vulgar citizens,' were perhaps not very numerous, even at the end of the last century. Walpole journeyed much in search of 'abbeys and castles,' stained glass and old pictures; and some of his most lively letters describe the miseries he endured for the sake of rescuing a St. Catherine 'banished to the buttery,' or of inspecting the double-horned head-dress of a great lady of the De Veres, 'exactly like the 'description of Mount Parnassus.' Gray travelled in both Scotland and England, and his letters are hardly less delightful than Walpole's. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides also belongs to this time; and we remember how he and Boswell were received on their return to Edinburgh with the quotation

'Post varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,'—

for, in spite of General Wade and the military roads, such a journey was still regarded as somewhat hazardous. But travellers of the cast of Walpole or Johnson have been rare at all times. The 'vulgar citizens' were beginning to move more frequently, and the fashion of an occasional visit to a watering place much increased the number of these ordinary tourists. Inland watering places (so called), such as Tunbridge Wells

or Harrogate, had been in favour since the days of the Restoration, and had been resorted to by invalids long before. They were called 'Spas' from the springs at Spa near Liége; one of the earliest to become appreciated and frequented, as it has been one of those which have survived longest. The life at these English Spas, as the pages of Grammont bear witness, much resembled that which went on about the same period at Spa itself, or at Vichy. It was London or Paris 'en cam-'pagne.' 'Abigails in cast gowns' they were called by Walpole, 'that mimic the capital;' and the resort to such places can have given but little impulse to the love of travel, or to the desire for knowing more of one's own country. But towards the end of the last century sea-bathing became fashionable. The number of public watering places was at once greatly increased. A fishing village like Margate was crowded in the season, and the newly-invented convenience of a 'bathing chariot,' as the machine was first called, became one of the wonders of the day, and is described at length by Smollett in 'Humphrey Clinker.' These sea-side places were frequented by numbers of all classes. The fashion of visiting them, falling in as it did with an increasing interest in natural scenery, and in the history and antiquities of the country, may well have led many to imitate the journey of Matthew Bramble, and to proceed by slow stages to Lyme or Scarborough, seeing by the way whatever places of importance lay near at hand.

In aid of these latter tourists appears a 'Handbook' compiler, whose name brings us into something like 'kenned land.' Paterson's 'British Itinerary,' 'a new and accurate description 'of the direct and principal roads of Great Britain,' was first published in 1776. Many of us can, of course, remember when 'Paterson's Road Book' was the indispensable companion of a long posting journey; but the 'Paterson' of forty years ago differed not a little from that which was first set forth by the 'Assistant Quarter-Master-General.' This first edition, in two duodecimo volumes, was arranged on Ogilby's plan, and contained engraved 'ribbons' of roads. Before the author's death, about 1820, there had been at least fifteen editions, each with some slight alteration. In the eighteenth, published in 1826, the engravings were replaced by maps and plans; and there were added, making it in truth a 'Handbook,' 'topographical sketches of the different cities, market towns 'and remarkable villages,' and short accounts of houses, antiquities, and natural curiosities. Paterson ruled the roads of England until 1840, when the last edition of his book was published. By that time the great lines of railway had nearly been com-

pleted. A change had come over travelling and travellers as well abroad as in this country; and the way lay open for the appearance of a guide who should add to the accuracy of Paterson and his fellows information far more thorough and far more widely extended.

The opening of the Continent, after the long revolutionary war, and again after Waterloo, carried shoals of Englishmen across the Channel. At first, the great point of attraction was Paris; and in 1814 appeared the first English Handbook for that city—Galignani's 'Picture of Paris'—a book which, of course with frequent additions and alterations, has ever since maintained a position in the front rank, and has only of late years been closely run by Murray's 'Handbook for Paris.' To Englishmen who travelled beyond Paris, the principal assistance was given by Mariana Starke, whose 'Letters from 'Italy' (published about 1814), and 'Travels on the Conti-'nent' (1820), were in the hands of all who made the tour of France and Southern Europe. Miss Starke, or 'Jack Starke' as she was commonly called, from her fancy for wearing as her ordinary dress a tall hat and a riding habit, was a lady of considerable attainment, and is said to have been 'the life of 'society' at Exmouth, where she lived for many years. There she is well remembered; but she was known everywhere, and seems to have been everywhere welcome. Her books were of real value, and were the result, for the most part, of her own travelling experiences. She died, it may be said, in harness, at Milan, on her way home from Naples. Her works became at last the property of the elder Murray—the 'John Murray' of Byron, of Scott, and of Southey; and their popularity may possibly have suggested that the time had arrived for the appearance of a guide for travellers of a more direct character, containing fuller details, and embracing a wider range of observation.

However this may be, 'Jack Starke' was still unforgotten when in 1836 the first of the series of red Handbooks was issued from Albemarle Street, with the title of 'A Handbook 'for Travellers on the Continent; being a guide-book through 'Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Northern Germany, and along the 'Rhine from Holland to Switzerland.' This volume, the first of a series of such world-wide reputation, appeared at the beginning of a new era,—a time of greater and more important change than had ever been known before. When it was published, travelling on the Continent, if somewhat easier than in the last century, was still very fatiguing. The public conveyances were heavy and inconvenient. The roads, even on

the main tracts, were often execrable. But the network of railways which is gradually covering the whole of the European continent, and which threatens to leave not the remotest corner uninvaded, was already about to send forth its first lines and cross-lines; and the results of the rapid and easy travelling thus introduced have been almost incalculable. The old English provincial life has been entirely broken up. A passion for continental travelling has become universal; and instead of the comparatively few who, even under 'Jack Starke's' guidance, ventured to encounter the toils of a journey to Rome or Vienna, English wanderers in modern days are of all classes, and their name is Legion.* It was this coming time that the author of the first Handbook, the present Mr. Murray, was fortunate and far-sighted enough to seize by the forelock. Nothing could well be of more importance than the character of the guide which was to serve such hosts of tourists. Whilst it necessarily addressed itself to the order of the day, and reflected those tastes and pursuits which every traveller at least affected, the due

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* The enormous extension of Continental travel is one of the great features of the last ten years. During the autumn months the whole of Europe seems to be in a state of perpetual motion. There is a mob at every small railway-station. The new hotels (as at Lucerne) are built to receive 5, 6, or 700 guests, and those most frequented turn away daily some 200 applicants, for whom there is no room. Every spot, however difficult of access, is attacked. The remote lake Königssee, in Bavaria, to which perhaps a dozen strangers formerly found their way in the course of a month, now supports four boats, while the carriages waiting on the shore may be counted by fifties. The top of the Rigi is worn bare of grass, and is strewn with broken bottles and fragments of the 'Daily Telegraph;' while here among the clouds 300 persons sit down daily to a *table d'hôte* very well served. The use of such a railway as that which now conveys you in two hours to the top of the Rigi, scaling a gradient of one in four with perfect safety, is being widely extended and variously applied. Soon no mountain peak of whatever height will be safe. The 'ladder' railway is already in course of construction on the Wengern Alp; and the Faulhorn is next threatened.

No inconsiderable quota to the travelling crowd is contributed by the United States; and it need hardly be said that American tourists are not always the mere wanderers that it is the fashion to paint them. Their general characteristics are: abundance of money, the splendour of their ladies' dresses, and the enormous quantity of luggage they carry. An hotel master in Paris declares that he cannot keep a porter for more than a very short time. They are ruined, and their backs are broken, by American bandboxes. One lady after three months' stay at his hotel left him with sixty-three!

direction of such tastes depended very much—more, no doubt, than was at first evident—on the contents of the Handbook, and was a power by no means to be despised. The love and the knowledge of art had greatly increased. The study of history and antiquities had become very general; and the passion for natural scenery, excited by the romances of Scott and the poems of Byron, was universally fashionable, and was, of course, sincerely felt by many. All this had to be considered and provided for in a complete Handbook. Since the appearance of the first volume, research into, and accurate knowledge of, these subjects have increased indefinitely; and new sciences —geology to wit—have arisen and have become of general interest. The circle has been spreading wider and wider. It is because the first guide did its duty well in this respect, not only giving ample and trustworthy information, but leading the imperfect public taste in the best and worthiest fashion; and because, as years have passed by, the long series of its successors has been constantly receiving new life, and has always represented the highest knowledge and criticism of the day—that Mr. Murray's Handbooks acquired, and have maintained, their great reputation. It has perhaps never been fairly considered, and indeed it would be difficult to calculate, to how great an extent they have influenced modern tastes, and even modern learning. They have converted many a traveller, who without them would have resembled the 'no eyes' of the story, into an intelligent and interested sight-seer.

The 'Handbook' of 1836 (the German name was thus for the first time naturalised) was a volume of some 400 pages. The seventeenth edition (1871) contains 606 pages, and a comparison of the two books well illustrates the difference between the two periods. This Handbook, the parent of the series, still retains its original title as a 'Guide for Travellers on the Con-'tinent,' and to it are prefixed those general observations, such as maxims and hints for travelling (comprising some excellent advice as to the rule of the temper under difficulties), information about couriers, carriages, dress and luggage, which may be regarded as an Introduction to the whole series. The size to which this volume and some others of the Handbooks have expanded in the course of years, has been complained of, and is no doubt somewhat inconvenient. But printers' devices may partly remedy this; and while the condensed 'Knapsack 'Guides' are provided expressly for the pedestrian, we should be sorry to see the Handbooks themselves reduced in size at the cost of omitting any portion of the matter they contain. For our own part, indeed, we regret the loss of sundry de-

lightful passages in the Handbook for Spain, which, however illustrating those 'cosas de España' which the author understood so well, did not perhaps much assist the traveller on his journey, and have, therefore, been withdrawn from the later editions. But the Handbooks have replaced the travelling library with which it was necessary in former days to stuff the pockets of the carriage; and we may say of each one of them as the University orator of King James's 'Basilikon Doron'—

'Unicus est nobis bibliotheca liber.'

It is idle to complain because a volume so full of good things cannot be carried quite so easily as a Bradshaw. Let the traveller in Syria and Palestine, in Sicily, or in Spain consider what a vast amount of information is provided for him within the red covers; and from how great inconvenience he has been freed at the cost of making this condensed 'library' the companion of his tour.

The Handbook for Northern Germany was speedily followed by those for France, for Switzerland, and South Germany, and for Italy in three divisions. The two former, like Northern Germany, were the work of the present 'chief' in Albemarle Street; and we may mention that, when the second of the series was about to appear, it was intended to vary the colour of the cover. But the elder Murray, a man of clear sight and of thorough business knowledge, perceived at once the importance of maintaining a 'uniform' for the entire series. The Handbooks accordingly continued their career in the red binding which has ever since distinguished them, and by which an Englishman may recognise a traveller as his 'compatriote' over half the world. As the series advanced it became evident that a single writer, however indefatigable, could not hope to extend his labours over the entire field. But authors especially qualified, either from long residence in the country to be described, or from having made its arts and its history the study of their lives, were ready to enlist themselves in the service; and to this we are indebted for the excellence of such volumes as those for the three divisions of Italy—Northern, Central, and Southern; or that for Rome, the work of a writer (we betray no secret in naming the late Mr. Pentland,) who for many years made his home in the Eternal City; for Mr. Dennis's admirable Handbook of Sicily, compiled under similar conditions, and with a knowledge of the country and its antiquities to which perhaps no one else can lay an equal claim; for Ford's famous Handbook of Spain; for the Handbook of Syria and Palestine, by Mr. Porter, so

long the English chaplain at Damascus; and indeed for the special knowledge and the often excellent writing which characterise nearly all the later volumes of the series. The Handbooks, which at first described the more frequented countries of Europe, gradually invaded those visited only by a more adventurous class of tourists, or by travellers with special objects. Spain must perhaps be regarded as the first of these; then followed Norway, Sweden, and Denmark—a volume which is becoming of more importance as, each succeeding year, sport in the forests and on the great salmon rivers, carries a greater number of Englishmen to explore the wonders of fjord and fjeld; Sicily; Corsica and Sardinia; Portugal; Greece; and Russia. Then, leaving Europe, the familiar red cover made its appearance in Egypt, in Asiatic Turkey, extending eastward to the lines of the Tigris and Euphrates, in Syria and the Holy Land, and at last in Bombay and Madras. There are still more worlds to conquer; but as publisher and general editor, Mr. Murray may exclaim with far more propriety than Johnson, when he found a copy of his Dictionary in the Castle of Dunvegan,

'Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'

A general resemblance runs of course through all the Handbooks; but their contents vary in accordance with the accessibility of each country, and with the character of travelling in it. Those describing the chief European countries, for example, the great haunts of summer and autumn tourists, are full of information not only about the principal gathering places, but for all the unfrequented by-ways of travel. Those for remoter and less civilised regions, in which, so far as convenience of locomotion is concerned, we are carried back to the general condition of things five hundred or a thousand years ago, are necessarily laid out on a broader ground-plan, describing with fulness only those routes and places which it may be supposed the principal object of the traveller to visit. Yet, as these wilder countries become better known and attract more attention, we are certain to find the Handbook keeping place with the newly-awakened interest, suggesting fresh lines of exploration, describing new routes, and adding to its general store of information. Thus, the first edition of the Handbook for Norway and Sweden appeared when the North of Europe was comparatively little visited. Since that time it has become a favourite summer resort of sportsmen, and of such tourists as care for the grandest scenes of untrammeled nature, and can enjoy them without Bailie Nicol Jarvie's sigh for the 'comforts

'o' the saut market.' The latest edition (1871) displays accordingly a great increase in bulk. Notes and assistance have been procured from various quarters. The remoter districts have been more thoroughly explored and described; and the traveller who desires, like Carlyle's Teufelsdröckh, to gaze on the midnight sun from the North Cape, while 'behind him lies 'all Europe and Africa fast asleep, except the watchmen,' will now find all his difficulties smoothed under the guidance of the Handbook. Some addition is still perhaps desirable to the historical portion of the volume. The coast of Norway is studded with sites whose old renown is written in the Sagas; and their stories are often so wild and picturesque that most readers would gladly find their attention drawn to them. Interest in this Northern lore is, we may hope, increasing, in proportion as Northern travel itself becomes more popular.

Some agreeable works have been published of late years on the passes of the Italian Alps, the Val d'Ampezzo, and the Dolomite mountains—especially the volumes of Mr. Gilbert, Mrs. Edwards' tour, and Mr. Ball's invaluable Alpine guides. But it is due to the author of the Handbooks to remember that he was the first English explorer of the Dolomites, and that he led the way for his countrymen to enjoy the beauties of the Italian Tyrol in the very first edition of the Handbook for South Germany, published in 1836.

Among the very best of the series—we may safely point to them as admirable examples of what a complete Handbook should be—are the volumes for Rome and for Sicily. They have been written, it must be remembered, under great advantages. Their authors have long been resident in the midst of their work; and the work itself, although demanding the most varied learning and acquirement, was circumscribed within narrower and more definite limits than such vast fields of operation as 'Northern Germany,' or 'Central Italy.' To each of these volumes is prefixed, among the rest of their 'general information,' a careful list of the principal works bearing on the history, the antiquities, and the art-treasures of the city and country they describe. Such a list might most usefully be added to every one of the Handbooks; and in all cases where it is practicable, in the descriptions of great battles and battle-fields; in those of ancient cities, themselves centres of history; in the notices of famous monasteries and seats of learning, which once influenced the world or are still great powers in it; in these and in many similar instances, a brief reference might always be made to the chief original authorities on the subject, or at least to the best expounders of them.

This has been often done in both the Roman and Sicilian Handbooks. In the English series (to which we shall shortly come), the authority of chronicler and historian is frequently noted; and such notes might be increased with advantage. History and topography are closely connected. A line or two of distinct reference will often give authority to a description which, without it, we might be slow to accept.

The position of the Handbooks for Rome and Sicily is sufficiently indicated by the unsparing use which has been made of them by writers of pretension and popularity; and we are glad to see that in the latest (1872) edition of the Roman Handbook this fact has been duly recorded. The descriptions in both are very excellent. The traveller through the Roman volume will rise from it with a more accurate knowledge of the city, ancient and modern, of its great Church ceremonies, of its endless galleries of art, and of all the surrounding country, than he could obtain from any other single source. It is a worthy aid to the study of what is still, as it has been for ages, one of the great centres of the world's history. For Sicily it would be impossible to find any one volume, in any language, so full of well-condensed information, yet so pleasantly written. We are here on ground somewhat less generally known than that of Rome. Picture after picture rises before us as we turn through the pages: the glimmering mosaics of Monreale; the chestnut woods and lava streams of Etna; or—and here the scene is drawn for us by a no less 'eminent hand' than that of Mr. Gladstone, whose manuscript Sicilian journals were placed at the disposition of the author—the wonderful sunrise from its summit, when the cone-shadow of the great mountain is projected across the island for a distance of at least a hundred miles; the strange 'latomie' of old Syracuse; or the line of ruined temples which crown the southern cliff of Girgenti, and overlook a prospect of almost unequalled variety and beauty. It has fallen to the lot of few to explore so thoroughly as Mr. Dennis has done, a country of such unique interest; always a meeting-point of various races, as its geographical position made it; but so curiously distinguished by the manner in which the three principal races who have held the island—Greeks, Saracens, and Normans—have left their combined mark on its architecture and history; as though each separate race were unwilling to relinquish altogether the hold it had once maintained in superiority. The Cathedral of Palermo, with its Saracenic mouldings and Norman corbels; the beautiful Capella Palatina, built by the Norman king, Roger,

whose praise is recorded in the Arabic inscriptions which cover the ceiling of the nave; the fragments of ancient Greek sculpture, worked into churches where the Norman zigzag appears side by side with true Arabesques, and is perhaps surmounted by an imitation of the Greek 'honeysuckle' copied from some ruined temple; these are combinations to be met with in Sicily, and nowhere else. They enter into the whole of the later art of the country, and are seen very remarkably in the coinage of the Norman kings. Here, for example, is a heavy copper coin of William the Good (1166–1189), one side showing a palm tree, with its long leaves and clusters of fruit, the other a tiger's mask of the purest antique design. It might well pass for the coin of some Eastern Greek colony; and, without a knowledge of what was possible in Sicily, no one would venture to assign it to that country, or to a Norman king of the twelfth century. All this strange complexity—the effect of which on European art has, we cannot but think, never been sufficiently considered—is well brought out in the Handbook. There was, as might have been looked for, a certain connexion with this country; one result of which, since Mr. Dennis does not refer to it, we will mention here. The Cathedral of Palermo was entirely pulled down and rebuilt by a certain 'Gualterio Offamilio'—a Sicilianised version of the Archbishop's honest English name, 'Walter of the 'Mill.' In what manner an Englishman attained to such distinction does not appear. His episcopate lasted during part of the reign of William the Good; and, besides rebuilding his own cathedral, he witnessed the erection of that at Monreale, within a short distance of Palermo. It seems very probable that it was through the influence of Walter of the Mill that the Cathedral of Monreale was attached to an already existing Benedictine monastery, after a fashion which prevailed extensively in England, but was entirely unknown elsewhere. The Bishop, as at Canterbury, at Worcester, or at Ely, was in effect the abbot of his monastery. A similar arrangement is found at Patti, and at Catania, where the monastery attached to the cathedral (founded in 1091) was added in 1094 by Angerius, an 'English abbot,' as is recorded in an inscription on the wall. It is certainly curious that Sicily, and Sicily alone, should have adopted, to all appearance under English influence, a system which arose in England from the comparatively late conversion of the island, and from the fact that the earliest missionaries to this country were Benedictines.

In studying the Handbook for Sicily we cannot fail to be struck by the strong testimony it affords to the value of

topographical knowledge as illustrating history. 'Travel and 'tramp,' wrote Sir Francis Palgrave, 'are the best teachers 'of geography;' and geography, with the narrower topography under her wing, as no one knew better than Sir Francis himself, whose local descriptions are often so full of character, is of all others the best handmaid of history. The traveller who under the guidance of the Handbook visits Syracuse, and explores its ancient remains and its neighbourhood, will certainly find that the narrative of Thucydides has assumed for him a life and a reality with which no amount of book-study could possibly invest it. It is the same throughout the country. The landscape, unchanged since the days of Theocritus; the ruins of ancient cities and temples; Selinus, still, with its innumerable fan-palms, the 'palmosa Selinus' of Virgil; Agrigentum, or Syracuse; the legends of an older world, like that of Acis and Galatea, which linger about the mountains and the shore; all aid, even more distinctly than in Greece herself, where more recent influences and distractions have been at work, in carrying us back through the overgrowth of centuries, and assist us in forming the great historical picture. Even to home students this Handbook, and many others of the series, may afford great advantages. And in that wider sense in which geography so often throws light on the main stream and movements of history, their detailed notices are full of instruction. The very nature of a 'Handbook' for countries such as Greece, Italy, or Syria, where the civilisation of distinct eras is overlaid, as it were, in successive strata, obliges this connexion to be kept in constant view. We hope to see it developed more and more as fresh editions of the series are called for—most of all in the English volumes, in some of which it is already a marked feature. Carefully condensed historical detail, whilst it gives the Handbooks a value for the student no less than the tourist, adds greatly to their charm as—to use a good old expression—'parlour-window 'books.' And in this light they are not to be despised. To take up, for an unoccupied half hour, a volume which at once carries you away to Thebes or to Athens, to Cintra or to Archangel, which tells you all the story of the place, and by its minute directions converts you for the time into an actual traveller, is no small pleasure; although the book may not quite stand Sydney Smith's test of engrossing interest, and lead you to forget your dinner engagement—even with a bishop.

The Handbook for Spain is so well known, and has been so much used as a book for general reading—illustrating what

has just been remarked—that we may here pass it with a simple recognition. That for Portugal—a country, as the author has truly said, less known to Englishmen than any other in Europe—has not very long been added to the series, and, as we have already said in the pages of this Journal, we think it does not do justice to the present state of that interesting country. Portugal is not rich in art or in architecture; though the splendid Cistercian monastery of Alcobaça, and the florid Batalha, are alone sufficient to attract the ecclesiologist; but it is full of interesting historical sites, which we endeavoured to describe, at some length, on a recent occasion.* How little affected Portugal has been by the influences of modern Europe, is indicated by the fact that persons are still to be found who believe that Dom Sebastian—the king who fell in battle with the Moors of Africa in 1578—is even now living in a mysterious island off St. Vincent, whence the 'Encoberto,' the 'Hidden One,' as he is called, will shortly appear to reascend the throne, and to restore the country to its ancient glory. At the period of the French Revolution, says the writer of the Handbook, 'it may safely be affirmed that more 'than half of the nation were Sebastianists.' The belief has greatly died away; but it still exists, and is even stronger in Brazil than in Portugal.

Each of the foreign Handbooks contains points of especial interest, and offers material for a lengthened notice. But contenting ourselves with the remark that, while some are more complete than others, not one is unworthy of the series to which it belongs, we must pass on to the Handbooks for our own country; a distinct series, begun in 1850. The first volume published was that for the counties of Devon and Cornwall. This has been followed, at intervals, by others, until the whole set for England and Wales is now very nearly completed. The Handbooks for the Cathedrals of England and Wales—seven volumes full of elaborate description, architectural and historical, and thickly illustrated by some of Jewitt's best woodcuts—are of different character, though they too may be regarded as forming part of this series. The County Handbooks are arranged in routes, on the same plan as the foreign; a method to which objection has been taken (it has been suggested that an alphabetical arrangement is better, and more easy of reference), but which, after all, lends itself to an occasional diversion, or 'excursus,' more readily than any other.

* See Review of 'Smith's Portugal.' Edin. Rev., vol. cxxxi. p. 450.

Home tourists require fuller details, and are interested in more varied subjects than Englishmen travelling abroad. It is curious accordingly to remark how, the desire for such detail having made itself more and more felt, these Handbooks have increased in size since their first appearance. The first edition of that for Devon and Cornwall contained about 250 pages. The latest (1872) extends to nearly 500. The first of the Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset Handbook numbered 260 pages; the latest (1869), 450. The fact is that the production of a thoroughly good English Handbook was in many respects a more serious undertaking than that of one for the Continent. It not only called for fuller and more varied details, but it was necessarily exposed to a far more severe and more competent criticism. Its merits, at least as an accurate guide-book, might be tested at once. It is no wonder, therefore, that the first edition of an English Handbook should be comparatively imperfect. The requisitions of home travellers, and all that the book might be made to contain and to teach, were not to be at once understood; and the fulness of later editions, or of such volumes as those for Yorkshire or the Eastern Counties, is the result of much careful consideration and minute correction. And if the foreign Handbooks are useful aids to history, far more is this the case with the English series. More, we are convinced, may be learnt of the progress and the changes which have built up this England of ours, and a far deeper insight gained into the real life of the past, by a 'field study' of the country than by the profoundest lectures of the most learned professor. But for this field study there must be helps, and in proportion as the Handbook really supplies them we should mark its rank in the series. English history, although it has a definite unity, has nevertheless been influenced, through much of its course, by the ancient independence of separate provinces, an independence not political only, but of race and of traditions. Mercia has long ceased to exist; North Humberland now means something very different from what the name once implied. 'West Wales' and Wessex have alike vanished from the map of England; and if East Anglia is still sometimes used to signify the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, it is in a geographical sense only. Yet long after all such marked divisions had disappeared, all through the mediæval period, and it may almost be said, down to the present day, the districts themselves have retained a certain distinct character, have still been affected by the causes, geographical or of race, which at first defined them within certain limits; and in their turn have affected the main stream of English history.

It is this special local character, this variety which has gone to make up

'This happy breed of men, this earth, this England,'

that should be traced through the history of each main division of the country, and that has been carefully pointed out in the general Introductions to many of the Handbooks—in those, for instance, to the Handbooks for Devon and Cornwall and for the Eastern Counties, both districts of marked isolation and peculiarity. The study of such a district, its geographical features and limits, its great towns and harbours, its military strongholds, ancient and modern, its ecclesiastical foundations, —cathedrals, churches, great monasteries, hospices; its tumults, 'commotions,' or rebellions; its trade and its agriculture —pursued from such a stand-point, acquires a coherence and a unity which not only gives it increased interest, but materially raises its dignity and importance. This is, in the best way, to make topography the handmaid of history.

In a similar manner, the distinct individuality, the line of continuous history, should be, and in these Handbooks for the most part is, traced in the record of every subject important enough to be noticed at all. Southey has somewhere asserted that the revolutions of a single manor-house, could they be certainly ascertained, would be as interesting as those of a kingdom. Very often they can be ascertained; and these lesser revolutions sometimes throw no small light on the greater. So with the great towns, various in their origins and fortunes, yet each instinct with its own permanent life; and so with the monastery round which the cabins that were to grow into the town may have clustered, or with the great castle that in turn overawed and protected it. In all such cases the main interest, certainly the main instruction, is found in what we may call the 'biography' of the place—the story of its individual life. Of course, a Handbook is not altogether a history, and its notices are necessarily brief. But for all that they may, and generally do, set before us a good continuous narrative, and refer us to authorities who will enable us to work out the subject more at length for ourselves. This is an important part of their function; and the descriptions of actually existing relics illustrating the long story; of the various architectural changes in great churches and cathedrals, which belongs to it; or of famous old country-houses, with their stores of art-treasures, the gatherings of many generations, are even more important, and are of course treated with far more minute details than the historical notices which introduce them, although they are

to be regarded as forming part of the same course. But a Handbook is intended for actual service. Its office is to point out the things which are most worth seeing in the district it describes, and what is the best and easiest way of seeing them. They could not be well understood without such an introduction as we have been insisting upon; but the introduction is necessarily comprised within narrower limits than the description of things and places which are to be 'oculis subjecta 'fidelibus.'

When the variety of subjects is considered which in any one of these Handbooks have to be touched upon at less or greater length; when it is remembered that the author is, or ought to be, besides historian and archæologist, a geologist, a botanist, an agriculturist, a mechanist; appreciating the marvels of Saltaire and of the great brother-factories which have darkened the air and the waters of the North, no less heartily and sincerely than the charms of wild nature and the glories of the prospect from Helvellyn or the heights of Dartmoor—one is tempted to recall the disquisition of the philosopher Imlac, and to adopt the words of Rasselas, 'Enough; thou hast persuaded 'me that no man can'—write a Handbook. And this in a sense is true. The work, to be satisfactorily done, would be altogether beyond the powers of a single writer, were he not entitled to lay hands on the published conclusions of labourers in the various fields of knowledge, and, by condensing, to bring them within the range of his own volume. But in all cases—and this is one of the special merits of Mr. Murray's series—the general descriptions and notices should be the result of personal visitation. Unless the author is himself well acquainted with the places of main interest, and with their actual condition, he cannot guide others to them, although his knowledge of their past history may be accurate and profound. Each of the English Handbooks is the result of many tours, in which the highways and byways of the county have been diligently explored, and the present state of every important object—church, mansion, or ruin—duly noted. In this manner the successive editions will be as useful to future inquirers as those of Chamberlayne's 'Notitia' were to Lord Macaulay; the changes which have occurred in the intervals of publication being always recorded. These changes, however, are not the least among the author's difficulties. England, in some respects the most stable, is in others the most changeful country in the world. Great art collections are scattered, great houses pass from one owner to another, old landmarks disappear, even in the brief period between the writing of the book and its publi-

cation; and, in spite of very careful watching, it is impossible to avoid an occasional table of 'errata.' We only wonder they are so few.

The difficulty in collecting these local details, especially in procuring the precise information which is required, can only be appreciated by those who have themselves attempted some similar task. By far the best and most ready assistants (and their good offices are often acknowledged in the Handbooks) are the clergy. There is many a Gilbert White still to be found in the remoter, as indeed in the more frequented, corners of England, to whom his own parish has afforded ample materials for study, and who is almost always ready to communicate the results of his labours. The importance of these may often be exaggerated, and the historical conclusions somewhat doubtful. But for the most part they are useful aids, and, judiciously sifted, may assist materially in the raising of the main structure. It is not often that, as once happened to ourselves, a rector will refuse to show, or to allow admission to, his church, on the score that to make an architectural idol of the building is an offence against the solemn purposes for which it was erected. The 'historical conclusions' of this divine would probably resemble those of a brother-clergyman whom we encountered in a solitary Yorkshire dale. 'History? 'a parcel of old crimes and wickednesses—best forgotten, best 'forgotten. No, sir, I make a point of knowing nothing at 'all about history.' Such personages are themselves curiosities, and deserve a corner in the Handbook. The proffered help is generally too ample rather than too slender; and it is somewhat startling (we speak again from experience) when a request has been made for information about certain monuments in an ancient church, to receive copies of—apparently all the inscriptions inside the walls and out, including two distinct versions of the celebrated 'Afflictions sore.' With an 'embarra des 'richesses' like this the editor has to deal gently; yet it may be feared that he will not escape some grumbling over the injustice done by the omission of such records of the 'forefathers 'of the hamlet.'

A knowledge of the great difficulties to be encountered in the collection of material should lead to a lenient criticism of the Handbooks; and, we say this, because we have noticed in some quarters a disposition to make the most of light errors or omissions, and to dwell on them rather than on the wide and great merits of the entire volume. Such a book is not to be treated like a work of pure literature; although its composition may often demand rarer qualities than are required for

that. The true way of regarding a Handbook, and the best criticism that can be bestowed on it, is—always supposing that the foundation has been thoroughly well laid—not by any means to pass over errors, be they greater or less, but, on the contrary, to point them out carefully, in accordance with the request made at the beginning of each volume. If this were done, and in a kindly spirit—not for the sake of discovering faults, which in a first edition, at any rate, are quite unavoidable, but with the view of correcting them—we should find that all spots of real importance would rapidly disappear, until a Guide for Travellers was produced as perfect as the changing circumstances of each district render at all possible.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Description of the Gardens and Buildings at Kew, in Surrey: with an Engraving thereto in Perspective.* By Sir WILLIAM CHAMBERS.

2. *Official Guide to the Kew Museums: a Handbook to the Museums of Economic Botany of the Royal Gardens, Kew.* By DANIEL OLIVER, F.R.S., F.L.S., &c.

3. *Guide to the Royal Botanic Gardens and Pleasure Grounds, Kew.* By DANIEL OLIVER, F.R.S., F.L.S., Keeper of the Herbarium of the Royal Gardens, and Professor of Botany in University College, London. Twenty-seventh Edition. London: 1872.

4. *Reports on the Progress and Condition of the Royal Gardens at Kew.* By Dr. J. D. HOOKER. 1872.

CAN we wonder that the citizens of London have for ages been drawn, as if by some irresistible impulse, westward; beckoned onward, as it were, by the splendid beauty of the setting sun? In our own time we have seen the famous Gardens of Vauxhall, where Pepys tells us the nightingales used to sing so sweetly, swallowed up in the advancing tide of brick and mortar, and Kensington Gardens, where, within the memory of many middle-aged men, squirrels were as plentiful as blackberries, are now caged in by a suburb, until they are not more retired than a square in Bloomsbury. Westward still the great wave of human life is advancing, until our last open space yet, thank God, open to the pure country fields in the form of a public pleasure-ground, is in the Royal Gardens at Kew. Like the Hampton Court Palace Gardens, they have flourished under the

favour of the Crown for many reigns, and the forest-like pleasure-grounds have had time to form a deep setting of noble trees round the Botanical Gardens, brilliant with flowers and exotic plants gathered from all quarters of the globe. It is true they did not pass into the possession of the Crown until the beginning of the last century, but for a century before, a residence known as Kew House, with these grounds, was in the possession of Lord Capel, and from him fell into the hands of Mr. Molyneux, who married his daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Capel; so that these noble grounds, at least as far as the Arboretum or forestial portion is concerned, have been in careful cultivation for at least two hundred years. Mr. Molyneux's connexion with the Court, as Secretary to the Prince of Wales, son of King George II., and father of George III., appears to have drawn the attention of that Prince to the charming situation of these grounds, and induced him in the year 1730 to take a long lease of them from the Capel family. At that time the estate consisted of about 250 acres, bounded, to speak broadly, by the Richmond Road, the old Royal Deer Park, and the river Thames. In the time of George II., when these grounds were first laid out for his son, the Chinese fashion in gardening was in vogue, and the grounds round the present lake by the Palm-house were designed after the fashion of the picture in the old-fashioned willow-pattern plate. In the old lake there was an island crossed by an apparently inaccessible Chinese bridge, not far off a Chinese Tai House, and as if to give a still more cosmopolitan character to the grounds, a Turkish Temple and an Assembly Room, the style of which, as set forth in Sir William Chambers' perspective view of it, it would be hard to guess at. The Great Pagoda, however, which still stands in handsome preservation some little distance off, in the midst of the Arboretum or pleasure-ground, is the only vestige of this Sinesian garden folly of the seventeenth century now remaining. The classical folly still exists. Sir William Chambers, as we all can see, capped artificial mounts with Temples of the Wind, Temples of the Sun, Temples of Victory and Minden; now either entirely empty or tenanted by a stray bust or two of departed heroes, which look wonderfully cold and miserable in their deserted shrines.

These so-called Classical temples and buildings in the gardens were erected under the direction of the Princess Augusta, the relict of the Prince of Wales, by whom the exotic department of the garden was commenced. All vestiges of her glass stoves have, however, given way to new buildings

more fitted to the advanced appliances of our day; one noble building, however, still remains—the old Orangery, a heavy but imposing-looking conservatory (marked by the date 1761 over the portal of the building), where once the blooming fruit flourished, but now devoted to specimens of Colonial timber. Under the guidance of William Aiton, the author of 'Hortus Kewensis,' published in 1789, the Gardens were enriched with a large number of foreign plants. During his time and that of his son, W. Townsend Aiton, Esq., who was an especial favourite of George III., these gardens were the receptacle of the riches in horticulture collected and brought over by Captain Cook, Sir Joseph Banks, and Captain Flinders, in their voyages round the world. In addition to these Mr. Allen Cunningham brought home from Australia many rare plants, and the expeditions of Bowie and Masson to Brazil and to the Cape of Good Hope furnished the Gardens with singular products of the Southern Hemisphere. With the reign of the poor blind king (who, by the way, spent the last years of his life in the quaint old red-brick palace seen from the lawn) the value of Kew Gardens as a scientific centre of botanical and horticultural science gradually declined, the two succeeding monarchs taking little interest in the establishment, and spending but little upon it. With the first years of the present Queen's reign, during which such vigour seemed to be infused into the scientific life of the nation, the first movement was made which transformed the Gardens from an effete royal establishment into the noble grounds which, under its able directors, has become the most famous botanic garden in Europe. In the year 1838, in consequence of the general feeling that the Gardens should be placed upon a different footing, and thrown open to the public as a great popular and scientific institution, at the instigation of Lord John Russell, a Committee was appointed to inquire into their management and condition. In 1840 the inquiry resulted in a report by Dr. Lindley, which recommended that the Royal Botanic Garden, the pleasure-grounds, and the Richmond Deer Park should be transferred to Her Majesty's Woods and Forests, and this arrangement was immediately carried out; but subsequently the management has been divided between two departments, the gardens and pleasure-grounds passing to the Works and Public Buildings Department, and the remainder to the Woods, Forests, and Land Revenue Office. The Botanic Gardens in 1841 received as its Director, on the resignation of Mr. Aiton, Sir William Hooker, and from the day of the advent of this distinguished botanist

the fame of the national establishment immediately began to re-assert itself. The proposal of Dr. Lindley, in his report to Government, gradually, under the care of this distinguished Director, became an established fact:—'A National Garden 'ought to be the centre round which all minor establishments 'of the same nature should be arranged: they should all be 'under the control of the chief of that garden, acting in concert 'with him, and through him with one another, reporting con-'stantly their proceedings, explaining their wants, receiving 'their supplies, and aiding the mother country in everything 'that is useful in the Vegetable Kingdom. Medicine, commerce, 'agriculture, horticulture, and many valuable branches of manu-'facture, would derive much benefit from the adoption of such 'a system. From a garden of this kind Government would be 'able to obtain authentic and official information on points 'connected with the founding of new colonies; it would afford 'plants there required, without its being necessary as now to 'apply to the officers of private establishments for advice and 'assistance.' In order to give space for these improvements, however, considerably more room was required than could be found in the original Botanic Gardens, which at the time of the transfer from the Crown consisted of only eleven acres. This portion of the old Royal Domain was at once opened to the public, together with its plant-houses and museums, as they then existed. These inadequate limits were soon increased by the grounds immediately about the Orangery and the Conservatory, which gave an additional four acres; the Pinetum was subsequently added by the Queen. This land, which was contiguous with the pleasure-ground, afforded room for a collection of plants of the pine tribe, and for the erection of the Palm-stove, which was built in 1848, and for the lake in its modern form—an addition of forty-seven acres. In 1846–7 the Royal Kitchen and Forcing Grounds were incorporated with the Botanical Gardens, making an additional seventy-five acres in all. In 1861 Decimus Burton commenced the building of the Temperate House, which lies in the avenue terminated by the old Pagoda. The Arboretum, or pleasure-grounds, were, after the death of the late King of Hanover, thrown open to the public. These grounds, which the non-scientific public greatly esteem on account of the beautiful timber they contain, comprise an additional 270 acres, and, in addition to this, the old Royal Deer Park, of about 400 acres, now belongs to the Woods and Forest Department, affording almost unlimited space for the extension of the Gardens when more space is required. These beautiful enclosures

have, in short, grown up piece by piece, like the British Constitution, by grants and arrangements with the Crown, and they now form the finest horticultural establishment in the world, without cavil or dispute. It is needless to say that to give a full account of the Gardens in a botanical sense would occupy volumes. As, however, we are writing for the intelligent visitor, and not for the professional botanist, we shall probably satisfy him by pointing out the main features worthy of attention in the Garden and its museums.

The public are more familiar with the entrance from the Green, than with any of the other entrances from the Richmond Road, or from the towing-path facing the Brentford and Isleworth ferries. The fine old gateway, a specimen of ironwork but rarely met with, seems to smile upon the holiday folks who hot from toiling over the Kew Bridge, built after the Chinese ideas of such a structure, are gratified both in eye and mind by the luxuriant verdure that meets their eye immediately they pass these portals. It is no spick-and-span new garden they look upon; the turf speaks of ages of careful culture, the trees rise to a noble altitude, and their foliage strikes them as something rare and beautiful. And well it may; for the spot immediately within view is the old Arboretum. Here for two hundred years at least all the rare trees of the old and new world have been collected and carefully tended. The buildings, too, wear an air of picturesque beauty which speaks of the past. The old Kew Palace, somewhat retired on the right hand, speaks of the days when solid building in fine red-brick, which harmonised so well with the verdure around, was a living fashion. It seems, like all the old buildings of that age, to have a history, and that history, as we know, was associated with the latter years of the poor, blind, old king, which were spent within its walls. At that time the grounds around the palace were not nearly so open as they are now, the paths wound about amid shrubs; and here, on one occasion, as Fanny Burney tells us in her autobiography, the poor king, escaping from his keepers, pursued her, as she fled terrified through the garden to escape him. Here, also, Queen Charlotte lived many years after his decease, and closed her days. But scientifically as well as socially this spot is famous. Looking over the wire fence which separates the royal grounds from the garden—for they still belong to the Crown—we see a sundial mounted on an antique pedestal. This site marks one of the great astronomical triumphs of the past. The curious spectator may not have an opportunity of

reading the inscription which is engraved upon it, which we therefore give.

'On this spot, in 1725, the Rev. James Bradley made the first observations which led to his two great discoveries—the aberration of light, and the nutation of the earth's axis. The telescope he used had been erected by Samuel Molyneux, Esq., in a house which afterwards became a Royal residence, and was taken down in 1803. To perpetuate the memory of so important a station, this dial was placed on it in 1832 by command of His Most Gracious Majesty King William the Fourth.'

Thus by a most happy coincidence this ground may be considered sacred to the great explorers of the skies and the earth—the one a searcher of the starry heavens, the other, of the rarities of mother earth; and in the names of Bradley, the Astronomer Royal, and Sir William Hooker, the creator, so to speak, of these gardens in a scientific sense, may be traced the origin of the two scientific establishments, the Kew Gardens and the Kew Observatory.

But to turn once more to the cool shade of the noble trees which tempt the lounger, scientifical or otherwise, in these delightful gardens. As we have said, many of them are now in their prime, and all are more or less rare as well as beautiful. Very many of them are exotic, and were removed here by the Duke of Argyle, termed by Horace Walpole 'the tree-'monger,' from his famous garden at Whitton near Hounslow. Among the most umbrageous of these trees we may note the Turkey or Mossy Cupped oak of South Europe and Asia Minor. The noble spreading branches of this tree always attract the visitor, and around the Cork oak near at hand it has been found necessary to put up an iron fence to keep off visitors, the tree having been nearly destroyed by the anxiety of the curious to take away trophies of its living bark. On the lawn near the pathway leading to the Herbaceous Grounds may be seen a weeping willow that possesses an historic interest inasmuch as it is grown from a cutting taken from the tree growing over the grave in which the Emperor Napoleon was buried at St. Helena. We perceive in Museum No. 1 a portion of the oak tree under which the great Duke stood and gave his orders at Waterloo; a seat should be made of this, in order that the visitor may, at his ease, contemplate the relic of the great Emperor. Near at hand is a very curious tree, the Hop Hornbeam, so called on account of the blossoms resembling those of the hop. The black walnut of the United States, and the common walnut grow side by side. Near the old Orangery, which stands with such a commanding presence, an example of the large manner

of its constructor, Sir William Chambers, even in small things, are some noble specimens of oaks, one specimen of which, the Evergreen, or Holm Oak of Southern Europe, should not be overlooked. The tints of some of these trees are lovely in the autumn, and make us regret that the old habit of planting them in our parks has completely gone out. There is a fashion in trees and tree-planting as in most other things. For these last fifty years the deciduous trees which make autumn so glorious in the parks of Old England, have given way to trees of the evergreen kind, to such an extent that they are now scarcely procurable in the nurseries of this country. Thus, when it was determined lately to plant some of the vistas radiating from the Great Palm-house with the rarer specimens of hardy deciduous trees, it was found necessary to procure them from foreign nurseries! The last popular fashion is for the Deodar Cedar, which is clothing the pleasure-grounds of England with its beautiful drooping foliage. The *Araucaria imbricata*, or the Puzzle Monkey as it is popularly called, is another conifer that is making a steady footing in our pleasure-grounds, but it is only lately that it has been spread about largely by the nurseryman. In the old Arboretum, through which we are still strolling with the reader, is a specimen, which was planted as long ago as 1792. When Sir William Hooker was first appointed Director of the Gardens he found this tree sheltered by a small hut-like structure, the supposition being that it was only half-hardy and could not withstand the rigour of our winters. We may notice here by the way that this testing of plants as regards their powers of becoming thoroughly acclimatised, is one of the most important functions of the establishment. Associated as this botanical establishment is with kindred institutions in our colonies throughout the globe, of which, indeed, it is the nursing mother, it follows that plants and seeds are constantly arriving the very nature and habits of which are as yet unknown, but they are here tested, and if found suitable to our climate, are spread throughout the land through the agency of the nurserymen. By this means enormous sums of money have been thrown into their hands, some single plants having sufficed to make the fortunes of some of the leading firms; but, as we shall show, they have returned the favour with interest.

Notwithstanding our desire to see the old fashion revived of planting deciduous trees in preference to the unchangeable evergreens, we cannot help regretting there are so few Cedars of Lebanon in these gardens. These trees were a fashion of our ancestors. They are said to have been introduced to this

country by Evelyn in 1691. This being true, it disposes of very many pretty tales connected with this majestic tree. For instance, it is fondly repeated by many a pleasure-party that floats past the Duke of Northumberland's grounds at Sion House, on the other side of the Thames, that Lady Jane Grey received notice of her accession to the crown whilst sitting under one of the fine cedars in these grounds. Be that as it may, however, there can be little doubt that the Cedar of Lebanon gives an expression of grand repose to a garden which we fail to find in any other tree. How much do some of our old hereditary houses owe to their solemn grandeur—a type of the persistent historic life of their possessors? Of old there stood a fine avenue of these noble cedars in this Arboretum. They were planted about the year 1700. Of these there only now remains a fine old stump covered with ivy. It is very much to be regretted that as they decayed some younger cedars were not replanted. There are many very exaggerated ideas afloat relative to their slow growth. The size of many existing trees which cannot be two hundred years old if it be really true that Evelyn first introduced them, testifying to the contrary.

But the rare trees we have mentioned are not confined to the small space which formed the old Arboretum, and covered only five acres. The adjacent lawns are also planted with them, some of which have an unmistakeable foreign appearance. For instance, the visitor is immediately struck by the appearance of the United States palm and the Chusan palm, comparatively low trees, which meet his view immediately he enters the garden. The Oriental appearance of these makes him for a moment believe that he is in an Eastern palace. A very slight protection is all that is required for them in the winter. Near to these singular trees the *Yucca gloriosa* sends up its tall spire of white flowers; they are nearly allied to the Aloes, and the visitor for a moment thinks that he has had the good fortune to see that plant in blossom, which, however, he may have done this very summer by visiting Stove-house No. 5, where the so-called Century Palm was in bloom for the first time in this country.

But what is that delicious scent that is wafted to us as we advance? The *Magnolia grandiflora*, with its pure white blossoms scattered amid the grand foliage of the beautiful tree, at once strikes the eye with its beauty, and answers the question. We may wander for hours amid these fine trees without tiring ourselves; but as we hear the Great Lily is just out, let us make our way to the T-shaped stove-house, which is close

at hand. What a delicious scent greets us as we enter! and what a glorious sight this peerless lily presents, seated amid her green island-like leaves! Well may the famous botanist Haenke have fallen upon his knees when he discovered it, and expressed his sense of the power and magnificence of the Creator in his works. But grand as the plant is, in this humid stove, under the tropic sun and in the noble waters of the Amazon, it appears to this one as a giant to a pigmy. There the flower is upwards of a foot in diameter, and the leaves measure as much as eight feet across, and are capable of bearing half a hundred weight. But comparatively dwarfed as it appears under artificial treatment, it is still surprising. The study of the evolution of leaf and flower for a day or two is most interesting. The bud, which makes its appearance from beneath the water in a few hours, as rapidly opens when it is clear of it. The bursting of the bud is accompanied by a slight noise, and immediately the house is flooded with a delicious perfume, somewhat like that of the magnolia, only more delicate. As you watch the petals slowly unfold, at first the flower appears of a creamy white; but in a few hours, as its cup-like form fully opens, the most delicate pink is seen to tinge them; but the bloom lasts only for a few hours, as they perish the day of their birth, and new blooms come up and repeat the glory. But the evolution of the leaves is scarcely less interesting, if not quite so beautiful. They first appear on the surface of the water curled up, with their deep midribs strongly marked, and here and there armed with long thorn-like spikes. Coiled up like a hedgehog they first make their appearance in this world; on their putting off their defensive attitude, they slowly unfold their beauty to the sky; appearing at first with a deep rim, which doubtless induced the natives to call them 'water 'platters;' and so they unfold, until at last the circular leaf lies flat upon the silver flood, an emblem of perfect repose, moored by its rope-like stem to the central root. Let us hope that a larger tank may be afforded to this beauty to display her ample setting of emerald leaves. As it is, they crowd up and over the stone margin of their tank, and give the spectator a sense of the plant being crushed and crowded. But we must not, even by the grandeur of the *Victoria regia*, be prevented from noticing the extreme beauty of the *under* side of the leaves of another lily close at hand—*Euryale ferox*. These leaves are not nearly so large as those of the Victoria lily; but either by accident or by design one of them was twisted upon its stalk, so as to show its under side—a perfect marvel of colour. The leaf itself is like a piece of reddish-

purple satin, whilst the prominent midribs are a rich amber. It seems a pity that such a beautiful sight should only meet the human eye by accident.

Not far from this tank the curious may note several varieties of the pitcher-plant. The bottom of the deep pitchers, which are suspended from this singular tree, is generally filled with water; and as the inside edge of the pitcher is frilled round with a series of fine hairs pointing downward, it would seem as though Nature intended it as first a lure to attract insects, and then as a trap to hold them, as they do not appear to be able to surmount the fringe of hairs which prevents their exit. The pitchers are therefore full of drowned insects. Some of these receptacles hold two quarts of water, and, notwithstanding the flies, are sought for by the thirsty traveller with avidity. Near this plant is another—*Nepa fruticans*—a low stemless palm, bearing a large head of nuts, that grows in the tidal waters of the Indian Ocean. Dr. Hooker tells us in his Himalayan Journal that there is a particular interest attaching to this plant in a geological sense, inasmuch as the nuts of a similar plant have been found abounding in the tertiary formations at the mouth of the Thames; and must have floated about there in great profusion till buried deep in the salt and sand that now form the island of Sheppey. Young palms of different species fill up the surrounding benches, and on the western wall the *Vanilla planifolia* is trained, yielding the famous flavouring fruit. The houses forming the two arms of this stove-house are devoted to economic plants, both tropical and temperate. Of the growth of fruits and condiments we daily eat, how few of us have any knowledge; of the fibres that yield us garments, not one in a hundred is as familiar as it ought to be. Here we may find the coffee-tree grow, the cotton-plant bearing the cotton-pods, the clove-tree, the ginger-plant, the India-rubber tree, the nutmeg-tree, and a score of others that we have not space to mention. The teaching power of these stove-houses is far beyond anything the public can gain from books, because here they have the facts printed, as it were, direct from Nature upon the inquiring brain, in a manner which is pleasant and rarely forgotten. Here and there Nature in her economy gives us products that are almost humorous in their character. Let us note, for instance, the sack-tree. By merely soaking and beating its trunk, the bark is sufficiently loosened to turn inside out, a section of the bark being left at the end to form the bottom of the sack. In the museum at the end of the Herbaceous Garden the visitor will see one of these sacks.

This is an example of the application of these museums in giving to the public a view of the ultimate use of these economic trees.

In the northern wing of this cruciform house the visitor should not forget to see the (Venus Flytrap), *Dionæa muscipula*, another enigma of Nature. The irritability of the lobes of the fringed blades of the leaf is so great that, upon an insect alighting upon them and touching any of the minute bristles upon the surfaces, they close upon it like a pair of sugar-tongs and imprison it—who shall say for what ultimate purpose this automatic engine of destruction was devised?

Striking northward towards the Palm-stove which gleams in the sun, let us take in our way the Water-lily house, or tropical aquarium. The small tank in this house is mainly occupied by the papyrus, the first paper-making material of which we have any knowledge. The flowering stems contain a pith which is cut into strips with their margins overlapping; these strips are crossed by others at right angles, and by means of pressure are consolidated into the writing paper of the ancients. It seems strange that after so many thousand years we should have come back to a similar material for the manufacture of paper. Esparto grass now forms the broad-sheet of many London daily papers. Common straw is also largely used, and the woody fibre of the Norway pine is now making its way into the market for the same manufacture. Among the graceful papyrus float several beautiful species of water-lilies, the most interesting of which is the *Nymphæa gigantea*, an Australian lily whose flowers, of a most delicate blue, measure twelve inches across. Some of the lotus tribe have red and white blossoms. A very curious plant to be seen in a tub in this house is the water-lettuce of tropical countries, in which only the skeleton appears. The triangular tanks at the corners of the house are filled with the Sacred Lotus of the early Egyptians, and which is so often found delineated on their monuments. The graceful appearance of this plant immediately strikes the attention, independently of its interesting associations with the past. We can liken the setting on of its leaves to nothing more nearly than to that of the Nasturtium, only their colour is of a more tender green, whilst the flower is a most delicate pink, with seed-pods like a top, in the flat upper surface of which the seeds are set separately at equal distances. No more graceful plant could find a place in private tropical aquariums than the Sacred Lotus. Near at hand is the very remarkable Telegraph Plant of India, so called from the spontaneous jerking motion of the lateral leaflets, which are alternately raised and depressed. This is one of the curiosities of

the Gardens, and seems to hold the visitors with a sort of mesmeric attraction. The Caricature Plant is close at hand. The variegation of the colour on its leaves often assumes very curious forms, hence its name; but we confess that we have rarely seen any irregularity which could be said to take the character of a caricature. But from these frivolities of Nature, so to speak, the eye is irresistibly attracted by the lovely colour of the common rice plant, the great food-producer of the teeming millions of Asia, India, and the Southern States of America. From the small seed-plots we see flourishing here, of the colour of the heart of a lettuce, we can imagine the delicious repose vast swamps of it must give to the eye in the torrid East and on the parched plains of the South.

It is but a step to what seems to the public the central sun of the gardens—the Palm-stove. This is we believe the largest tropical house in existence, its entire length being 362 ft. by 100 ft. in width, and 66 feet in height. What a noble prison-house it is for the captured forest trees of the tropics, and how healthy and luxuriant the captives look! The visitor is transported to the torrid zone, and finds the blaze of light shadowed by the curved leaves of the palms, which make dim arcades of shade as he pushes through them, whilst the humid heat helps to carry out the deception; only one thing seems wanting—a few bright-coloured birds to make the picture perfect. But we forget: mere illusions, however delightful, are not sought after here, but facts, and they are sufficiently pleasant and enticing to need no adventitious help. Graceful as is the foliage of these palms, they may be termed economic plants in the highest degree, as many of them provide food and wine, water, clothing, and cordage to the inhabitants of the arid country in which they grow. In many cases, indeed, they may be said to be the tree of life, affording at once shelter, food, and drink to those who seek them. Visitors who enter these houses to seek information will find each plant duly labelled, so that they have no difficulty in ascertaining their names and the class and order to which they belong. They may, therefore, be considered living picture-books. Indeed, this may be said of the whole garden, from the meanest weed that grows in the Herbaceous Grounds to the noblest trees; and, in this sense, the value of it as a public instructor is inestimable, and the more so that the knowledge they afford is given insensibly, whilst indeed the lounger thinks he is merely enjoying himself. Among such a tangled mass of verdure we have only space or time to refer to a few of the more graceful or valuable in an economic sense; and in doing so we cannot avoid

availing ourselves of the valuable and interesting guides to these gardens by Daniel Oliver, Esq., the keeper of the Herbarium. They are models of what such guides should be, clear in description, full of facts, and without one superfluous word.

Arenga saccharifera, as its name implies, is a palm yielding abundant saccharine matter, which by fermentation makes an excellent wine—red and white—each tree yielding on an average three quarts daily. Marco Polo says, 'When they want 'wine, they cut a branch of this, and attach a quart pot to the 'stem of the tree, at the place where the branch was cut; in 'a day and a night they will find the pot filled.' Its fibrous integument makes incorruptible cordage, and the cellular pith of the trunk affords abundant sago-meal. Close beside this wine and meal-giving tree is a Brazilian palm—*Astrocaryum rostratum*. The sight of this tree of ferocious habit reminds one of the fierce tiger that lies in wait amid the verdure of tropic climes. Every leaf is beset with powerful spines, which mark the mid ribs of the leaves, and are arranged in rings around the stem. Any traveller making his way in the forest would certainly feel the force of these talon-like projections, which justify its classification among the ferocious genus. *Caryota urens*, another palm, is a native of India, remarkable for its divided leaves and wedge-shaped leaflets. This is another wine-giving tree. It would seem as though Nature in very hot climes compensated mankind for the extreme heat by affording natural fountains of refreshment to the inhabitants. Roxburgh in his 'Flora Indica' says, 'This 'tree is highly valuable to the natives of the countries 'where it grows in plenty. It yields them during the hot 'season an immense quantity of toddy or palm wine. I have 'been informed that the best trees will yield at the rate of a 'hundred pints in the twenty-four hours. The pith, or fari-'naceous part of the trunk of old trees, is said to be equal to 'the best sago; the natives make it into bread and boil it into 'gruel.' Thus bread and wine may be said to be the fruit of this beautiful palm. We cannot fail to recognise the tall and beautiful cocoa-nut tree (*Cocos nucifera*), which lifts its head crowned with graceful plumes above the other trees. This palm, which is universal in tropical countries, perhaps yields a more varied produce to mankind than any other tree; indeed, it is popularly said that its uses are as numerous as the days of the year. The gigantic leaves of the Talipot Palm of Ceylon and the Indian Archipelago, which casts such a shade, naturally suggested one of its principal uses—the construction of tents. The West Indian fan-palm (*Sabal umbraculifera*) is another

specimen of the broad-leaved class of palm, the leaves measuring from four to six feet in diameter, and growing to a height of sixty to eighty feet; in this stove it is comparatively short, but the breadth of foliage contrasts richly with the more plume-like class of leaves. A very beautiful palm is *Phytelephas macrocarpa*—the Vegetable Ivory Palm. The peculiarity of this palm is that the stem, instead of being erect, trails along the ground, sometimes for twenty feet, before it begins to rise, and then it lifts its head barely more than three or four feet. The seeds which produce the vegetable ivory are found in hard clustered capsules. This ivory is used for turning purposes, the cheaper kinds of chessmen being made from it. The beautiful fan-like arrangement of *Urania speciosa*, the Travellers' Tree of Madagascar, draws attention to one of the most valuable trees of the tropics—a tree yielding pure water. Ellis in his 'Madagascar' tells us—

'This tree has been most celebrated for containing, even during the most arid season, a large quantity of pure fresh water, supplying to the traveller the place of wells in the desert. Having formerly been somewhat sceptical on this point, I determined to examine some of the trees. One of my bearers struck a spear four or five inches deep, into the thick firm end of the stalk of the leaf, about six inches above its juncture with the trunk, and on drawing it back a stream of pure clear water gushed out, about a quart of which we caught in a pitcher, and all drank of it on the spot. It was cool, clear, and perfectly sweet.'

We are not aware whether in the Palm-stove this water, which to the thirsty traveller must seem like a direct gift from God, is yielded; if so, and the tree was not injured by it, a trial now and then before the public would be deeply interesting. At each end of the stove there are staircases, which lead to and from the gallery, from which a view of the heads of the palm-trees is obtained. Near the ascent staircase is a very remarkable group of Screw-pines, so called from the likeness of their leaves to that of the pine-apple. The great peculiarity of these palms is the manner in which they throw out adventitious roots above ground, which serve as buttress-like supports to the tree. The *Bambusa vulgaris*, close to the staircase, is a specimen of the rapidity of growth of this cane, which, like the *Bambusa gigantea*, is rapidly reaching the glass roof. It has been observed to grow at the rate of eighteen inches per diem; and this very specimen has reached to the gallery from the ground in three months! The uses of the Bamboo are almost too numerous to mention; and in the Museum No. 2, at the end of the ornamental water, opposite this building, hundreds of specimens of articles manufactured from it may be

observed. Among the smaller specimens in this house, the magnificent *Doryanthes excelsa*, an Australian lily, which, like the country of its birth, is on a magnificent scale, throws up flowering stems of 20 feet in height, having clusters of crimson flowers 12 to 18 inches in diameter. Let us notice also *Girardiana Leschenaultiana*. This is a most virulent Indian nettle. The late Curator of the Gardens was stung by it on one occasion, when his hand swelled to double its normal size, and he was disabled for at least a couple of hours, when the inflammation gradually subsided. Before ascending the staircase, we must not forget to notice *A. toxicoria*—the deadly Upas tree. Dr. Horsefield says:

'This is one of the largest in the forests of Java; the stem is cylindrical and perpendicular, rising completely naked to the height of sixty, seventy, or eighty feet. Close to the ground the bark is, in old trees, more than an inch thick, and upon being wounded, yields plentifully the milky juice, from which the celebrated poison is prepared. In clearing new grounds near the tree, the inhabitants do not like to approach it, as they dread the cutaneous eruption which it is known to produce when newly cut down. But except when the trunk is extensively wounded, or when it is felled, by which a large portion of the juice is disengaged, the effluvium of which mixing with the atmosphere, affects the persons exposed to it with the symptoms just mentioned, the tree may be approached and ascended like the common trees of the forest.'

Thus it will be seen that the popular notion as to the deadly shade of the Upas tree, which the poets make so much of, is by no means to be taken as literally true. As long as its stem remains intact indeed, it appears to be harmless; it is only the juice which contaminates the air with poison. Ascending the spiral iron staircase, we have a full view of the crowns of the palm-trees, and the manner of their being thrown off from the main stem. The unfolding of some of the leaves may be observed, showing the tender green of that portion of them which has just seen the light. Some of the creepers which ascend the staircase and surround the gallery show the prolific nature of these plants; and some of the flowers are magnificent in colour. High, however, as we have ascended, it will be seen that the tropical trees have shot still upwards, and the flora of the warm latitudes is threatening to touch the glass roof. Since the introduction of glass as a protection against the weather, there has been a struggle to lift it high enough to keep pace with tropical growths. Like the contest between guns and armour-plating, there has been an incessant struggle between Art and Nature in the stove-houses. At first the old Orangery was employed to preserve the plants and

trees requiring heat, but the palms and pines speedily shot up to its comparatively-speaking low roof, and had to be cut down to suit the capabilities of the house. Decimus Burton lifted this roof to 66 feet; but we now see the bamboos lifting up their verdure to the glass, and some of the palms will shortly touch it, and then—but here the contest is ended by the triumph of the trees. It may be asked, Why may not the glass roof be made to lift so as to accommodate these tropic growths? This, no doubt, would be easy of accomplishment by means of telescopic columns that could be lifted by machinery; but when we remember that some of the trees now in this Palm-house acquire an ordinary height of from 100 to 180 feet, we fear the victory must be left with Nature and the flora, inasmuch as lifting the roof to anything like this height would involve difficulties in sending heat to such altitudes. Such, at least, is the present view; possibly a few years may enlarge our ideas and our capacity for action in the matter, as it has in so many other cases. Meantime, we must submit to see the glorious leaders of the palms cut down and their beauty spoilt, or, when they are at their greatest beauty, they must be removed from the house and destroyed, in order to give place to younger trees, which, in their turn, will be nursed at great expense to full treehood to be in like manner degraded—a result, we must confess, greatly to be deplored, and most of all by the learned Director of the garden, who of all men must most regret to see a limit put by Art to the vigorous powers of Nature, which his skill has done so much to foster in these gardens.

If we leave the Palm-house by the middle door looking towards the Sion Vista or northwards, we see, radiating west and east of us, two others: the vista leading past the Temperate House towards Sir William Chambers' pagoda, and the so-called *Cedar Vista.* These long avenues are not yet completed, but it is sufficient to say that they are lined with deodars and with deciduous trees, those of the old world facing as a rule those of the new. The *Sion Vista* right before us was cut so wide that it admits a torrent of cold air from the north, and the deodars that were planted here, for this reason or from the poverty of the soil, have failed to make any growth. If we follow the *Pagoda Vista* a few hundred yards we come into the pleasure-ground or new Arboretum, in which the new Temperate House is situated. This building was built after a design by Decimus Burton in 1861. The building consists of a centre 212 feet long by 137 broad. There are two octagons 50 feet in diameter, which it is intended to connect with the

main building by terminal wings, but as yet the plan is not completed. The glass is tinted a light green by oxide of copper, in order to intercept some of the heat-giving rays of the sun. This arrangement is also adopted in the Palm-stove.

The planting of this house so far away from the more cultivated part of the garden is appropriate to the flora it contains, dedicated as it is mainly to Australian Forest Trees, and other countries in the far distant South Pacific Ocean. If we ascend the staircase and look down upon the vegetation we see at a glance the distinctive nature of the Australian flora, so different from the vivid verdure of the tropics, or the deep green of the vegetation of the northern latitudes, where Nature, clothed in her dark pine forests, seems to be in solemn mourning. The flora of Australia, to begin with, is remarkably uniform in its character. The gum trees, including the iron, and stringy-bark trees, and the blue, white, swamp, and other gums, have all a uniform complexion. We are told that the Acacias have a remarkable peculiarity in their leaves also, which aids in making them colourless. 'The compound, and often greatly 'divided blade of which usually remains undeveloped, so that 'the leaf is reduced to a stalk, which, however, to compensate 'for the want of the blade, is so much flattened as to resemble 'an ordinary leaf. These flattened leaf-stalks (*phyllodia*) may 'be recognised as such by their vertical direction, being attached 'as it were *edgeways to the stem*.' Near the staircase, an excellent example of this curious character of the leaf, and the method of its setting on, may be observed in the *Acacia melanoxylon*. It can easily be conceived that the vertical position of the leaves to the stem, different from the horizontal arrangement so common in trees, goes a great way to produce the shadowless aspect of the flora in Australian woods, which Darwin thus notices in his 'Voyage of the Beagle':—

'The extreme uniformity of the vegetation is the most remarkable feature in the landscape of the greater part of New South Wales. Everywhere we have an open woodland, the ground being partially covered with a very thin pasture, with little appearance of verdure. The trees nearly all belong to one family, and mostly have their leaves placed in a vertical instead of as in Europe in an horizontal position. The foliage is scanty, and of a peculiar pale green tint, without any gloss. Hence the woods appear lightless and shadowless.'

One of the blue gum trees of Australia has been planted out at Kew, near the house, and is flourishing. We question, however, whether it will stand the severity of an English winter. But in the South of France, and more especially in Portugal, these Eucalypti have been introduced and cultivated

with extraordinary success. We have seen as many as two hundred varieties of them in the Botanic Garden at Coimbra, and the importation of this tree is a national benefit to the Peninsula. It grows very fast even in a dry and hungry soil; it affords excellent timber; it acts as a disinfectant for unwholesome places; the bark contains an alkaloid febrifuge; the leaves may be smoked; and its uses appear to be innumerable.

Interspersed with these shadowless trees we have mentioned are many, however, in this house growing in the same temperate zone of a totally different character. Let us note, for example, *Araucaria Bedwelli*—the Bunga Bunga Pine. This is really a beautiful tree with dark green glossy leaves, growing to from 100 to 150 feet high, and producing large cones, the seeds of which are eaten by the aborigines of Moreton Bay, Australia. This pine flowered for the first time in Europe, in this house last year, and the cone may be seen in No. 1 Museum, at the bottom of the ornamental water by the Palm-house. It is said that these trees form the only hereditary property which any of the aborigines are known to possess; each tribe possessing its own group of trees which pass on from generation to generation.

Another very remarkable tree which springs up amid the dingier gums, and is just touching the roof, is the Norfolk Island Pine, the leaves of which forming green platter-like trays, so to speak, at regular intervals on its delicate stem, have a very graceful effect. In its native woods it reaches a height of 200 feet. These beautiful trees have been successfully imported into Europe, and grow with great luxuriance at San Lucar and on the coast of Portugal. New Zealand has many specimens of her trees at Kew; among them, *Kai Katea*, a fine tree—the white pine of the colonists, and *Areca sapida*, a New Zealand palm, and *Podocarpus Totarce*, which is one of the most valuable timber trees in the colony.

On the northern side of the house there is a noble collection of Japanese plants. This we are told is characterised by an unusually large proportion of woody plants, many of which belong to families which are rare elsewhere so far to the north. This doubtless is the scientific distinguishing character of the Japanese flora, but to the non-botanical observer the remarkable characteristic is the perseverance with which this extraordinary people have managed to variegate the leaves of their plants. The *Aucuba Japonica* we have so assimilated to ourselves, is a specimen. The variegation in the leaves of this handsome laurel is but a type of the change effected in numerous other plants by the Japanese,—a testimony to the civilisation which

must so long have existed there, in order to bring about this remarkable result. In consequence of our hitherto having but one sex of the *Aucuba*, it was long wanting in the beautiful scarlet berries, which contain its seed, but this deficiency has of late years been supplied, and the staminate plant can now easily be procured. As the climate of Japan closely resembles that of Great Britain, most of the Japanese plants can be grown in this country without protection.

A very short walk from the Temperate House takes us to the Chinese 'Tai.' This pagoda was built under the direction of Sir William Chambers in 1761-2, and was considered at the time one of the finest specimens of brickwork in the country. It consists of ten octagonal stories, which diminish from the lowest. The building is 163 feet in height, and the view from the top is very beautiful, extending over a large area of country. It is closed to the public in consequence of the inveterate habit of name-cutting which affects a certain class of visitors. The only Cedars of Lebanon of any size in the garden are close to the building. They were planted in 1750, and consequently are fine trees.

Now that we are in the Arboretum, or pleasure-ground, which the public so much affect, it will be as well to give some account of it. It was mainly planted about the year 1730 by the Earl of Bute, consequently the trees have grown to a noble size; but the wood has altogether lost its character within these last fifty years—indeed since the destruction of old London Bridge. The old Curator, who still survives, tells us that in his youth the Thames stood at least three feet higher than it does now; in fact, there was never low water showing mud banks such as we now see. The solid piles of the old bridge formed an impediment to the flow of the stream, which kept it back like a mill-dam—a fact which those old enough to have performed the perilous feat of 'shooting the bridge,' as it was called, can well remember. The effect of lowering the tide, no doubt seconded by the general land drainage of the neighbouring country, was that very many of the trees died; the present Curator testifies to the fact that when their roots have been dug up, they were marked at a certain depth, where the water never reached them in the gravelly soil, by a fungus which destroyed them. There used to be a tangled underwood throughout, and rare mosses and ferns grew there, which collectors in despair can no longer find. In fact, it was at one time a covert for game, impassable to anyone but the royal beaters. When the Queen made over the Botanical Garden and the old Arboretum to the public, the pleasure-ground was

in the possession of the late King of Hanover, and this prince refused to give up possession, but kept it as a preserve for pheasants. At the annual shooting the game was sent over to Hanover, and we are informed found its way back again to this country as presents to his friends! Even as late as the advent of Dr. Hooker, the present Director, it was impossible, he tells us, to find a way through the dense undergrowths; the squirrels and the wild birds were plentiful, and the aspect of the place was quite forest-like. Since that time it has been brought within the pale of civilisation. The undergrowth has disappeared, paths have been cut through in every direction, new trees have been planted, and it has assumed its true form as a noble pleasure-ground. The river, it is true, has become very tidal, and the banks at time of low water muddy; but the side of these grounds overlooking the Thames is still the favourite resort of the mere pleasure-lounger in the Gardens.

Finding our way back from the pleasure-ground by way of the gate near the Temple of Minden—a monument to a battle Englishmen have almost forgotten—we come in sight of the flag-staff, said to be the finest spar in Europe; it is planted in a mound to a depth of 18 feet, and its entire length is 159 feet. But the height is but that of a clothes-prop to some of the spars the *Wellingtonia gigantea* trees could yield. A specimen of this tree is to be found in the plantation on the round mound near the Palm-stove of a very moderate height; but in California there are trees now standing 450 feet in height and 116 feet in circumference! The fine square tower we pass on our right once did double duty as a smoke-shaft, drawing the smoke from the Palm-stove furnaces, and as a water-tower, in order to obtain a sufficient elevation for the requirements of the gardens and houses. But both these requirements have now been answered in another manner; the smoke takes a short cut through the two wings of the building, and the water is now provided by means of the lake in the pleasure-grounds, from which it is pumped by an engine near the Temperate-house to tanks in Richmond Park. Formerly the smoke from the Palm-stove was conveyed by underground flues a distance of nearly 500 feet to the tower, where it was consumed. An underground railway also ran to the stove, to convey coals to the furnace and remove the ashes.

A short winding path takes us to the Herbaceous Grounds, which form one of the most interesting features in the Gardens, and answer many questions plant-growers feel interested in, but which the uneducated passer-by thinks as of no account. These herbaceous grounds may be looked upon as the living

reflex of the Herbarium, to which we shall draw attention presently. It may be considered a map of hardy herbaceous plants, arranged in the natural orders to which they belong. The botanical nature of the plants are arranged according to their affinity, as determined by the structure of their flowers and organs of reproduction.

Some of the orders occupy several beds, and some but few, the order in many instances being represented by a typical plant placed in a circular side-bed, so that the botanist sees at a glance the bed from which he may require to gather information. The grasses and sedges are illustrated by a splendid collection. The thistle tribe—few people sufficiently appreciate their beauty—are very numerous, culminating in the artichoke, which we have often wondered has not been introduced into our flower gardens for the beauty of its foliage. Evelyn tells us that they were appreciated by the ancients as they deserved. 'For not very long since this noble thistle came out of Italy, 'improved to this magnitude by culture, and so rare in 'England that they are commonly sold for a crown apiece; 'but what Carthage yearly spent in them, as Pliny computes 'the sum, amounted to 30,000*l.* sterling.' Whether they were appreciated for their beauty, or for their gastronomic properties, Evelyn does not say; but the nobility of their appearance no lover of the beautiful can deny. The infinite varieties of many of the common flowers, only the botanist has a notion of, the differences in many cases only being observable to the keen scientific eye. Nevertheless, only distinct types are represented here, all cross-breeds being eliminated. Among the noble foliage to be found here we took especial note of the *Gunnera scabra*—a plant which grows very like the rhubarb, the leaf-stalks springing at once from the ground, but flowering differently, the seed-pods springing also from the ground. The leaves are of gigantic proportions, measuring eight feet in length, and forming deep masses of shade, and presenting most striking forms. We trust we shall see it ere long embellishing private gardens. A collection of hardy ferns, alpine plants, &c. close to the Herbaceous Gardens clearly attracts many fanciers, as we see they are under the especial care of a watchman, rare ferns being one of the articles some people see no crime in appropriating clandestinely.

Of the value of this herbaceous garden, as a test by means of which collectors are able to identify rare plants, the number of persons who daily visit it is the best proof. It may be asked what's in a name, 'a rose by any other name would smell as

'sweet'? but the nurserymen know otherwise, and in order to sell their plants they must give the true botanical name. This garden, and the Hortus Siccus, or Herbarium, by far the most extensive collection of dried plants in existence, form a necessary complement to each other. The house at the entrance of the Gardens where the late King of Hanover used to live, forms what may be termed a huge album, where most of the dried plants in existence can be found duly indexed and arranged in folios. In this and the herbaceous grounds most of the scientific work of the Garden is done. The valuable Botanical Library situated under the same roof attracts to it botanists from all quarters of the globe, and nearly every valuable work on the subject published in this country has issued from this spot.

Having made the tour of the grounds and the conservatories, it only remains for us to direct attention to the Museums of Economic Botany, of which there are three. To use the words of Professor Oliver's Handbook:—

'We learn from them the sources of the innumerable products of the vegetable kingdom for our use and convenience, whether as articles of food, of construction and application of the arts, of medicine, or curiosity. They suggest new channels for our industry; they show us the variety in form and structure presented by plants, and are a means of direct instruction in most important branches of useful knowledge. We see from them the particular points upon which further information is needed, especially as to the origin of some valuable timbers, fibres, and drugs, in order to perfect our knowledge of economic botany; in brief, the Museums tell us *how little* as well as *how much*, we know, of the extent of which herbs, shrubs, and trees contribute to our necessities, comforts, and numberless requirements.'

Crowded as these Museums are with curious vegetable productions from roof to floor, we can only notice the more striking and noteworthy of them. As we are nearest the Museum No. 3, which is in fact the old Orangery, to be seen immediately on the right hand on entering the gates of the Gardens, let us proceed towards it. This Museum is chiefly devoted to a collection of specimens of Colonial timber mainly derived from the Exhibition of 1862. No approach to a scientific classification is attempted with these specimens, as in the other museums; in fact, many of them are only duplicates of those contained in the arranged collection, but on account of their magnitude were not capable of being included with them. One of the most striking objects which attracts the attention on entering the building is a bowl-like cup worthy to form a goblet for Neptune. It is the receptacle in which the root of the double

cocoa-nut actually grows, in the form of a wooden bowl with a rough picturesque exterior perforated with holes through which the roots of the tree pass. The double cocoa-nuts themselves, which before their discovery on the Seychelles near Madagascar were found floating about in the Indian Ocean, were considered great rarities, and sold for enormous sums. Another very curious plant in a glass case is *Welwitschia mirabilis*. This plant is closely allied to the Pine family, and is certainly one of the most singular-looking products of the vegetable kingdom. It consists of two leaves only, which lie flat upon the ground, extending each for six feet. These leaves are said to live the whole life of the plant for one hundred years, and become dried and torn to rags. The flower is a foot across. It was found growing in a hard stoney soil in South-west Tropical Africa. Another most remarkable plant, or fungus, is close at hand modelled in wax, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, a parasite which grows upon the stem of some of the Vine order in Sumatra. The flower is the most gigantic in existence, measuring from three to six feet across. It has neither leaves nor stem, and may be considered a vegetable prodigy. The space in this museum is taken up with specimens of Colonial timber more interesting in a constructive point of view than any other; but we must not leave its doors without noting the very ingenious method of toy-turning, of which there are specimens sent from Saxony. It will be seen that the rough forms of different animals are first turned in a circular piece of wood, and from these segments are cut, and afterwards rounded so as to represent nature. We can, after seeing this rapid method of production, understand how it is that a whole menagerie in a Noah's Ark can be purchased for sixpence. To the archæologist the relic of Herne's Oak, blown down in Windsor Forest, and presented by the Queen, will prove interesting.

If we pass over westward we come to Museum No. 1, which is situated at the bottom of the ornamental water facing the Palm-stove. This museum is devoted to flower-bearing plants. The examples are contained in cases in which the orders and families are duly noted on the outside. The orders are ranged in different floors. It would be tedious to dwell upon these specimens which, however, are highly instructive to the scientific inquirer. On the ground-floor are some very curious examples of the use of the different English woods, and under the Willow order are specimens of the ancient Exchequer tallies. • Up to the year 1830 the accounts of the Exchequer were kept by means of these tallies, which were made of

willow or poplar wood. The amount of money they represented was noted on them by means of notches cut in the side of the flat tally. These were easily split, and the counter-tally served as a check upon the original one. Such is the life in old customs in England, that were it not that the accidental firing of one of these bundles of tallies set fire to the old House of Commons it is quite possible that the tally system might still have been in vogue. Among the curious examples of old oak, showing the power of this wood to resist change, may be mentioned a portion of a pile of old London Bridge, taken up in 1827, which must have been in use 650 years, and yet seems as sound as the day it was put down. Some of the bog oaks are also very curious; and a portion of the 'Maria Rose,' lost at Spithead in the reign of Henry VIII., is still perfectly good.

Museum No. 2 is at the bottom of the Herbaceous Garden, and is appropriated to specimens of the products of those plants which are commonly regarded as not bearing flowers, such as mosses, ferns, sea-weeds, lichens, and mushrooms. There are only two floors to this museum. In the rooms of the ground floor are many curious specimens which are interesting. Let us note ivory nuts from the Vegetable Ivory Palm, with specimens of chessmen and other ornaments cut out of the ivory. The method of carrying tea in Paraguay in the skin of the great ant-eater, specimens of wood stained green by *Peziza æruginosa*, and used for the manufacture of Tunbridge-ware. Here also we may see specimens of the gulf-weed which forms such immense masses in the eddy of the Atlantic to the west of the Azores, as to offer impediments to the navigation of vessels.

It may be asked how Kew Garden has fulfilled the scheme of such a natural garden as was foreshadowed by the late Dr. Lindley: what imperial purposes has it served; what has it done towards proving itself a nursing mother to our Colonial possessions? This is a very important question, and we think the Director can with pride reply. From these Gardens have issued the Cinchona plants which are now clothing the hills of India, and from the produce of which quinine is now largely manufactured in the Nilghiri mountains, and in the Sikkim Himalaya. The importance of the introduction of this life-giving drug to the holders of India, and to all fever-stricken populations, cannot be exaggerated. The cultivation of ipecacuanha in the same country from seeds sent from Kew and under the care of Kew gardeners, is another fact which cannot be dwelt upon with too much pride by Dr. Hooker. It was made known as early as 1648 by

the physician Piso that this powder was a cure for dysentery, but this knowledge seems to have been forgotten until the present time, when it was found to be really a specific for the disease when taken in large doses. The value of such a drug as this and the Cinchona bark to Europeans in the East is certainly incalculable; but the Director of Kew Gardens, with the large view he has taken of the true value of such a botanical centre as he directs, has made efforts to disseminate throughout our wide domains many other valuable plants, valuable in a commercial as well as in a medical sense. He has recognised in the reports that he annually issues the remarkable fact that, notwithstanding the extent of our colonies in tropical countries, not one of them produces tobacco! To meet this great want he has sent gardeners to cultivate this invaluable herb in Jamaica, and we hear that the produce is equal to the best grown in Cuba. In Natal, through his instrumentality, plantations have sprung up, and now, we hear, they are sufficient to supply the demands of the gold diggers in their neighbourhood. The island of Bermuda has, by his direction, been planted with valuable products. In short, the nursing mother at Kew has done good service in enriching our colonies with valuable plantations, which will conduce to the welfare of their inhabitants for all future generations.

The method of transferring plants where it is necessary to do so, is by means of the convenient Wardian cases, in which the most tender plants can be conveyed safely and in good condition. Before these were invented plants were conveyed in a ship's hold, subject to all the impurities of salt water and air that such places of carriage are liable to, which rendered the safety of transport of delicate trees and shrubs very problematical. Now, with a little care, the most delicate growths are conveyed from one hemisphere to another quite safely. For years the exchange of floras has been going on; trees as well as settlers are migrating to our colonies, and the vegetable world of the far distant temperate zone is slowly making a footing in our fields and pastures. Of this imperial work the public know nothing; it is carried on systematically and in silence, and the mere holiday folk who throng to these Gardens, imagining that the beauty they see is merely for their gratification, would be astonished to find that from this heart, so to speak, every dependency of the empire is nourished and supplied with the plants and vegetation that is useful to them.

And not only our colonists are so supplied, but the home demand is also considerable. From the nurseries of Kew Gardens Battersea, Hyde, and the Victoria Parks have been

planted and renewed with trees. One of the best testimonies to the smooth working and the beneficial action of this public establishment under the present Directorship is the harmony that exists between it and the proprietors of different private nurseries in the country. The profusion of gifts of rare flowers and shrubs constantly flowing in from them not only shows the high estimation in which Kew is regarded as a botanical garden, but the liberal manner in which its resources have been judiciously dispensed among themselves. Of the estimation in which the Gardens are held by the public it is scarcely necessary to speak. The crowded steamers that pass up the river on every holiday and on Sundays and Mondays are a sufficient answer. A few figures, however, will suffice to show the boon the opening of these Gardens has been to the public as a mere pleasure-ground to *all classes* of the people, for we scarcely know which class seems the most thoroughly to enjoy them. During the first year, 1841, after the grounds were opened to the public, the number entering the gates was 9,174. A gradual increase took place year by year until 1850, when 179,627 passed the gates. The next year, the Great Exhibition year, saw the number increased to 327,900. Even this large number very speedily became surpassed by the visitors of ordinary years, the number during 1872 being 553,249. No doubt the figures for the entire present year will give the largest number of visitors Kew Gardens has yet received. The Director, thoroughly taken up as he is with the scientific character of the Gardens, yet has not neglected their popular character. The broad avenue leading towards the Palm-house, during the early spring and summer months, is a triumph of floriculture, as regards mere masses of colour. The rhododendron beds, when in bloom, are perfectly matchless, and the turf beside them a carpet of the most brilliant dyes. However ardent a botanist, this much Dr. Hooker wisely concedes to the vast crowds who come here merely to enjoy the delights of a glorious garden, set in a still more glorious pleasure-ground and park. We heartily rejoice to think that the temporary differences which had arisen between this truly eminent man and one of the departments of Government are now entirely at an end, by the transfer to another office of the person who had occasioned them. But however trying it may have been to Dr. Hooker to be engaged in so unworthy a contest, he was backed in it by the strenuous support of the whole scientific world, and he received the strongest assurances of the confidence and gratitude of the public.

ART. IX.—1. *Der alte und der neue Glaube; ein Bekenntniss.* Von D. F. STRAUSS. Bonn: Vierte Auflage. 1873.

2. *The Old Faith and the New; a Confession.* By DAVID FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. Authorised translation from the Sixth Edition, by MATHILDE BLIND. London: 1873.

A QUARTER of a century ago a great thinker and statesman, whose name was then a household word in England as well as in his own country, Germany, published it as his deliberate opinion that 'a war of religion' was impending upon Europe.* His opinion was ridiculed at the time. But the events which have lately occurred in France and in Germany —especially since the defeat at Sedan and the capitulation of Paris—have rendered Baron Bunsen's words more likely of fulfilment than most people, even five years ago, could have believed to be possible. Indeed, in view of the late pilgrimage-movement in France, an intelligent eyewitness does not hesitate to declare that 'a renewal of the wars of religion is not a 'flattering prospect; but it is one which many persons in this 'country [France] seem neither to shrink from nor to repu-'diate.'† And certainly if the near approach of two great hostile camps, bristling with weapons and burning with mutual hatred, has always been regarded as a sure presage of coming war, then a religious war *à outrance*, of some kind, must not be far off. For never, within the memory of the present generation, have the Jesuits been so busy, the Pope so impracticable, or the clerical party everywhere so bent on doing mischief. And never, on the other hand, has the so-called Rational party shown itself so utterly irrational, so deaf to the remonstrances of common sense, so determined to push its present trifling advantages to the bitter end, so oblivious of any other than bare intellectual necessities, so ignorant that an irreconcilable 'reign of terror' is sure to produce ere long a disastrous reaction, ruinous to *both* the good causes of safety and of progress.

At the same time veracity compels us to add, never probably, since the great Reformation in the sixteenth century, have questions emerged involving so much inevitable contradiction, or imperilling interests so dear to the whole human race. Science nowadays claims boldly to have undermined the foundations of religion; and religion, for her part, pretends

* Bunsen, 'Die Zeichen der Zeit,' II. 235 (2nd edit., 1856).

† 'The Guardian,' July 2, 1873; and again, Sept. 17, 1873.

loftily to do without science. The 'reign of law' proclaims publicly that it has rendered obsolete the 'reign of God;' and, for their part, the ministers of God are endeavouring to reorganise His reign on the basis of miracles and wonders, and to confront the claims of 'law' by an equally extreme and monstrous assertion of the Divine caprice and unreason. The result is—by a strange conjunction of the most opposite theories—that Pius IX. and Dr. Strauss perfectly agree together, and proclaim with one consent that religion 'ought not to 'reconcile itself to and agree with modern civilisation;'* for 'religion and civilisation occupy a contradictory position in 'regard to each other, so that with the progress of the one 'the other retreats.'† After beholding such a conjunction as this, who can be surprised at the reported alliance between Carlists and 'Intransigentes' in Spain? Yet how singular that on the spiritual as well as on the temporal arena, at this moment, the party of moderation and good sense should find itself violently attacked from two opposite quarters of the horizon, and should be compelled to do battle on either hand with the (usually irreconcilable) forces of despotism and of anarchy!

Over one of these two camps a banner has, for some years past, been publicly flaunted; and it has now received a solemn consecration as 'infallible' at the hands of the pseudo-Vatican Council. We refer, of course, to the Jesuit, 'clerical,' or Ultramontane banner of the Papal *syllabus*. Above the other camp —the camp of bitter, uncompromising hostility to everything that religious people hold dear—a corresponding banner may now at last be seen openly unfurled, in the book of Dr. Strauss whose title stands at the head of the present article. Here we have the *counter-syllabus* of the destructive criticism; a work, not exactly of authority, but written in the name of a certain 'we' whom the author claims to represent, and whom he describes in the following manner:—

'Side by side with this majority there exists, however, a minority not to be overlooked. It considers that if you once admit a distinctive difference between the clergy and the laity, you must likewise be prepared to give your adherence to the dogma of an infallible Pope. And in like manner, if you no longer consider Jesus as the Son of God, but as a man, however excellent, it thinks that you are no longer justified in praying to Him, in cleaving to Him as the centre of a creed, in year after year preaching about His actions, His fortunes, and His utterances; more especially when you discern the most important of these actions

* Papal Syllabus, § 10. † Strauss, Eng. trs. p. 158.

and incidents to be fabulous, while those utterances and teachings are recognised by you as, for the most part, irreconcilable with our actual views of life and the universe. And when this minority thus notes the giving way of the close circle of ecclesiastical dogma, it confesses to not seeing what further use a *cultus* still subserves; and proceeds to call in question the need for a distinct society, like the Church, existing by the side of the State and of the school, of science and art, the common property of all. The minority which holds these opinions constitutes the "We" in whose name I undertake to speak." (P. 6: Eng. trs. p. 5.)

The work then is one which on this account, as well for many other reasons, deserves a careful study, and requires a faithful exposure of its dangerous fallacies. For Dr. Strauss is evidently honest, even to rudeness. Moreover, he writes well and forcibly. And he is fairly equipped for his enterprise against Christianity by a diligent study of the numerous handbooks on Physical Science, with which we are all by this time sufficiently familiar. But, brandishing these things in his hand, and flushed with an astonishing faith in the infallibility of Büchner, Darwin,* and Kant—which really (in so grave and cold a writer) reaches the very limits of the ridiculous—he rushes in where more modest and better-informed men fear to tread, and plants himself in the foremost ranks of the coming *stampede* (so he anticipates) which is about to 'go over' from Christianity to Atheism, and to leave the grass growing where churches stood before. Dr. Strauss' final conversion to the creed of endless night seems to have been hastened by a certain *pique* which he is reported to have felt, on discovering that a Jewish writer, Dr. Geiger, had cut away the ground of his previous position from beneath his feet; had shown that his '*New Life of Jesus, worked up afresh for the German populace*,' proved either too much or too little; and that

* We by no means hold Mr. Darwin accountable for the use which has been made of his name and of his theories, and we have already had occasion to point out, in reviewing his recent writings, the singular want of apprehension of metaphysical argument which accompanies in him the powers of physical observation of a great naturalist. But he has supplied to the German writers of the materialist antitheistic school precisely the facts and the theory they most required to support their view of Nature; and they have undertaken to carry this theory out to its ultimate logical consequences, which Mr. Darwin himself has not done. They therefore hail him as the great prophet of his age, and Büchner, Moleschott, Hartmann, and Strauss triumphantly oppose the theory of Evolution to the religious creed of mankind. We sincerely believe that Mr. Darwin himself would disclaim and view with pain this application of his doctrines; but it is not the less true that this is the use which has been made of them.

the author was logically bound either to go much farther, or to withdraw within the lines of orthodoxy.* Dr. Strauss chose the former alternative. And hence we have this book—a virtual negation of all Christianity, of all Theism, of all Religion, and a bold arrogant assertion of a downright Godless MATERIALISM, as the only religion worthy of a 'scientific' age.

The work is divided into four parts. At its threshold stands an Introduction, describing the purpose of the author and the audience to whom he addresses himself. And at the end is a curious Appendix, containing a great number of miscellaneous criticisms on German poetry and music, intended, apparently, to form a manifesto of that specially human and secular Art-cultus, which is ere long destined to take the place of the old-fashioned divine service of the Christian Church. The four parts are arranged under the following headings:—(1) *Are we still Christians?* (2) *Have we still a Religion?* (3) *What is our conception of the Universe?* (4) *How do we order our lives?* The 'we,' in each case, being the advanced party in Theology, the liberals, the free-thinkers, of whom Dr. Strauss is probably one of the most distinguished members.

The answer to be given to the first question appears, after much irrelevant discussion, to be this: that the advanced party in Germany are no longer Christians; that they desire not the title in any non-natural sense; and that they honestly confess that, taken in its ordinary sense, the epithet does not apply to them. The boldness and coolness of this plain disavowal of Christianity is, at first sight, painful and shocking. But it is no small relief to find, on farther investigation, that the Christianity disavowed by Dr. Strauss is not such as is held by any thoughtful or moderately educated man at the present day; that it is, in short, a scare-crow patched up of variegated fragments, mostly of a very considerable antiquity; and that the ridicule, therefore, and the contempt with which he invites us to repudiate so wretched a parody of truth, as if it were Christianity, justly recoil upon his own head. What are we to say to a man, who parades before us, with all the self-sufficiency of an itinerant 'lecturer on infidelity,' all the well-worn popular difficulties about the serpent and the Garden of Eden? What are we to think of the sense—or else, of the sincerity—of one who now-a-days interprets 'original sin' as condemning 'even the innocent little ones, who die unbaptised, to the 'everlasting torments of hell'? How shall we characterise a

* This account of the matter is given by Prof. Huber, in his criticism of the present work, p. 12.

theologian who pretends that the difficulties of the Trinity are numerical difficulties; who travesties the Christian Atonement into 'punishing some one for another's transgression,' and quotes Diderot's blasphemy, 'il n'y a point de bon père qui 'voulût ressembler à notre Père céleste;' who thinks, in spite of St. Paul and the Burial Service, that the resurrection means 'the restoration of so many mouldered human frames;' and who can see nothing in the Lord's Supper, 'but the repulsive 'Oriental metaphor of drinking the blood and eating the body 'of a man'? What can we say of him, but that he had better go to school once more, and learn—ere he displays to the contempt of Christendom yet further feats of ignorant blasphemy or hypocritical sarcasm—what that really is which he blasphemes, and what those precious truths really are which lie enshrined in 'Oriental metaphor' and mediæval dogma.

And here we reach the (to us) far less interesting question, which forms the heading of his second chapter: 'Have we 'still a Religion?' Really, after what has been already displayed, in Part I., of the horrible and hopeless decomposition of Dr. Strauss's religious ideas, we feel very little disposed to go any farther into this question. We can pretend to nothing beyond a very languid interest in discovering what shapeless fragments of a creed may yet belong to him. We are moderately thankful that his reply 'will not be as roundly negative 'as in the former case.' And we gladly agree with him that, Christianity being gone, the real question is, 'What do we 'propose to put in the vacant place?' Let us turn, therefore, to the other part of our task, and endeavour to give an answer to the question, 'What is our conception of the Uni-'verse?'

To this third question—which is by far the most interesting and important of all—the following answer is at length virtually given: We claim still to possess a sort of religion; but it is, in fact, what is generally known as 'Materialism.' For from our conception of the Universe all idea of a personal God is entirely excluded. All hope of a future life is entirely repudiated. All notion of responsibility in anything that we do, or of purpose in anything that we suffer, is wholly and for ever put aside. Evolution is to us in the place of God. Darwin is to us the highest of his prophets. We have soared to the notion of a huge, irrational, everlasting, astronomical machine, which we call 'The Universe.' We have sunk to the rehabilitation of that which the old heathen poets used to call 'destiny.' And if it be objected that the bald intellectual contemplation of a machine, without any stirrings of emotion,

can hardly be called a religion, 'we' reply that we are *not* without a certain emotion; that we quiver with a righteous indignation when anyone speaks a blaspheming word against Fate, and indulge ourselves in gentle sentiments of piety towards the huge irrational Machine of which we believe mankind to be the first tentative outcrop of intelligence and consciousness. But let Dr. Strauss speak for himself:—

'We consider it arrogant and profane on the part of a single individual to oppose himself with audacious levity to the Universe whence he springs, and from which also he derives that spark of reason which he misuses. We recognise herein a repudiation of that feeling of dependence which we expect from every man. We demand the same piety for our "Universum" that the devotee of the old style demanded for his God. Our sentiment for the great All reacts, when wounded, precisely in a religious manner.' (P. 147: Eng. trs. p. 167.)

'The conception of the Universe—instead of that of a personal God—is the goal to which we are led by perception and thought, the ultimate fact beyond which we cannot proceed. In the course of investigation, this assumes the more definite shape of matter infinitely agitated; which, by division and combination, developes itself to ever higher forms and functions, and describes an everlasting circle of evolution, return, and renewed evolution. . . . The All is in no succeeding moment more perfect than before, nor less so.' (P. 226: Engl. trs. p. 257.)

'We have already praised the English naturalist as having effaced "miracle" from our conception of the world. . . . The intelligent artificer of organisms, the personal inspirer of instincts, could not well be retained by modern thought developed by the progress of Natural Science in our day. It has been too clearly apprehended that our consciousness and self-consciousness is first rendered possible on the basis of Sense; that our thought is dependent on a corporeal apparatus, especially on the brain and nervous system.* . . . Our present Bee does not "plan" its skilful constructions, neither is it "taught" them by a deity. But in the lapse of thousands of years, during which the lower insects have developed into Hymenoptera, the increasing needs induced by the struggle for existence have gradually "fashioned" these arts.' (P. 218: Eng. trs. p. 251.)

'After the plurality of gods in religion had resolved themselves into the one Personal God, in like manner He, too, has become resolved into an Impersonal, but person-producing, All.' (P. 149: Eng. trs. p. 169.)

After this, we conceive there is no longer any doubt how Dr. Strauss and his school represent to themselves the Universe and human life within it. As it seems to us, they are positively intoxicated with the cup which modern physical science has for

* More competent observers than Dr. Strauss do not seem to accept these rash statements. No authority could well be higher than that of M. Flourens, and he decides in favour of a 'force libre.' (*Études sur le Cerveau*, p. 53.)

some years past been offering to their lips.* Unable to appraise its interesting discoveries at their true worth, dazzled by the glamour and novelty of its revelations, and forgetful of the serious mistakes and 'gaps in the record' of which it has even already had to make humiliating confession, these men have, in ludicrous fashion, entirely lost their heads. They cry out loudly and confidently, and with most 'damnable iteration,' Great is the God Pan of the philosophers! And not among themselves only—which were pardonable—but upon the house-tops, and in the midst of earnest school and church efforts to raise the ignorant masses from base fetichism and sensuality to higher things, they proclaim the uselessness and folly of all such efforts, announce that Kant and Darwin have struck a death-blow at all the old systems,† and preach that life is a piece of mechanism, ‡ religion a fable, § immortality a dream founded upon a wish, ‖ and the resurrection of Christ—we refuse to pollute our English tongue with the blasphemy—'ein Welt-historiches humbug.' ¶

What then, we may ask, is to take the place of these instruments and motives, whereby the world has been in the past, and promises to be in the future with more success than ever, trained to higher and yet higher levels of moral and spiritual advancement? Let us hear Dr. Strauss's own specific, whereby all the terrible storms of passion and of covetousness and of hatred shall be lulled. It is found amid his answers to the fourth and last question of his book, 'How do we order our 'lives?'

'I should say that all moral action arises from *the individual's acting in consonance with the idea of his species.*** To realise this, in the first place, and to bring himself as an individual into abiding concord with

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* If the reader would measure the preposterous lengths to which this intoxication will lead some men, let him read Hartmann's 'Gott und 'Naturwissenschaft,' or Mr. Stuart Glennie's 'In the Morning-land.'

† P. 179. ‡ P. 175. § P. 137.

‖ P. 124. ¶ P. 73.

** How men like Dr. Strauss and Mr. Stuart Glennie can imagine that their senseless verbiage will be accepted by any human creature as a 'law,' either of conduct or of science, is a psychological problem which we do not profess to solve. Compare Mr. Glennie's imaginary discovery of the 'ultimate law of man's history,' which he diffidently compares with Newton's discovery of gravitation. It runs as follows:—'Thought, in its differentiating and integrating activity, advances 'under terrestrial conditions from the conception of one-sided determi-'nation, through the differentiation of subjective and objective, to the 'conception of mutual determination.' (*In the Morning-land*, i. 191.)

the idea and the destiny of mankind, is the essence of the duties which man owes to himself. But, in the second place, to practically recognise and to promote in all others this sense of a common species, forms the essence of our duties towards our neighbour. . . . Ever remember that thou art human and no mere nature-production! Ever remember that all others are human also, and amid all differences the same as thou, having the same needs and claims as thyself! This is the sum and substance of Morality. Ever remember that thou, and everything thou beholdest within and around thee, all that befalls thee and others, is no disjointed fragment, no wild chaos of atoms or casualties; but that it all springs according to *eternal laws* from the single fountain of all life, of all reason, of all good! This is the sum and substance of all Religion! That thou art "human," however,—what does this mean? How shall we define man in such a way as not merely to clutch at vague and airy conceptions, but to reduce the result of our experience into a definite and tangible form?' (P. 243: Eng. trs. p. 274.)

How, indeed? when mere 'positive' science knows of no fixed boundary lines at all; when every day is bringing home more forcibly upon it the difficulty of drawing any frontier marks between species, is suggesting the impossibility of deciding by any mere physical criteria when precisely the embryo man takes on the undoubted characteristics of humanity, and is displaying (we must add) the absolute hopelessness of any redemption from merely bestial and selfish instincts by the aid of scientific verbiage, such as this. If these philosophers and would-be regenerators of mankind would only condescend to come down for a little while from their cloudy speculations; if they would accompany a Roman Catholic priest to the confessional, or attach themselves, for a single week, to some hard-working English curate on his parish rounds; we feel assured that they would soon find out the stuff that poor humanity is really made of, its urgent bitter need of some more effective and more speedy redemption than this, and its inaccessibility to any moral leverage except such as is presented to it in a tangible and personal form. It would then be seen how absolutely *incapable* mankind is—owing perhaps to long ingrained and ancestral habits of immoral living—of reaching without assistance the ideal pattern after which (as we popularly say) it was made. It would then be felt how preposterous a method of education it were to bid men, overmatched already by the terrible advantage possessed by emotions over ideas, to redress the balance by 'ever remembering' that ideas are superior to emotions. And in answer to 'thou art no wild chaos of atoms 'and casualties,' the reply might be heard—as it is virtually heard by such clergymen every day—'but I *am* a wild chaos,

'and am content to be so: for no cogent reason has yet been 'advanced why I should not follow my own impulses, as well 'as thou dost follow thine.'

But how do these advanced philosophers themselves order their lives? They order them, and are apparently very fierce and proud about ordering them, as follows: instead of uniting with their less-favoured fellow-creatures, and trying to improve and elevate what they consider the less intelligent forms of moral training, now offered to men throughout the face of Europe in 'church,' they claim the magnificent liberty (which no one denies them) of—staying at home! And there, instead of employing the leisure, thus somewhat selfishly obtained, in writing books that shall aid in presenting to the masses that Ideal of Humanity which they desire to see venerated, if not 'worshipped,' they employ themselves in holding up to doubt and scorn 'the Life of Jesus,' in whom alone mankind are prepared to see the divine Ideal realised and virtue visibly enshrined. Instead of opening the Jewish Scriptures to study there—in records preserved by that singular antiseptic, religious consecration, from the usual destruction that befalls such perishable things—the moral evolution of a singularly moral people, they open the book in the spirit of a raw and rude undergraduate, to point out the amazing discovery that there is Poetry there; that all its contents are not hard and legal prose; that the imagination has had room to play there; that fancy has even (in Oriental guise) intruded itself in the form of Apocalypses, of lyrical and political pieces in endless variety, of historical legends, of noble *In memoriams* on the instability of human happiness in contrast with the tranquil majesty of Pleiades and Orion, and with all the mighty drama of physical nature. And having thus disposed of every appliance which might have done their own souls good, and which is (to this hour) educating into higher moral perfection thousands of humbler and less sophisticated men, whom scepticism has not yet reached, they proceed incontinently to amuse themselves with art. Nero fiddles, after having set Rome on fire. And 'we,' in like manner, after writing the 'Life of Jesus,' babble over our Gluck and Mozart; declaim our Lessing and our Goethe, and loudly demand—while no soul on earth disputes the demand—to use, if we like, other means of culture and revival than the preacher's sermon, the Church's Catechism, or the confessedly humble and simple drama of Divine Service provided in the parish church.

Lest we should be accused of drawing a caricature, instead of a picture, here are Dr. Strauss' own words on the subject:—

'We, for our part—I refer to the *We* whose mouthpiece I regard myself throughout this work—find ourselves annoyed, in consequence of the attitude we have taken up towards the Church, and especially towards certain liturgical actions—with which we will have nothing more to do. Still, so little do we feel the need of any fresh sort of church, to be based partly or entirely on Reason, that we would not join such a church, even though the State should endow it with every ecclesiastical privilege. As if meditation were only possible in a church! * or edification only to be had out of a sermon! At a time and amid a period of culture when there flow so many other and more abundant streams, giving intellectual and moral health, why still adhere to an antiquated and lifeless form? . . . Besides our professional, our family, and our social life, we seek to hold ourselves as open as possible to all the higher interests of humanity. We study history, which has now been made easy even to the unlearned through attractive and popular works. Meantime, we try to enlarge our knowledge of physical science, where also there is no lack of aids and appliances. And, lastly, we find in the writings of our great poets, and in the performances of our great musicians, a stimulus for mind and heart, for fancy and humour, such as leaves nothing to be desired. "It is thus we "live, and hold on our way in joy."' (P. 229: Eng. trs. p. 341.)

In short, the reader is now in a position to see quite clearly the answers which Dr. Strauss wishes us to attach to the four questions proposed in his book. To the first—*Are we still Christians?*—the answer is, 'No: we are apostates from Christ, and we glory in our apostasy.' To the second—*Have we still a Religion?*—the answer is, 'No: if the usual meaning of 'the word is to be retained. For taking religion at its very 'lowest estimate—that of Mr. M. Arnold—as "morality '"touched with emotion," the utmost emotion "we" are able 'to attain is that of a pleased admiration at the great cosmical 'clock-work: and this leads to no religious results.' Our author's 'confession of faith,' therefore, amounts simply to a confession that physical science alone, cut adrift from metaphysical science, is powerless to provide mankind with a religion. This fact, however, was long ago proclaimed by Kant, in his 'Critik of pure Reason': † 'the principles of 'Reason, as applied to Nature, do not conduct to any theo-'logical truths.' To the third question—*What is our Conception of the Universe?*—the answer is, 'We conceive of it as 'a huge Machine, without purpose, without reason, without

* As if this had not been felt, and said too, by Churchmen in every age! e.g. by St. Bernard, a mediæval monk: 'Ligna et lapides 'docebunt te quod à magistris audire non possis.' *Opera*, i. 110 (Ed. Gaume).

† P. 390, Ed. Bohn.

'consciousness, worked by some blind Destiny; wherein, for 'no imaginable object, consciousness has emerged for a little 'space in man, soon, however, to be submerged again, and 'possibly never more to reappear.' To the fourth question,—*How do 'we' order our lives?*—the answer is, 'We order them 'as pleases us best—especially in the cultivation of poetry and 'music.'

To these four questions we now venture to append a fifth; and it is this: *If these Anti-christian and Atheistic sentiments should gain the wide acceptance which Dr. Strauss and his school anticipate for them, what is to prevent a reign of universal chaos?* What is to stave off the utter shipwreck of human society? What hope can survive for man, when every Redeeming Ideal is destroyed; when blind Destiny is enthroned in the seat of God; and when the Universe has come to be regarded by all mankind as a dead Machine, whose social law is, that

> 'He may get, who has the power;
> And he may keep, who can'?

That universal anarchy will then begin, and that the unchained passions of a human-animal, devoid of the usual animal instincts of restraint, will plunge both himself and the social fabric, he has for ages been erecting, into ruin,—no one in his senses can reasonably doubt. And such is the consummation for which writers like these are diligently working. Such is the chaos into which a merely destructive criticism, and a 'positive' science which, in the domain of Religion, is purely negative and is therefore falsely so called, are hurrying the deluded votaries of a Godless secularism.

And yet—will it be believed—after 257 pages of the most reckless revolutionary matter, on the subject of religion, which any educated man has, perhaps, ever yet written, this same author on p. 258—entering the realm of politics—is suddenly transformed from an 'irreconcilable' into a 'legiti-'mist,' from a radical of the very reddest hue into a cautious and conservative maintainer of things as they are, from a Jacobin into a serious supporter of the 'party of order'! The destructive criticism, which is good as a piquant accompaniment to theology, is not at all to his taste as an accompaniment to politics. And, though confessedly a republican at heart, he is now (at last) able to perceive that there is such a thing as the gradual education of men towards higher ideas; that symbolism, representation, and exoteric teaching may have their place and their justification as media and stepping-stones to better things; and that even philosophers may be acquitted

who preach, by means of established institutions and by not wholly unimpeachable creeds, the gospel of political liberty to 'babes' not yet prepared for the strong diet of purely republican individualism. His words are as follows: and we have only, mentally, to transpose the word 'nationality' into 'church-'manship,' in order to restore Dr. Strauss at once to religious good sense and orthodoxy:—

'There is now growing up around us a certain doctrine which declares itself opposed to the principle of *Nationality*; in whose eyes a particular political and social organisation is preferable to National Unity. . . . This calls itself, indeed, cosmopolitan, and gives itself airs as being a progress from the confined National to the Universal standpoint of humanity. But, we know, in every appeal the sequence of procedure must be observed. Now, the mean tribunal between the individual and humanity is the Nation. He who ignores his nation does not thereby become a cosmopolitan, but continues an egotist. Patriotism is the sole ascent to Humanitarianism. The nations, with their peculiarities, are the divinely-ordained—i.e. the natural—forms through which mankind manifests itself; forms which no man of sense may overlook, from which no man of courage may withdraw himself. . . . The interest in a common state cannot replace the national interest. It is impotent, as is sufficiently proved by facts, to exalt individuals above the narrow sphere of their egotism and their hurry to be rich, to the height of ideal aspirations. Without patriotism there simply can be no deep feeling.' (P. 264: Eng. trs. p. 301.)

'As regards the various forms of government, we may consider the prevailing opinion with us in Germany to be that, although a Republican form of government is the best in itself, yet, considering the actual circumstances and conditions of the European Powers, the time for it has not yet come; and therefore that Monarchy, made as little objectionable as possible, is to be tolerated for the present—indeed, for an indeterminate period. This shows at least a progress of insight. . . . It does not follow that the question must necessarily be decided in favour of Republicanism. History and experience have not taught us, hitherto, that mankind has been helped on its way—which means, surely, that the harmonious development of its parts and capacities be promoted—or has more securely progressed towards it, in Republics than in Monarchies. . . . [The former] permit freer scope to the individual for the development of his energies and his preferences. But this has, at the same time, its dark side; as it leaves open every avenue for political agitation, keeping the State in a perpetual ferment, and placing it on an inclined plane, down which it must almost inevitably slide into Ochlocracy, assuredly the worst of all forms of government. . . . Thus much is certain: the institutions, even of an extensive Republic, are simpler, more comprehensible, than those of a well-organised Monarchy. The Swiss constitution is, as compared with that of England, as a wind-mill to a steam-engine, as a waltz tune or a song to a fugue or a symphony. There is something enigmatic—nay, seemingly absurd—in Monarchy. But just in this consists the mystery of its

superiority. Every mystery appears absurd; and yet nothing profound, either in life, in the arts, or in the State, is devoid of mystery.' (P. 268: Eng. trs. p. 306.)

Yes; it is quite true—and Dr. Strauss never wrote a more pregnant and weighty sentence—'*nothing profound is devoid of mystery.*' And if he had remembered that truth, when (with reckless *insouciance*) he proceeded publicly to dissect the Life of Christ; when—without any caution, without any reverence—he composed the present work for the destruction (so far as in him lay) of the Christian society, and for the overthrow of all loyalty and faith towards Christ; it would, we think, have been better for himself and better for the interests of 'humanity' and of the 'universe.' That small minority of 'irreconcilables,' in whose name he took pen in hand, would certainly have suffered no harm; while that vast majority for whom (in his own words) 'a church is still a 'necessity,' would have been saved from a shock whose worst danger probably is the danger of a recoil from such extreme scepticism into some equally extreme form of fanatical and senseless superstition.

For let any man seriously ask himself what is the question which is really at issue between Dr. Strauss and his opponents, and he will find it to be, at bottom, nothing else than this: *Is the Universe governed and arranged on rational or on non-rational principles?* It is not merely the question whether Christianity be true. It is not merely the problem how far legend may have intruded itself into the sacred records of the Church, and in what way the truth is to be sifted out therefrom. It is not even the difficulty of reconciling moral evil with the existence of an omnipotent and morally perfect God. It is simply the question whether there be a God at all: whether what we call 'consciousness' or 'reason'—or any higher form of those qualities—be existent in space elsewhere than in our own brains: and whether the 'clockwork' conception of the Universe be, not only the partial truth, but the *whole* truth of the matter which is accessible to man.

Now, as we do not suppose Dr. Strauss, or even the great dogmatist M. Comte, would wish us to take for granted that there is nothing in the mine of religious inquiry simply because they choose to say so, we propose—with all respect and sympathy for their distressing discouragement—to enter that mine nevertheless. And we are not without hopes that the same prophets of woe, who not many years ago solemnly assured us that Positivism had drawn the line at *mechanical* discoveries in astronomy, and had finally announced that 'we

'can never know, by any means whatever, the *chemical* com-'position of the heavenly bodies,'* may prove to be equally mistaken on the subject of religion.

Let us suppose, then, for a moment that the theories of Dr. Strauss are true; and let us see how far we are able to follow him. We are now to conceive (to use his own words) of 'the 'mighty whole of the Universe as one of those tropical trees 'on which, simultaneously, here a blossom bursts into flower, 'there a ripe fruit drops from the bough . . . itself being 'diffused in boundless extension throughout all space and 'throughout all time.'† Very good: this is, for the most part, what every educated Christian believes. The only difference is, that the Christian thinker desires Dr. Strauss to explain what he means by 'space' and 'time;' and that, holding (with Kant) these two phrases to express simply certain subjective moulds into which human thought is cast, he is able to rise a little higher and to say, 'out of the bosom 'of eternity and infinity arose both time and space; both, 'therefore, had a beginning.'

But we take Dr. Strauss's hand once more, and are led to the magnificent, though now thoroughly well-worn, notion—as old as Augustine, as old as David, as old as Moses—of 'law' as pervading all that space and reigning throughout all that time. 'We perceive,' says he, 'a perpetual change going on 'in the world: soon, however, we discover in this change 'something unchanging, viz. order and law. We perceive in 'Nature tremendous contrasts, awful struggles; but we dis-'cover that these do not disturb the stability and harmony of 'the whole.'‡ This also was discovered, a long time ago (though Dr. Strauss appears to have forgotten the fact), by Christians, and even by Jews: 'They shall perish, but Thou 'remainest; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment. . . 'But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail'§—the 'Thou' in this case of course meaning the principle of stability and harmony in the universe—the Reason, the Λόγος, the Law, which pervades and supports all existing things, and which directs and survives all their changes. Dr. Strauss is, therefore, still surprisingly Christian. He is talking orthodoxy—as M. Jourdain talked prose—without knowing it. Let us advance a little farther under his guidance:—

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* Comte, 'Cours de Phil. pos.,' Lect. XIX., quoted in 'Quart. Rev.' July 1873, p. 193.

† Eng. trs. p. 172. ‡ P. 162.

§ Hebrews, i. 11, quoting Psalm cii. 26.

'We further perceive a gradation, a development of the higher from the lower, of the refined from the coarse, of the gentle from the rude. . . . This, when we meet with it within the circle of human life, we call "good" and "reasonable;" and what is analogous to it in the world around us, we cannot avoid calling so likewise.' (P. 162.)

Excellent! This is true Christianity. This is what the Bible means by its highly concentrated picture in Genesis of a graduated and developing creation—overseen by a Power 'good,' not malicious, and 'reasonable,' not chaotic or impulsive, like some wild bacchanalian conception of the heathen. This is what the Apostles mean when they preach to the Gentile world to look at Nature and learn there what 'the 'Power around us' is—*good*, 'sending us rain from heaven 'and fruitful seasons;'* *reasonable*, not 'like unto gold or silver or stone graven by art and man's desire,' but the father and author of reasonable man, for 'we are also His 'offspring.'† But, adds Dr. Strauss, with a momentary feeling of awe, whereby he is made 'kin' at once with every Christian from the Apostles' days down to our own: 'We 'stand here at the limits of our knowledge; we gaze into an 'abyss we can fathom no farther.' Most true, indeed! 'Verily, Thou art a God that hidest Thyself.'‡ 'No man 'hath seen God at any time.'§ 'Dwelling in the light which 'no man can approach unto, whom no man hath seen or can 'see.'‖ We are sure, therefore, that Dr. Strauss would wish us to walk warily when we reach these outskirts of our positive and definite knowledge. He would, no doubt, advise us to wait patiently till, perchance, as the spectroscope (by quite a new and unexpected divergence of the path of discovery) opened up a new world of physical truth, so by some other way than 'positive' and hard, sensuous, mechanical methods of study we may perhaps, by a turn in the road, open up some glimpses of the interior nature and character of the majestic 'Power around us'—so deeply interesting to us, from our entire dependence upon it; so profoundly kindred to us, as the source from whence we ourselves derive all that we are and have. Yes, this too is acknowledged by Dr. Strauss:—

'That on which we feel ourselves entirely dependent is by no means a merely rude power to which we bow in mute resignation; but it is, at the same time, Order and Law, Reason¶ and Goodness, to which we

* Acts, xiv. 17. † Acts, xvii. 28. ‡ Isaiah, xlv. 15.
§ John, i. 18. ‖ 1 Timothy, vi. 16.
¶ He must, of course, mean unconscious—i.e. unreasoning—Reason. But we protest against this mischievous confusion of language.

surrender ourselves in loving trust. More than this: as we perceive *in ourselves* the same disposition to the "reasonable" and the "good," which we seem to recognise in the Universe, . . . we also feel ourselves related in our inmost nature to that on which we are dependent; we discover ourselves, at the same time, to be free in this dependence; and pride and humility, joy and submission, intermingle in our feeling for the Universe—i.e. for the one essence of forces and laws which there manifest themselves.' (P. 164.)

It is quite clear that by all this Dr. Strauss means precisely what the Christian means. He says that 'in ourselves,' in our own interior nature, kindred and similar, in some filial way, to the Power beyond us—through metaphysics and psychology, in short, rather than through physics—we are to search for some farther illumination as to the nature and character of that Power. He holds that no man can stand, as it were, beside himself and there form any sane and intelligent conceptions of the Universe. One might as well claim to stand outside of 'time' and 'space.' In both cases confidence in our *media* of knowledge is indispensable to any scientific procedure. But, adds the Christian, we should carefully remember —what the great fathers of the Church have taught us—that it is but relative and imperfect truth, after all, that we can expect to attain in this quarter. 'Canst thou by searching 'find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto 'perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? 'deeper than hell; what canst thou know?'* 'Would that 'men would meditate upon these three things in themselves, 'viz. Being, Knowing, and Willing; and would consider 'whether, on account of these three, there be not, there too, 'the Trinity.'† And in precise accordance with these doctrines Dr. Strauss continues:—

'We gaze into an abyss which we can fathom no farther. But thus much, at least, is certain—that the personal image which meets our gaze there is but a reflection of the wondering spectator himself. If we always bore this in mind, there would be as little objection to the expression "God" as to that of the rising and setting of the sun, where we are all the time conscious of the actual circumstances. But this condition is not observed. . . . We therefore prefer the designation of the "All," or the "Universe."' (P. 163.)

Why? we ask with amazement, and not without some suspicion that we have arrived, at last, at the turning point, where Dr. Strauss will take one direction and will gradually unsay all that he has said; while we, for our part, shall push boldly forward in hope (like Columbus) to reach across the abyss, it

* Job, xi. 7. † S. Aug. Confess. xiii. 11.

may be, some glorious and precious continent of truths denied to unbelieving hearts and sense-intoxicated intellects. We are not, however, kept long in uncertainty as to his reasons—such as they are. The fear which possesses his soul, the foreboding which prevents him from uttering the world-honoured name of 'God,' is simply the fact that this name so 'easily 'tends again to assume some kind of *personality*.' What then,—we reply with horror,—is the 'Power around us' *not* a person? Is the Being that you would have us 'feel entirely 'dependent upon,' 'intermingling in that feeling pride and 'humility, joy and submission'—in common parlance, which you would have us worship—a '*thing*'? We know of no other alternative. All existing beings must be either 'persons' or 'things:' and no pedantries or sophistries can deter us from the invincible persuasion, which all human creatures possess, that 'persons' are superior to 'things.' You may overwhelm us as much as you please with enormous computations of the tons of sodium and iron which go to make up the Universe; but we shall not concede for a moment that man, the *person* who can compute and measure all these things, and can reduce them to terms of his own intelligence and to forms of his own imagination, is not far superior in order of being to the whole mass of these stones. No descriptions of forces, struggles, cataclysms, that you can invent, will ever convince us that he whom 'impavidum ferient ruinæ' is not a 'force' in himself, and a force too of a higher and nobler kind than any of them; a new and unique force, which (for convenience) we may call 'moral' or 'spiritual;' and a force at least as indestructible as heat, gravitation, electricity, or inertia. And yet, after inviting us to 'feel ourselves related in our inmost nature to that 'on which we are dependent,' you would now turn upon us with the dogma that our supreme and adorable Relation is a piece of clockwork, and would bid us worship an Orrery! Nay, to carry this contention to the very climax of absurdity, you would have us believe not only that the Universe is a work of mechanism, but a mechanism wholly *self-constructed!*

For our own part, we positively decline to submit to any such degradation. We are perfectly willing to listen to all that Physical Science may have to say; we are deeply interested with its results; we are struck with a sincere admiration for the acuteness and self-devotion of its disciples. But when its whole story has been told, and all its wonderful conclusions have been verified, then, after all, the frontier has simply been reached where Metaphysics and Theology begin, and where Religion takes up the net result and weaves it into fabrics of

glory and beauty for the spiritual needs of man. *How* the great process of the Universe has been and is being carried into effect, does not concern us, as theologians, in the slightest degree. It may have been (as contending geologists would say) either by a method of continuity, or by a method of catastrophes; it may have been (as contending physiologists would say) either by an unbroken evolution of new species, or by successive acts of what some people call 'creation.' That is not the important question with which we are concerned. The important question is this: *Are we the helpless sport of blind, brute, unconscious, irrational Destiny? or are we the children of God?* Are we to cower, like dogs, beneath the lash of some unknown Fate or Chance, or both together, which may, any day, take some horrible turn against us? Or may we know, to a moral certainty, that 'all is well'? Is it possible that we ourselves can be 'personal,' while yet the great unknown Power, from whose bosom we come, is 'impersonal'? Are we—alone in this tremendous Universe—conscious of our fate, and of its laws? Is man, therefore—strangest, surely, of unimaginable hypotheses!—the highest known being in existence, yet condemned (by some ludicrous irony of mischief-working Fate) to adore and practise 'joy and submission' towards *things* lower in the scale of being than himself? 'Incredible and impossible!' we feel sure will be the answer of every competent thinker, who is not simply beside himself with merely physical discoveries; and who has any mind left for those higher studies of a metaphysical and human sort, which form the key to the otherwise insoluble enigmas of Physical Science.

> 'Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is restored:
> Light dies before thy uncreating word:
> Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
> And universal darkness buries all.'

And if once this point—of the consciousness or 'personality' of God is conceded, then all is virtually conceded. The reign of God the Father (as Hegel would say*) is secured. The first sentence in the Christian Catechism is once more learnt. And we believe once more—though still conscious how utterly inadequate all our expressions are to fathom the abyss—in 'God the Father, who made me and all mankind.' And the second sentence is not long in following upon the first. For no thoughtful man, who is not positively blinded and dazed by physical conceits, can possibly shut his eyes to the terrible facts

* Compare Hegel, 'Phil. der Religion,' ii. 180.

'which Christians briefly call 'sin.' How can any man, with a heart in his breast, pretend to remain 'joyful and submissive' when he beholds around him—to take two instances—drunkenness and prostitution? How can any man, who (in any sense or under any terminology whatever) believes in a 'Power around us,' 'good' and 'reasonable' and 'kindred to 'ourselves,' believe that that Power would remain impassive and would generate no remedial forces which should cope with such enormous and chaotic evils as these? And if it be absolutely impossible to believe this, then there surely dawns upon us the inevitable expectation of some efficient *appearance* of this Power upon the theatre of human life and history; some foreshadowing (to use Mr. Stuart Glennie's words) of 'the 'prodigious emotional power of that general theory of the 'origin, progress, and destiny of mankind, of which the central 'figure—typified in all the past and triumphant in all the 'future—is the Crucified Son of God.'* But if the 'emo-'tional' and redeeming power of what Christians call THE GOSPEL be so 'prodigious;' and if we have been right in believing (under Dr. Strauss' guidance) that the 'Power 'around us' is a 'good' and a 'reasonable' Power; and lastly, if History at every step confirms and verifies the notion of its wonderful efficiency for the elevation and education of mankind;—then, we think, the recovery of our faith in (what Christians would call) the Reign of God the Son is not very far off. If we can perceive that the Cross of Christ has, in point of fact, been thus beneficent, then—given a good and intelligent 'Power around us'—the step is not a very long one to the conception that this emotional agency might have been known to Him as well as to us, might have been in His thoughts before it was in ours, might have been evolved from the bosom of His 'reason' and His love as an integral part of the world's mighty drama, might (to return to simple Christian language) have been 'a salvation ordained before the foundation of the 'world.'

And when we have got so far as this, then we are not far removed from yet a third conception, which will complete our entire recovery of Christianity. The Judæan Drama that we speak of, no doubt, belongs to the past. And the wonderful power which it exerts upon a generation almost sick of mechanical and chemical facts, and weary of the ceaseless iteration concerning physical laws with which its ears are besieged, lies partly in the circumstance that it is distant, and is beau-

* 'In the Morning-land,' i. 285.

tified with the haze and glory which distance always lends. But there is yet another act of the great Drama, which is positively going on beneath our own eyes; which is subject to our personal verification, in which we ourselves are actors, and whose tranquil patient evolution is as clearly a matter of experience as Hume, or any other philosopher, could require. And that is (what Christians would call) the Reign of the Holy Spirit; the working, in other words—amid the inextricable labyrinth and apparent chaos of our modern life—of that leavening and redeeming principle of moral order, beauty, and reason, which evidently proceeds from Christ, the suffering actor in the previous scene, as from a fountain-head; and in which also the most thoughtful men, for many an age, have seen at work no foreign or freshly-originated power for good, but rather the same original 'Power around us,' in whose goodness and reason—amid whatever perplexities and ignorances on our part—we still find ever-renewed and satisfying proof of its intrinsic identity and unity, and of its (so to speak) kinship and paternity to ourselves.

And thus those great truths are reached once more, to which (as we have seen) even men like Dr. Strauss, who hate and repudiate them in words, are compelled to do unwilling homage; and for which, radiant with heavenly light and winning beauty, thousands of the best and noblest of mankind have been, in all ages, willing to lay down their lives. With their hearts alone, doubtless, in unnumbered cases, men have grasped them. With an instinctive and mysterious magnetism, which Christians call 'faith,' they have been drawn to them; and that, in spite of the most grotesque disguises, of the most strange and antiquated presentations, of the most curious and fanciful intermixtures with legend, burlesque, imposture, and priestcraft of every imaginable kind. But 'faith'—if we could but recover its pure and pristine meaning once more—is precisely, in the teaching of our Lord and His Apostles, this: the moral grasp of the living heart and conscience of a man—in spite of any and all appearances or threats of the external world—on some Person (not some dogma, or thing, or event,) which commands his loyalty and homage. Were the dead facts, therefore, of physical science piled up mountains high, that would not in the least degree affect a 'faith' which, with eagle's flight, easily transcends them all. That Reason (not un-reason), that Conscious Wisdom (not blind Fate, nor blinder Chance), that a Personal Will, expressing itself in permanent and majestic laws (not an unimaginable 'thing,' out of which human 'persons' are, by some unimaginable destiny or

tendency, precipitated—like crystals from a fluid)—that GOD, in one word, and not Baal, Jupiter, or Buddha, is the governor and framer of this universe; that 'He is our maker and not 'we ourselves;' and that in Him, and not in the rocks and forces of the 'All,' is to be sought and found that moral and kindred Power to which we owe allegiance, and which we dare call by the endearing name of Father;—this is Christianity. And for this, we engage to say, there are yet 'seven thousand' many times told, both in England and in every other Christian country, who are ready (if need be) to sacrifice their possessions and even their lives. While for the contrary hypothesis of utter despair, the 'we' are very few indeed who would care to sacrifice anything at all.* The victory, therefore, we believe to be clearly predestined in favour of Christianity. And the only chance for Atheism lies in its natural alliance with the grosser secular ambitions and sensual desires of mankind. For if there be no God and no future state, no redemption and no sin, it is folly either to talk or to act as if there were. This world is all. There is no higher Reason or Will than our own. We can therefore do what we please. And we cannot do better than get the utmost possible enjoyment out of this only, and all too transient, life that is allotted us. 'Let us eat and 'drink, for to-morrow we die!'

'Sapias! vina liques! et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces! Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem! quàm minimum credula postero.'†

But ere we conclude this brief review of Dr. Strauss's book—which (we are sorry to see) is already finding some feeble and confused imitators among ourselves, and is contributing its part towards the development of unbelief in our own country—it is well worth while to ask, on what grounds is that unbelief really supporting itself? *Why is apostasy from Christianity being so lightly treated in our day?* What has been discovered, that

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* 'Condorcet nous a promis que les philosophes se chargeraient incessamment de la civilisation et du bonheur des nations barbares. Nous attendrons qu'ils veuillent bien commencer.' (*De Maistre*, ap. *Eaton*, Bamp. Lect. p. 371.)

† Horace, 'Odes,' I. 11. Hartmann, 'Gott und Naturwissenschaft,' p. 54, tries in vain to parry the force of this fatal objection against Atheism. He says, in effect, 'We make our own brains, by repeated 'acts of free-will (Entschlüsse); and are responsible for so making 'them.' But how are we 'free,' under a system of Destiny? and to whom are we 'responsible' (verantwortlich), under a system of Atheism?

should really justify any honest man in breaking with the Church as it is presented in England, in renouncing his allegiance to God and his worship of the universal Father through Christ, and in scouting (with, surely, impious ingratitude) the rudimentary lessons of religion learnt in his childhood?

To this question we confidently answer, that nothing whatever has been discovered which can possibly warrant such conduct. If it be urged that a universal 'reign of law' has been discovered; we reply,—not only that this fact is no discovery at all, for that it was well known to St. Augustine, and has been familiar to all the readers of his most celebrated work for the last 1,500 years, but also that so early as A.D. 400, the true way of reconciling 'universal law' with the 'personal will of God,' was clearly seen: viz. by remembering that *stability of purpose is a standing characteristic of the highest minds*; and that miracle is nothing else than the outcrop of some previously unknown 'law.' St. Augustine writes as follows:—'Voluntas tanti Conditoris conditæ rei cujusque 'natura est. Portentum ergò fit, non contrà naturam sed 'contrà quam est *nota* natura.'* If, however, it be argued that miracle has been shown by science to be impossible, we reply by a direct negative, and by a challenge to scientific men to produce *proof* of a mere dogma of their own, which most assuredly never can be proved. If it be contended that the Gospels are 'unhistorical,' because Baur and his school have assigned their composition to the second century, we reply, that still later investigations (quietly overlooked by Dr. Strauss) have conclusively shown this position to be untenable; that even M. Renan † firmly believes in the apostolic authority even of St. John's Gospel; that Norton, Tischendorf, and others have abundantly shown the *general reception* of the Gospels in the early part of the second century, and that Celsus (the great antagonist of Christianity about A.D. 130)‡ expressly mentions the Gospels as existing '*under three or four* 'or more forms' in his time; § and who can rationally believe that fictitious accounts of our Lord's life and death can have gained universal currency within so short a time after the events? If it be said that some legendary matter has, nevertheless, intruded itself into the Holy Scriptures, and that (in

* De Civ. Dei, xxi. 8.

† Vie de Jésus, p. xxxiii. L'Antichrist, p. xxxiii.

‡ Origen, 'c. Celsum,' p. 8, Ed. Spencer.

§ Ibid. p. 77; a passage too little noticed by critics of the New Testament.

particular) M. Renan has pointed out that the Resurrection was first attested by an 'hallucinée;' we reply, that Celsus also pointed out that very unimportant fact 1,700 years before M. Renan was born;* that the Church has long survived the supposed 'discovery;' that it is scarcely fair to use this adverse fact (if it be such) as historical, and at the same time to reject the whole context as unhistorical; and (lastly) that if 'legendary matter' means the co-operation of the imagination in history, we desire to be shown any history in the world, other than a 'chronicle,' in which no such ingredients are to be found.

In short, it appears to us that the conduct pursued by some of our would-be philosophers is exactly like that of an overgrown schoolboy, who had one day suddenly discovered a truth which ought gradually to have dawned upon him: the surprising truth, namely, that the lesson-books of his childhood were imperfect and not wholly infallible, and that the first educational approaches to his immature mind had been made rather by way of his fancy and imagination, than through his as yet untrained reason. An unruly and ill-conditioned urchin would, under such circumstances, no doubt destroy and deface with much contumely the very books whereby he had mounted to his present elevation. And just in the same way, a great number of our younger theologians at the present day, heedless of warnings,† are thinking to show their freedom and their superiority to the lesson-books of mankind—a phrase which includes, not only *men*, at all stages of culture and mental growth, but also *women* and *children*—by publishing to the whole world, with much ado, their amazing discovery that 'there is 'Poetry in the Bible'! Indeed it would seem as if the training of most of these men must have belonged to some 'straitest sect' of Puritanism; and that having, for many years, been taught to confound Bibliolatry for Christianity, they are now—by an equally absurd reaction—tempted to cast off their religion altogether, because they have found out that the Bible is not 'Divine' in the most simple childish sense of that much-abused word. It is almost laughable, for instance, in reading so grave a writer as Dr. Strauss, to detect that the Christianity

* Origen, 'c. Celsum,' p. 96.

† Such, e.g. as that of Dr. Schenkel, in his 'Charakterbild Jesu,' p. 365 (Eng. trs.):—'Without a certain accommodation to the errors and prejudices of those whom he aims to affect and educate, a *teacher* can have no hope of exerting a beneficial influence. It is wrong, therefore, at once to reject the idea that Jesus adapted Himself to His time.'

on which he is bringing so ponderous an apparatus of criticism to bear, is (after all) nothing else than *the popular theology*, the Gospel (that is) in its most crude, grotesque, and child-like forms, as apprehended by the least instructed among the laity and taught by the most backward and ill-trained among the clergy. Accordingly Dr. Strauss finds no difficulty in setting up a man of straw, as a target on which he shall discharge whole quiverfuls of scorn and indignation. He actually affects to believe that Christianity is nowadays an enemy to physical science; he pretends to think that it would fain, if that were possible, put down telegraphs and steam engines; and supposes that it still defines 'miracle' as the finger of a clumsy clock-maker thrust in among his wheels, still demands the Mosaic cosmogony as an indispensable article of the Christian faith, and still teaches the Atonement in the bald forensic manner of the sixteenth century.

'According to the Mosaic cosmogony, God made the animals, so to speak, out of one piece; as to man, however, He first formed his body of the dust of the ground, then He breathed the breath of life into his nostrils, and "man became a living soul." The "living soul" of the Hebrew writer was, in course of time, transformed by Christianity into an "immortal soul." . . . This however, in the domain of science, is contradicted.' (P. 205: Eng. trs. p. 324.)

'He who has a clear cosmical conception, in harmony with the present standpoint of astronomy, can no longer represent to himself a Deity throned in heaven, and surrounded by angelic hosts. The retinue of angels, however, is necessary to the idea of a personal God. A person must needs have society; a ruler his court. . . . With heaven, therefore, no more His palace, with no angels around His throne, with neither thunder nor lightning for His missiles, nor war, famine, and pestilence for His scourges . . . how can we still continue to conceive of a personality of God?' (P. 110: Eng. trs. p. 124.)

'Everybody knows that the sacrifices whereby rude nations fancied they could pacify the anger of their gods were originally sacrifices of human beings. It was, therefore, a progress towards refinement when they began to sacrifice animals in their stead. But now, once again, the human sacrifice was substituted for that of the animal. . . . It need scarcely be pointed out that a perfect jumble of the crudest conceptions is comprised in this one of an atoning death, of a propitiation by proxy. To punish some one for another's transgression, to accept even the voluntary suffering of the innocent for the guilty, and thereupon to let the guilty go free, this (every one admits now) were a barbarous proceeding. To regard it as a matter of indifference whether the right or the wrong person is made responsible for an obligation, this—both in morals and in finance—is now universally considered as a piece of barbarism.' (Pp. 27 and 29: Eng. trs. pp. 29 and 31.)

'Unfortunately, it appears that the number of the reprobate infinitely exceeds that of the elect. Damned, in the first place, is the whole of

the human race before Christ, excepting a few chosen souls—such as those of the Jewish patriarchs—who are liberated from hell by a special interposition; damned, again, the heathen of our own time, and Jews and Mahometans, as well as the heretics and godless in Christendom itself; and of these, the latter only on account of their personal guilt, all the rest solely for Adam's sin—for, that Christianity failed to reach them was, with a few exceptions since the birth of Christ, no fault of theirs.' (P. 34: Eng. trs. p. 37.)

'Nature *felt* herself already in the animals; but she desired also to *know* herself. And herein man's impulse and industry in exploring and understanding Nature finds a sanction [Anknüpfungspunkt] which we miss in Christianity. Man is labouring in his own most peculiar province, when he thinks none of her creatures too insignificant to deserve his attention to its structure and habits; and, on the other hand, deems no star too remote to merit his observation of its orbit and its movements. But from the Christian point of view all this is—like the pursuit of wealth—a mere waste of that time and energy which ought to be exclusively devoted to the salvation of the soul.' (P. 245: Eng. trs. p. 279.)

'Those who taught the steam-engine to career along its iron road, and thought and speech to flash along the wire—works of the devil, according to the consistent view of our pious folk—are, from our standpoint, labourers in the kingdom of God.' (P. 247: Eng. trs. p. 281.)

Now we appeal, with the utmost confidence, to any candid person who has the slightest interior acquaintance with the Christian Church in our own day, whether such language as this does not form a most contemptible libel upon her spirit and her conduct. Among our English clergy there are a great many honoured names, which occupy the foremost places in the ranks of science; and among our 'pious folk' there are few indeed who bear any illwill to the mechanical inventions of their age, or who refuse to avail themselves of the telegraph or railroad, as if they were the 'works of the devil.' It may be, of course, that the German clergy and their flocks are more stupid and retrograde than our own. But that is not the judgment we should form, after a diligent perusal of their numerous theological works. And we are, therefore, driven unwillingly to the conclusion that Dr. Strauss has either been so long absent from his place in church that he is unaware of the great change which has come over the minds of our 'pious 'folk' during the last twenty years; or else that he has conjured up a chimæra 'out of his own consciousness,' to do duty as a theological Helot for the amusement of his party, and has purposely selected the grossest forms of Christian belief wherewith to point the moral of his own superior sagacity.

Such carelessness however, or selfish vanity—whatever fair names it may assume to itself, whether of unflinching truth-

fulness, of thoroughness, of rude healthful hilarity, or the like —we must take the liberty of characterising as a crime against society. 'For the immense majority of mankind,' says even M. Renan, 'the established religion forms the only province of 'their life which is given up to the cultivation of the Ideal. To 'suppress or to weaken, amid the classes which are deprived 'of other means of elevation, this grand and unique reminder 'of what is noble, is to depress human nature to a lower 'level.' * And with equal good sense writes a free-thinking Englishman:—'No greater subject can in our own day employ 'any man's noblest energies, than preservation or renewal of 'the truth of God,—not fettered overmuch by the human acci- 'dents of our ancestors in the faith, yet with reverential ten- 'derness even for these.' †

Yes, we have no doubt that Dr. Williams has here accurately described the true spirit of the Christian inquirer at the present day. And we may add, in the words of a little known but much-lamented thinker of a more retiring cast, 'The vocation of 'the Christian scholar is, in our day, indefinitely noble; but 'demanding gifts and graces of no common kind for its adequate 'fulfilment, and imposing a burden which none but those who 'are strengthened from within and from above can for long 'support. But he who is conscious of any measure of such 'strength, and knows how it may be increased according to his 'need, will never attempt to get rid of responsibility by turning 'aside from duty, or hope for Peace only by avoiding Light.' ‡ For, just as in politics at the present moment, we see on the arena of Europe the strangest separation and mutual conflict of the three constituent elements which make a State; the Progressives, on the one hand, pushing their blind self-will to the most reckless issues,—the Legitimists, on the other, exaggerating their Conservatism into the most extravagant forms of reaction,—while the intermediate Rational or Liberal party are trying in vain to check self-will without any adequate 'authority,' and to impress on the masses the concrete idea of the State by aid of pure intellectual abstractions: so precisely it is in the Church. There too the Irreconcilables are, with Dr. Strauss and others, bent on shivering its Creed into atoms; while the Congregationalists are equally bent on breaking up its Polity into a number of Independent Cantons. On the opposite extreme, the Romanists and Romanizers are organising

* Renan, 'Études,' p. 16.

† R. Williams, 'Rational Godliness,' p. 69.

‡ Myers, 'The Bible and Theology,' Postscript, p. 10.

pilgrimages, processions, and illuminations in honour of hysterics and unreason of the most pronounced type. While the moderate and rational party are trying in vain to do without Ritual and without Emotion; and are obliged despairingly to confess that 'Ritualism' (so called) 'has absorbed to itself all 'that is most vital and practical in the religion of English 'Churchmen;' and that 'the reaction triumphs all along the 'line.'*

What, under such circumstances, is the duty of men of sense and of a true loyalty to Christ and His religion? It is, we conceive, first of all to remember that,—as, in Germany and England, the admixture of a little good sense and tolerance for others has hitherto kept the triple cord of political union unravelled,—so, in religion, the future unity and efficiency of the Church entirely depend on the exercise of such prudence and charity among Christians, as shall combine together the various elements that create a true Catholicity, and shall divide the strain of upholding religious faith against Atheism between them. And then, in the next place, it appears to us that there are three points to which the attention of all students, and especially of the clergy, ought at the present time to be carefully directed. And with a brief recommendation of these three points, we shall bring our remarks to a close.

(1.) The first point to which we invite attention is this. Why should Christian Churchmen think it necessary to burden their cause, and to hamper every movement of their strategy, by undertaking the perfectly gratuitous task of making Gentile Christianity responsible for the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures? We are not Jews. And there is no reason in the world why we should be weighted with this burden of understanding and defending, at all risks, the Jewish Scriptures. It is a burden which was never laid upon us either by Christ or by His Apostles. Our German race, in particular, as a matter of simple fact, was not trained by them. They were not our 'schoolmaster to lead us to Christ.' Their difficulties are not our difficulties. And while we shall ever read them with the deepest interest and affection, as the grand *propœdeia* of the 'chosen race' from which Christ came, we still feel no obligation whatever to solve their difficulties, or to perform the impossible feat of transmuting our Aryan minds into such a Semitic cast as to sympathise with and comprehend the singularities of Judaism during a literary history of 1,500 years. And in saying this, let it not be thought that we desire

* Fowle, 'Religion and Science,' p. xii.

to cast the slightest shadow of disparagement on the Old Testament. We simply affirm, what appears to us to be a simple historical fact, viz. that the Jewish Scriptures do not belong to us, and that we are in no way responsible for them. We simply state that they are the religious lesson-book of a different race from our own, and the sole remaining relics of a national literature with whose very language our own has hardly anything whatever in common. While, therefore, we still hold that this very dissimilarity from the products of the modern and the European mind renders them the best classic for reading at our public lecterns that could possibly be conceived; and while we gratefully confess that in spiritual and religious material this literature is far richer than any other which has come down to us; we yet do not hesitate to protest, with Paley, that 'to make Christianity answerable with its 'life for the circumstantial truth of each passage in the Old 'Testament, for the genuineness of every book, the information, fidelity, and judgment of every writer in it, is to bring 'unnecessary difficulties into the whole system;'* and we assert, with Professor Norton, that 'our religion is no more 'answerable for the genuineness or the contents of a series of 'Jewish writings, dating from an uncertain period and con-'tinued till after the return of a part of the nation from the 'Babylonish captivity, than it is responsible for the genuine-'ness and contents of the works ascribed to Christian authors 'from the second century to the eleventh.'†

No: it was not by the Old Testament that the Gentile nations were trained. It was not by the Mosaic Law that our heathen forefathers were prepared for the reception of Christ. It was by quite another agency. It was by that magnificent Book of God, in which we have read ever since, and are reading to this day, the ever-opening revelations of His wisdom and His power. It is the realm of Nature, which is our own proper inheritance. It is physical science which has hitherto led us—why should it not lead us still?—through Nature, up to Nature's God. And it is into such studies, therefore, that a Gentile Church like our own—so far from behaving as Dr. Strauss supposes she must do—may well throw herself with the greatest enthusiasm and ardour, and with the most devout sense that she is therein cultivating her own allotted branch of the husbandry of God, and is spelling out with ever-increasing accuracy and fidelity the golden

* Paley, 'Evidences,' part iii. chapter 3.

† Norton, 'Genuineness of the Gospels,' ii. p. 402.

letters of her own especial revelation of His name. Nor is there one single word in the Christian Scriptures which suggests any other view of the matter. The Old Testament illustrations, of which those Scriptures are so full, invariably occur in writings addressed by Jewish authors either to Jews or to Jewish proselytes. And wherever a really Gentile audience comes into view, there not one word occurs about the Old Testament. Nature and the natural conscience are appealed to; (how could it be otherwise?) and the Romans, e.g., are reminded how 'the invisible things of Him are clearly seen, 'being understood by the things that are made [created], even 'his eternal power and Godhead:' the men of Lystra are referred, not to the witness of the Scriptures, but of Nature; 'He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good and 'gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons:' and the Athenians are taught Christianity, not by one single word of appeal to the Old Testament, but by an appeal to their own Gentile customs, their own fine arts, and what their 'own 'poets have said.' We earnestly trust, therefore, that the mistake of burdening our Christian cause with needless anxieties and absolutely unprofitable controversies, relating to the Old Testament Scriptures, may gradually be made to cease; and that the clergy will read to us their invaluable lections from the Old Testament, at no very distant day, without either calling upon us, or troubling themselves, to solve the innumerable intellectual problems which they raise. Why should we go out of our way to deprive ourselves of that precious 'liberty,' —from the law and from the Old Testament,—'wherewith 'Christ has made us free'?

(2.) The next point which we wish to commend to the serious consideration of the Church is this. Is it right, is it truthful, is it any longer possible—in the face of all that is now known upon the subject—to pretend that legendary matter has not intruded itself into the New Testament, as well as into the Old? It is now universally granted by all competent critics, that the singular phenomena of similarity, and yet dissimilarity, presented by the three synoptical Gospels are due to the fact that they are (like the Talmud) simply written notes of the oral teaching of the Apostolic age. Now even in what may be called 'regular histories,' a certain play of the imagination is unavoidable. Indeed, without it any history would sink at once to the level of a chronicle or an almanac. But in an oral history, used during many years for purposes of religious emotion and edification, some slight ad-

mixture of this plastic and poetic element appears to be absolutely inevitable.

And why should we deny the existence of these subjective and imaginative ingredients in the Bible, when large portions of it are confessed on all hands to be 'poetical;' when the very historical books of the Old Testament are classed by the Jews themselves and by our Lord, under the head of 'the 'Prophets;' and when in the later Jewish literature—such as the books of Judith, Esther, Tobit, Maccabees—it is absolutely impossible to draw a hard and fast line, and to say, 'here prose ends and poetry begins.' Indeed such admixture is acknowledged even by the most loyal writers of the traditional school of theology. The Mosaic account of the Creation, says Mr. Rorison, is 'a psalm of the Almighty's handi-'work:'* we may 'claim liberty to think,' says the 'Speaker's 'Commentary' on Josh. X., 'that the poet did not dream 'of a literal standing still of the heavenly bodies:' 'we are 'not to imagine,' says Bishop Wordsworth, 'that the sacred 'writers deceive us, because they do not give us the precise 'words of Him whose meaning they desire to express.'† And we are convinced that the candid recognition of this fact, especially among preachers of the higher class and in the pages of the higher theological literature, would not only relieve the defenders of essential Christianity from a load of unnecessary difficulties, but would also go far to ensure a much more thorough and conscientious study of Holy Scripture than is, at present, at all common in this country. It would conciliate Science, now almost forced by an opiniated theology into an attitude of hostile suspicion. It would restore, first to the Church's studies, and then to all her practical work, a sense of soundness and reality, and a profound interest, which would attract to her banners that class of intelligent young men whose growing defection is the most serious danger that threatens her. And, instead of the bad conscience with which many excellent clergymen still approach the doorway of modern science and criticism, they would summon courage to enter (like St. Peter) at those suspected Gentile doors and to call nothing that God has cleansed 'common or un-'clean.'

(3.) The last point, which appears to us to be of incalculable importance for all students of theology to bear in mind at the

* Replies to 'Essays and Reviews,' p. 484.

† Wordsworth, 'New Testament,' i. p. 263.

present day, is this: the absolute necessity of candidly accepting as 'fact' whatever can honestly be shown to be such; and whenever sufficient reason shall be given—in spite of prejudice and theory—for registering new and unaccustomed phenomena as having really occurred. One feels at a loss to understand, e.g., how any men, calling themselves votaries of science, can pretend to set aside, with a contemptuous smile, 'facts' of such singular interest and reposing on such an extraordinary accumulation of evidence, as those on which Christianity is built. They may not hitherto have been quite rightly explained, they may not yet have been wholly divested of their graceful drapery of fancy, they may not be (so to say) extra-natural though they may be super-natural events, transcending, that is, the ordinary and accustomed routine of Nature. But how can anyone who pretends to be a philosopher maintain at the present day, that it is easier to imagine all testimony deceptive, than to imagine anything occurring which shall happen to transcend that loose and ill-recorded authority which we call 'experience'? Why, it is not fifty years ago since the circulatory organs of every creature that had such organs at all were stated, with the utmost confidence, to work, within all experience, invariably in one direction. And inextinguishable ridicule would, in those days, have overwhelmed any naturalist who should have ventured to take any other view. Nevertheless, in 1824, a Mollusc was discovered in which the blood circulates alternately in *opposite* directions; and 'I have 'myself (says Prof. Huxley) timed the heart of these little 'animals, and found it as regular as possible in its periods of 'reversal.' Twenty years ago, he would have been esteemed a madman who had asserted that the sun was made of soda and iron; and that a slit in a shutter would reveal it. Yet science has now universally accepted this as a fact. Ten years ago, all Geology was proceeding on the wholly uncontested dogma of the successive deposition of strata. But the investigations connected with submarine telegraphy have proved the simultaneous deposition, in close proximity, of very varied strata. Five years ago, it was universally believed that no life could exist at deep-sea levels. But the voyage of the 'Challenger' is, at this moment, proving that life exists there in abundance. Two years ago, scientific orthodoxy was clear that spontaneous generation had never occurred within all experience, and was (in short) impossible. But Dr. Bastian has now seen with his own eyes the gradual evolution of life from dead matter; and has, of course, proved that 'all experience' is utterly at fault

in the matter.* Indeed, this patient and skilful observer comes round at last to the opinion of St. Paul; and observes that 'fully to appreciate the extent of our ignorance is the 'best and surest preparation for widening the sphere of our 'knowledge'†. Or, to quote the equally forcible expressions of a student in a still higher department of science: 'We 'take occasion to declare the wide difference between the 'modest spirit of scientific inquiry and the confident dog-'matism of the so-called Positive Philosophy. Science, 'recognising the measure of what it can impart to be bounded 'by the existing limits of scientific inquiry . . . . refrains 'from a blind denial of possibilities transcending its means of 'research.'‡

Now, when all these changes of opinion have happened under our own observation, when Psychology has already (so to speak) 'resolved' a very large number of the nebulous miracles of *healing* performed by our Lord and approximately reduced them under scientific terms, when—amid every effort and the employment of all possible means of research—the question 'what is life and what is death?' only becomes more obscure and insoluble every day, and (lastly) when History most positively asserts that a case of restoration to life was borne witness to by a great number of people, and was the cause of vast moral and political results which are still visibly and powerfully at work in our own day—how, we repeat, can Science be justified in refusing, with Dr. Strauss, to hear of any such thing as the Resurrection from the dead? How, with such limited experience as we at present possess, can anyone deny, in the teeth of so much direct testimony to its actual occurrence, that such a thing is *possible?* How, amid the despair with which 'vital' problems are given up on all hands by the foremost investigators of our time, can any pseudo-philosopher pretend to lay down the law, and to dogmatise point-blank that some higher spiritual cause *could* not, in Jesus of Nazareth, have first emerged into view, and be found capable of producing similar results in other cases if only similar conditions can be repeated?§ For—it can never

* Bastian, 'The Beginnings of Life,' ii. p. 210.

† Ibid. i. p. 55.

‡ Dr. Maudsley, 'Body and Mind,' p. 131.

§ 'Life is not a contrast to non-living Nature; but a farther development of it. . . . Knowledge cannot pass the life-boundary, because there are not at present any means of following the intimate changes which take place beyond it. There is a world into which the senses of man cannot yet enter.' (*Dr. Maudsley, 'Body and Mind,'* p. 163.)

be stated too often—'miracle' is no longer regarded, by any competent thinker, as a *violation* of the laws of Nature. It is simply defined as the intervention of some higher law, superseding the action of some lower one; as when nervous force in muscle restrains and supersedes the ordinary force of gravitation.

Dr. Strauss is so far consistent, that having begun by rejecting the historical evidence of the Resurrection of Christ, he ends by rejecting the entire doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and indeed the very existence of any spiritual element in man. But we are at a loss to understand the position of those who cling to the belief in man's immortal nature, whilst they reject the fact of Christ's resurrection and the creed of Christendom. For surely, if it be once admitted that existence is not ended and extinguished by what we call death, the re-appearance of Christ on earth was only the manifestation of the higher law of our being in a visible form. Every page of the Gospel, and of the writings of St. Paul, demonstrates that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, confirmed by the fact of the resurrection of Christ, is the grand cardinal truth which the Apostles had to proclaim to mankind. If Christ be not risen from the dead, then were they of all men the most miserable. Human life itself, with all its hopes and aspirations, would be an imposture. But if man be indeed a being with a future beyond the grave, then is the resurrection of Christ but the first fruit of them that sleep. And in that sense it is invariably presented by the Christian religion to mankind.

For if the *possibility* of our Lord's resurrection be once fairly conceded—as it must be conceded by those who admit the immortality of the soul—then the cause of Christianity is as good as won. For the historical proof that accumulates around that one point is so overwhelmingly conclusive, that no honest and really 'scientific' mind, we are bold to say, can escape the conviction that it really happened. If unbelievers,—instead of talking the most incredible nonsense, with M. Renan, about Mary Magdalen, as if she *alone* had borne testimony to the resurrection of Christ; instead of darkening amid a cloud of pious phrases—as Ewald and Schenkel have done—a plain historical fact; instead of contemptuously sneering, with Dr. Strauss, at a confessedly extraordinary event, simply because it is extra-ordinary;—if such men would condescend to explain to us (1) how St. Paul's four great Epistles and the Apocalypse (which they all acknowledge to be genuine) can, under any other hypothesis, have come to be

written; (2) how the terrified and scattered Apostles can, on any other rational supposition, have suddenly recovered their courage and their hopes; and (3) how, if the basis and keystone of her whole teaching be a gross imposture or delusion, the Christian Church can conceivably have grasped, with such a wonderful and permanent force, the reins which govern the human will, and have kept for centuries in the highway of progress the otherwise wild and wasteful powers of the human intelligence—then, and not till then, will we consent to abandon this keep and citadel of the Christian faith. But we have no sympathy with those dreams of less than heathen piety, which would direct the faith of man to the fabric of nature or to his own destiny as objects of worship. Those pretended religions might be taught from the wretched lingering failure of their kindred Buddhism, what living death is in store for every creed that hopes to redeem the world from its moral impotence by a Godless nihilism, whose teachings (in the words of one who knew it well) 'are like gathered blossoms,—flowers 'cut away from the Root of the tree.'

ART. X.—1. *Report from the Select Committee appointed to consider the State of the British Establishments on the West Coast of Africa, with Minutes of Evidence.* Presented to Parliament, Session 1865.

2. *Correspondence relative to the Cession by the Netherlands Government to the British Government of the Dutch Settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and Convention for the Transfer.* Presented to Parliament February, 1872.

3. *Papers relating to the Gold Coast and the Ashantee Invasion.* Presented to Parliament July, 1873.

4. *The African Sketch-book.* By WINWOODE READE. 2 vols. London: 1873.

THE state of affairs on the Gold Coast has become so serious, that we propose to devote the remaining pages of this Number of our Journal to a brief survey of the peculiar position in which the British Government finds itself placed on the Western Coast of Africa. It is one of the embarrassments of a vast and world-embracing Empire that out of the most paltry circumstances, and in the most uninviting regions of the globe, disputes may arise which are judged of by the world, not in proportion to their real significance and importance, but in

relation to the great European Power which finds itself engaged in them. Thus it comes to pass that the credit of British forces and public officers abroad, and even the character of the British Government, are affected by the anarchy and violence too habitually prevalent amongst the savages of the coast of Africa; and that the Ministers of the Crown are, to some extent, held responsible for occurrences over which they have in reality but a slight influence, and in which the true interest of this country is excessively small. But, unhappily, to a great country no interests are small and no war is little. Whatever the game, and wherever it be played, the stakes of England are always large. The tendency to magnify the political results of an Ashantee invasion, or a Fantee war, was never more remarkable than it has been within the last few weeks, and the very unfortunate results which followed from an imprudent, but pacific, reconnaissance in ship's boats of the mouth of the river Prah, have not unnaturally inflamed some writers in the daily and weekly press, rather beyond the true bounds of policy and reason. We must say that we have seldom read more intemperate language than they have adopted; and, as we think, without any adequate ground. For what are the facts? Upon the receipt of the intelligence that the Ashantees had invaded the protected territory; that many of the chiefs and tribes on the coast had revolted against the British power; that the Fantees had proved incapable of defending themselves; and that Elmina, one of the forts recently ceded by the Dutch, had been attacked, the British Government at once took active measures of defence. An officer of high rank and tried ability was invested with full powers, both civil and military, and despatched to the coast of Africa, with a competent staff. Large supplies of arms were embarked, and the military and naval forces at the disposal of the Governor were considerably augmented. Until reports have been received from Sir Garnet Wolseley as to the actual state of the country, and as to the feasibility of a movement directed against the Ashantee territory at this season of the year, it is impossible for the Government to determine with certainty what are the next steps to be taken. No time has been lost in making the necessary preparations; but a military expedition against one of the most numerous of the native tribes of Africa, in a country difficult of approach, and known chiefly by its excessive insalubrity, is an undertaking from which neither glory nor gain can by possibility accrue to Great Britain; it is entirely at variance with the policy which has been deliberately adopted by several successive Colonial Ministers, and sanctioned, after full inquiry, by a Committee

of the House of Commons; and nothing but the most clear and imperative necessity can induce us to engage in it. The question, which will have to be considered by the Government and decided by Parliament, when fuller intelligence has been received, is whether this necessity exists? Do our own colonial or commercial interests require it? Are we bound by treaty or by moral obligation to support the tribes inhabiting the coast against their enemies the Ashantees, and to fight their battles? Is the honour of the country so affected by the untoward occurrences which have already taken place, that we are compelled to take signal redress by marching on Coomassie, the Ashantee capital?

These are questions of considerable difficulty, but we think it will be seen from the following pages that they have been virtually decided for us, by the fact that direct aggressions have now been directed against the British settlements by the Ashantees, and that the whole population of the coast which was allied with the Ashantees has broken out into war. It is therefore absolutely necessary in the first place to restore the supremacy of this country and of our arms. We shall therefore endeavour in the following pages to place before our readers a brief statement of our real position on the Gold Coast, in order to enable them to form a more just conception of the nature of our duties and obligations there. As an introduction we cannot do better than cite Colonel Ord's excellent report on the Gold Coast Settlements, which was laid before the Select Committee of 1865.

'The territory on the Gold Coast which is recognised as British consists of a large number of forts and posts, many of them abandoned or in ruins, which have come into our possession either by settlement, capture, or purchase during the last two hundred years, together with the line of the sea-coast adjacent to them.

'The Dutch Government also possesses many posts and forts on the same line of coast, and it is understood and allowed by the natives that, whatever portion of the sea-board is not Dutch is British territory.*

'The territory actually under occupation at the present time consists (in addition to the coast) of the Fort of Dixcove, in the Ahanta country; of Cape Coast Castle, and Annamboe Fort, in the Fantee; Winnebah, in the Agoonah country; and of Accra in the district of the same name. Quittah Fort, on the river Volta, has not been occupied since 1856. Immediately in rear of the 300 miles of coast along which these forts are situated, and extending to a distance of about

* These forts and posts have since been ceded by Holland to Great Britain by the treaty ratified at the Hague on February 17, 1872.

eighty miles inland, is a country inhabited by a number of native tribes, the principal of whom are the Wassaws, Denkeras, Akims, Assins, and Fantees, the whole of whom, with the exception of a small number residing immediately in rear of some of the Dutch posts, are included in what is termed the "Protectorate." To the eastward of the settlements is situated the powerful and barbarous kingdom of Dahomey, and to the north of the Protectorate extends the equally powerful and barbarous kingdom of Ashantee. The protected tribes thus form a complete barrier between the colony and these two warlike and dangerous bodies of savages.

'The history of the Protectorate is so little understood that it may be as well to give an outline of the circumstances which led to its establishment. At the beginning of the last century the Ashantees, who are supposed to have come from the interior and to have been compelled to move southward by a pressure from thence, attacked and subdued some of the more powerful of the tribes who now form the northern part of the Protectorate. Moving steadily onwards, about 1760 they had extended their conquests so far south as to excite some apprehension in the minds of the European settlers on the coast; and in 1800 had forcibly subdued the whole country from the sea-board of the Assinee river on the west to the mouth of the Volta on the east, excepting only a small crescent embracing the Fantees, and a few other small tribes situated immediately in rear of the settlements.

'Emboldened by the success which had hitherto attended their progress, and encouraged no doubt by the hope of acquiring, or at least sharing the benefits which they soon found resulted from a closer contact with Europeans, the Ashantees, at the commencement of the present century, attacked the Fantees and the remaining unconquered tribes, whom the settlers, with a selfish but mistaken regard for their own interest, left to their fate. In 1807 the Ashantees were masters of the whole country, and had even attacked and taken one of the European settlements. With the British they came once into collision, but were repulsed, and their further aggressions were averted by an engagement on the part of the authorities not to assist the Fantees. During the next few years so bitter was the yoke imposed on the conquered nations, that several of them combined and revolted against it, but without success; the Ashantees not only maintained their hold over the country, but even threatened Cape Coast, whose safety was only purchased by discreditable concessions. This state of things lasted until 1817, the unhappy Fantees continuing to suffer the greatest oppression at the hands of their conquerors, when it was thought by the authorities at Cape Coast advisable to attempt to negotiate with the Ashantees with the view of establishing peace on a secure footing, and promoting the prosecution of lawful trade. The mission which was sent was much struck, in passing through Assin and Fantee, with the traces of desolation which the Ashantees had everywhere left behind: "not a vestige of cultivation was to be seen, and heaps of ruined "villages appeared on every side, round which the miserable natives "stalked with the gaunt and sullen aspect of famine and despair."

'The result of this mission was the conclusion of a treaty by which

the Fantees, who were now reduced to the position of tributaries of Ashantee, were placed under a sort of protectorate of the British, it being stipulated that the king should not engage in hostilities against them, even in case of their aggression, without previous reference to the Governor of Cape Coast. This treaty did not produce the benefits which had been anticipated; the slave trade progressed to the injury of legitimate commerce, and induced a general state of lawlessness and disregard of life and property throughout the country. A fresh treaty was concluded with the Ashantees in 1819, which was disavowed by the local authorities, and in 1822 the Imperial Government, having once more assumed the control of the forts and settlements, placed them under the jurisdiction of Sierra Leone, and sent out Sir Charles M'Carthy as Governor-in-Chief.

'Sir Charles M'Carthy on his arrival found our relations with the Ashantees in so unsatisfactory a state that he appears to have felt that there was no way of establishing peace but by the sword. War was soon declared, and in January 1824 Sir C. M'Carthy and the force under his orders were destroyed by an invading army of Ashantees. Cape Coast Castle was then invested, and, but for a panic amongst the invaders, might have been captured; late in the year the whole power of the settlement, with aid from home, being brought to bear on them, the Ashantees were completely defeated and driven from the country.

'An unanimous spirit of resistance to the Ashantees was now aroused in every tribe, from the Asinee to the Volta, but several years elapsed before the efforts of the British authorities succeeded in placing matters on a satisfactory footing. In 1831, however, the exertions of the able, energetic, and resolute Mr. Maclean, then Governor of the settlements, were rewarded with success. Convinced of the hopelessness of expecting that peace could be maintained so long as the Fantees and other tribes remained subject to the exactions and oppressions of their former rulers, and yet foreseeing at the same time the dangers which must result if so large a body of natives, composed of different tribes and having different interests and views, were left to carry on their affairs without the control or guidance of any superior power; believing moreover that the influence of such a superior and civilised power would help to work valuable reforms among the most turbulent and lawless of them, he conceived the idea of compelling from the King of Ashantee an acknowledgment of their independence, and by the influence over them which our interference on their behalf had obtained for us, of inducing them to band themselves together under our guidance and control for protection against the common enemy. These important objects were at length secured by the signing of a treaty, on April 27, 1831, between the Governor, the Ashantees, and the Fantee and other tribes then in alliance with us, and during the next twelve years the results of this arrangement under the administration of Governor Maclean are detailed in the report of the Committee of 1842: "there was exercised a very wholesome influence over a coast not "much less than 150 miles in extent, and to a considerable distance in-"land, preventing within that range external slave trade, maintaining "peace and security, and exercising a useful though irregular jurisdic-

" tion among the neighbouring tribes, and much mitigating, and in some " cases extinguishing, some of the most atrocious practices which had " prevailed among them unchecked before." '

The motive which originally attracted the Dutch, the English, the French, and the Danes to erect forts on the Gold Coast, nearly two centuries ago, was no doubt the desire of facilitating and encouraging the slave trade, in which all those nations were then actively employed. Upon the abolition of the slave trade, the forts were retained for the purpose of checking the traffic they formerly encouraged, and of spreading commerce and civilisation amongst the nations of Africa. In this respect the result has been small. The whole trade of the four British settlements, Sierra Leone, Gambia, Gold Coast, and Lagos, both export and import, does not much exceed a million sterling: and the most valuable portion of the trade with Western Africa, from what are called the oil rivers, in the Bight of Benin, does not pass through the British stations at all. Our export trade from the Gold Coast settlements is a mere fraction of this sum, and as we chiefly send there arms, ammunition, and spirits, to enable the natives to destroy others or themselves, our import trade does not contribute to the peace or morality of the country. But it is this import trade in gunpowder and arms which is so essential to a warlike despot like the King of Ashantee, whose subjects are all trained to war, and require to be supplied with arms from Europe. Hence the paramount importance he attaches to the preservation of a free port on the coast not under British control.

The revenue derived from the Gold Coast by the British authorities amounted, before the cession of the Dutch forts, to about 4,000*l.* a year: the expenses to nearly double that sum. This revenue is raised by a tax of 2 per cent. on imported articles. The natives pay no taxes, and only contribute indirectly to the revenue by the consumption of articles charged with this small import duty. An attempt was made some years ago to introduce a poll tax of a shilling a head on all the protected natives. In 1852 this tax produced 7,567*l.*; but in 1861 it had fallen to 1,552*l.*, and since that year no attempt has been made to levy it. The Dutch, while they held their stations, refused to levy any import duties; and as the forts of the two nations were interspersed along the coast, that of Elmina (then Dutch) being only eight miles from Cape Coast Castle, the contrast was not favourable to British rule. One of the motives for purchasing the Dutch forts was the hope that, when the whole coast was under British authority, it would be practicable to levy the same duties on all the im-

ports of the country, and thereby to increase the revenue considerably, the expenses of government remaining nearly the same. We do not know whether this anticipation has been fulfilled; but it is obvious that this extension of the area of taxation has affected unfavourably the natives of the interior who draw their supplies from the coast, and this may probably be regarded as one of the causes of the hostility recently evinced towards the British authority.

We have not often had occasion to notice the Ashantees, but our readers will find in the thirty-second volume of this Journal (p. 389, Oct. 1819), a review of Mr. Bowdich's Mission to Coomassie, which may now be read with interest, for this gentleman appears to have been one of the first white men who penetrated to the Ashantee capital, and we are not aware that any British traveller or envoy has been allowed to visit it since the war of 1824, though it is very probable that Dutch agents have been there. Mr. James, the Commandant of Accra, was the head of the Mission which Mr. Bowdich accompanied and described, and Mr. Hutchison remained at Coomassie as resident for a short time after the conclusion of the treaty of 1817. A Mr. Dupuis was afterwards appointed Consul there, but we are not sure that he ever resided in the place. The distance from the coast to Coomassie was about 150 miles, and the expedition took three weeks to get there, halting for two or three days on the road. The country is described as beautiful, and we may here observe that we believe the interior to be much less unhealthy than the coast. The population of Coomassie was estimated at 15,000; four of the principal streets in the town are half a mile long, and from 50 to 100 yards wide; and the place offers a much higher degree of culture and order than might be supposed. The Ashantee territory is believed to contain considerable deposits of gold or gold dust; all of which when found belongs to the king. This circumstance gave its name to the country. The possession of gold enables the king to purchase, what he most requires, ammunition and arms, and to maintain a large force. Mr. Bowdich computed the number of men capable of bearing arms to be 204,000, though the population is only a million: but they have no artillery. As long as the slave trade could be carried on, large numbers of negroes were sold by the Ashantees on the coast: but they do not appear to produce or deal largely in palm oil or cotton. We think there seems to be evidence that the possession of these gold mines is the source of the wealth and power of the Ashantees; and that the principal source of the gold dust and nuggets, which are the currency

of that part of the coast, is to be found in their territory. According to some accounts there are very large treasures of gold at Coomassie, either in the tombs of former kings or in the shape of ornaments worn by the reigning kings and their innumerable wives. The ruler of this country, with whom we are at war, though as sensual and sanguinary as the worst of the African princes, is by no means a poverty-stricken savage living in a mud village: he is said, on the contrary, to be as wealthy as he is powerful. That wealth would be increased, instead of being diminished, if he were content to submit to the only terms we have to dictate—peace, lawful trade, and free access to the interior. Great Britain has no interest whatever in excluding the Ashantees from the coast. On the contrary, our traders would be delighted to meet them in an open market. But they must come as peaceful merchants, not as savage warriors bringing slavery and desolation in their train. The coast tribes want to monopolise the trade with the interior, and have interfered with the Ashantee traders, but we have always used our influence to remove these obstructions.

Mr. Winwoode Reade supplies us, in his 'African Sketch-book,' with a good deal of valuable information, collected by himself in repeated visits to the African coast, and presented in a very lively form; and nothing can be more opportune than his publication. The chapter, which he somewhat affectedly calls 'The Bleeding Heart' (vol. ii. p. 45), contains what we believe to be a correct picture of the peculiar relations of the Dutch and English with the tribes respectively allied to each of these Powers. Mr. Reade thus describes the curious intermixture of the Dutch and English forts on the coast previous to 1867–8:—

'Beginning at the west, the two outermost settlements—Grand Bassam and Assinie—were French [they have been abandoned since 1870]; then came Apollonia, which was English; then Axim, which was Dutch; and then Dix-cove, which was English. Boutrie, Secondee, and Chama were Dutch; but between Chama and Elmina was Commenda, which was English. Annamboe, just beyond Cape Coast, was English; but the next fort was Dutch, and finally at Accra, half the town was English and half the town was Dutch: each had its own fort and its own landing-place. And so within a town of moderate size were two distinct systems of custom-house regulations and two distinct methods of governing the natives.' (*African Sketch-book*, ii. p. 84.)

However friendly the relations of this country may be with our excellent neighbours in Holland, it was impossible that such a state of things as this should not give rise to a great

deal of friction and embarrassment, especially as the tribes, which owed allegiance to one or the other Power, were ever ready to fly at each others' throats. The English Government could not allow the people under its protectorate to attack the people belonging to the Dutch. The Dutch, who held Elmina, were the protectors of a tribe closely allied to the Ashantees, and they had themselves ties of mutual friendship and interest, which they thought it dishonourable to abandon as long as they remained on the coast at all. But they consented to relinquish the whole territory, and it was thought that this was for all parties the best way of settling the difficulty. By the second article of the Treaty of Cession the Queen of England accepted all the rights of the Dutch, and also the obligations resulting from them towards the population hitherto placed under the authority of the King of the Netherlands. Those tribes have therefore the same claim to our protection which they formerly had to the protection of Holland.

The Ashantees and their allies were not satisfied with this change in their position. The Ashantee territory begins, as we have seen, on the other side the river Prah, some hundred miles from the coast, and it was therefore of incalculable advantage to the King of Ashantee to have Elmina in the hands of a friendly Power, whether for the purposes of trade or of war. But the coast is now wholly in the hands of Great Britain, and it seems that our officers have not shown the same readiness to make concessions to these barbarians as the Dutch had done. They are therefore more impatient of the barrier which divides them from the sea. The first emissary sent to Coomassie after the transfer was a Mr. Plange, and we believe the choice was not a happy one. This person is alleged to have been an Elmina man in the Dutch interest, and to have caused violent irritation at Coomassie by telling the Ashantee king that his power would be taken from him in four months and the coast shut against him. We refused to surrender some fugitive Ashantees who had taken refuge in Cape Coast Castle; and, on the other hand, we very naturally and properly exacted the surrender of some German missionaries whom the king detained, though this demand was backed by a *douceur* of 1,000*l.* But a very friendly letter was sent to the King of Ashantee, and he was informed that the annual stipend the Dutch had been in the habit of paying would be not only continued but doubled; Lord Kimberley also intimated that he thought that the brokerage or duty of about 3 per. cent. levied by the native chiefs on mercantile transactions ought to be maintained and still paid to them as

it had formerly been. Nevertheless, certain it is that if our relations with the Ashantees had been indifferent before, they became openly hostile soon after the Dutch forts had been transferred to us.

It was an old tradition of the country before the cession, that the Dutch were friendly to the Ashantees and traded with them, whilst the English protected the Fantees, their enemies. This probably means that the Ashantees drew their supplies through the Dutch factories free of duty, whilst the Fantees submitted to our duties for the sake of our protection. Hence a Dutch and an English party existed all along the Gold Coast, and in one of the tribes there was a Dutch king and an English king, who one day fell to fisticuffs in presence of the British administrator. Lord Kimberley expressly stated at the time of the transfer that Her Majesty's Government had no intention of assuming a protectorate over any native tribes without their consent, and especially directed the attention of the Governor to the case of the Elminas, a tribe contiguous to Cape Coast Castle, which had long been in alliance with the King of Ashantee. Between this tribe and the Fantees constant hostilities prevailed. Indeed, the Fantees had at one time attacked and nearly taken Elmina itself. This feud, fomented by the Ashantees, and perhaps by the Dutch, was one of the main causes of disturbance that existed on the coast, to the great injury of all peaceful commercial relations; and, as we have already said, one of the principal objects of the British Government in acquiring the Dutch forts was to endeavour to put an end to it. The King of Elmina, counselled by the Ashantees, had declared he would not live under the British flag: the majority of the Elminas, however, resolved that no opposition should be offered to the transfer, and deposed their king because he had allowed himself to be persuaded to resist it by Atjiempon, an Ashantee prince. He was unfortunately reinstated by an ill-judged act of Mr. Pope Hennessey; but in the present year Colonel Harley again saw great reason to suspect the loyalty of this King of Elmina to his new flag: it turned out that he had eaten fetish with the Ashantee prince, and doubtless only awaited the progress of the invasion to declare against us. This personage was therefore arrested and taken to Cape Coast Castle, and afterwards sent to Sierra Leone. The preconcerted scheme was that as soon as the Ashantees had reached a given distance of Elmina or the coast, the whole of the (so called) Dutch natives of the Windward Settlements should rise *en masse* against the British rule, Elmina taking the

lead. Colonel Harley flattered himself that by the arrest of the King of Elmina he had defeated this plan and effectually baffled the design of the Ashantees. But subsequent events have shown that he deceived himself. The Ashantees did successfully invade the protected territory, they defeated the chiefs of the Fantee Confederacy at Jonquah on June 5; they intercepted the communications on the coast between Cape Coast Castle and Elmina, and eventually attacked Elmina itself, whence they were driven back with loss by the gallantry of a handful of British troops and seamen on June 13. If it be true that this repugnancy to the British rule arises from no hostility to this country, but either from a trading interest, or from native jealousy and traditional hatred, the difficulty as regards these tribes might be easily surmounted. Dr. O'Reilly states that the mulattoes of Elmina, who compose half the population, and possess all the property and intelligence that exist there, are unanimous in their adherence to the English Government. After the engagement of June 13 the second king and sixteen chiefs of Elmina came in at once and took the oath of allegiance.

It was known to the British officers on June 21st that at Chamah the natives were greatly excited at the bombardment of Elmina and expected to share the same fate. For Chamah had also been a Dutch fort, and the people were allied to the Ashantees. Orders were given by the king and chiefs to fire upon any boat approaching, and all people friendly to the English were to be murdered. This fact renders the proceeding of Commodore Commerell in proceeding to a friendly and pacific reconnaissance of the mouth of the Prah still more unaccountable. The hostility of the natives of Chamah was notorious. They drew down on themselves the fate they dreaded; but this event was the signal for a general rising of all the Windward tribes allied to the Ashantees. We must say, however, that the immediate and complete destruction of Chamah itself by the guns of the 'Rattlesnake,' which at once opened fire, appears to us to have been the appropriate punishment of this act of perfidy, and that it has little or nothing to do with the advance against the Ashantees.

The attack on Elmina and this last outrage of tribes in alliance with the King of Ashantee brought matters to the last extremity. No one can doubt that full and ample measures were at once very properly taken for the protection of the British forts, and for the punishment of those who dared to assail them and to massacre our seamen. It was the direct aggression of the enemy upon ourselves that ren-

dered war inevitable. But the extent of our obligations and duties to the protected tribes is more uncertain. It is important to remark that the treaty of 1831, concluded by Governor Maclean, is the sole engagement subsisting between Great Britain and the Ashantees down to the last rupture, and that we have no treaties with the Fantee chiefs or kings, as they are absurdly called—though kings count for so little in Western Africa that we observe that sixteen of them figure in the estimates of a projected Fantee Confederacy at 50*l.* a piece, or, in all, 800*l.* a year. The actual British territory on the coast is strictly limited to the forts themselves. Even the adjacent towns do not belong to us. The intermediate country is entirely in the hands of the natives, and the duty of defending it rests with the native chiefs alone. It has been repeatedly asserted by competent witnesses that the Fantees are quite as capable of resisting the Ashantees as the Ashantees are of attacking them: indeed, the Fantees have the important advantage in their favour that they are aided by military stores and arms from England. In 1864 Mr. Cardwell (then Colonial Secretary) wrote to Governor Pine in the following terms:—

'The duty of defending the extensive territory included in the Protectorate can only be satisfactorily discharged if the chiefs to whom it belongs are united and resolute in their own defence. If they are not united, and will not take upon themselves the principal part of the exertions necessary, it will not be possible to defend them without exposing the Queen's troops to the risk of a deadly climate, and to the hazard of being virtually defeated by the disastrous consequences of that climate, before they have been able to bring the native enemy to the issue of arms.'

In 1869 Lord Granville (then Colonial Secretary) declared that 'the renewed employment of British troops, including the 'West India regiments, in a fresh contest which had broken 'out, would be wholly contrary to the policy of this country.' At that time Mr. Simpson, a British agent, had informed the Crepees (one of the protected tribes), that if they were attacked they would have as allies the Protectorate and the British Government, and that he would assist them in every possible way—in money, men, and munitions of war. Lord Granville instantly disavowed Mr. Simpson, and repudiated this declaration, ordering it to be recalled, and adding:—

'Those allies must be made to understand that, although the British Government, so long as they conduct themselves satisfactorily, may be ready to give them some assistance in the way of arms, ammunition, and money, *yet the wars they engage in are their wars, and not the wars of this country*; that they must rely on themselves for success in those

wars, and that the British Government is unable to make itself responsible for their defence in case they should prove unable to defend themselves.' (*Despatch of May* 17, 1869.)

This, then, was the declared and deliberate policy of the British Government at the time the Select Committee of the House of Commons sat in 1865, and four years later. Since that time, the only change which has taken place is by the cession of the Dutch forts in February 1872; but we are unable to discover that this circumstance has modified the relations in which we stand to any of the native tribes, protected or otherwise.

No doubt that in the Select Committee which investigated the subject in 1865, there were many members of Parliament who became thoroughly aware of the anomalous character of the Protectorate, and the embarrassing extent of our engagements. The evidence demonstrated beyond all doubt that the commercial benefits arising from the occupation of the Gold Coast were extremely small, for in 1863 the imports had fallen to 76,955*l.*, and the exports to 53,704*l.*; that the stations did not even afford a single port or harbour; that the utility of the settlements for the suppression of the slave trade was doubtful since the abolition of slavery in Brazil, and its not distant extinction in Cuba; and that a purely barbarous population could never be expected to support the cost of a civilised government. These objections are obvious, and they were pointed out by no one with more force than by Sir Charles Adderley, the chairman of the Committee. Nevertheless, the Committee arrived in its report at the following conclusions:—

1. That it is not possible to withdraw the British Government, wholly or immediately, from any settlements or engagements on the West African Coast.

2. That the Gambia settlement may be reduced.

3. That all further extension of territory, or assumption of government, or new treaties offering any protection to native tribes, would be inexpedient; and that the object of our policy should be to encourage in the natives the exercise of those qualities which may render it possible for us more and more to transfer to them the administration of all the governments, with a view to our ultimate withdrawal from all, except, probably, Sierra Leone.

4. That this policy of non-extension admits of no exception, as regards new settlements, but cannot amount to an absolute prohibition of measures which in peculiar cases may be necessary for the more efficient and economical administration of the settlements we already possess.

This last clause in the report is supposed to allude to the acquisition of the Dutch forts, to which the Committee was understood to be not unfavourable, because it was hoped that some of the evils and dangers of our position would be lessened, when the whole coast was subject to the authority of a single Power.

To these propositions we cordially assent, and we suppose that the experience of the last eight years has only served to render them more cogent. If so, it never was more important than at the present moment to adhere to them. The Committee did not explain why they held it to be not possible to withdraw the British Government from its engagements in Western Africa, nor does the Report clearly intimate what those engagements are. As far as we can judge or ascertain, they have little or no bearing on the direct interests of this country. But they form a part of that large scheme of policy for endeavouring to introduce the blessings of Christianity, civilisation, and commerce into Africa, to which the British nation have for the last fifty years or more made so many sacrifices. To root out slavery, which is quite as much the indigenous growth of Africa as it is the result of a foreign demand for labour; to suppress human sacrifices and abominable 'customs'; to maintain peace in the place of universal bloodshed and anarchy; and to open a track to the missionaries, not only of religion, but of knowledge and industry, are objects dear to the people of this country, though the results of our efforts have certainly not corresponded to our zeal. But we are now told by some of those who know the country well, that both in Eastern and in Western Africa nothing can really be done for the civilisation of the natives, unless we are prepared to go much further—in a word, to establish our authority by territorial occupation, and to render it formidable by force of arms.

At this point, or rather much short of this point, we stop. Whatever may be the zeal of a portion of the British public for the conversion of the heathen or the civilisation of the negro on his native soil, we think it is due to the people of England that these philanthropic enterprises should not be prosecuted at the expense of the British tax-payer and at the cost of British lives. We deprecate, with the Committee of 1865, 'all further extension of territory or assumption of go-'vernment,' and we should regard the establishment of British authority and responsibility over any portion of the continent of Africa, whether in the West or in the East, as an event to be deeply censured and deplored. The same motives which

led us to withdraw with the greatest promptitude from Abyssinia would apply with even greater force elsewhere.

But however reluctant we may be to assume any territorial power in Africa, it is an undoubted fact that the whole cause of African civilisation, in which we have so long been engaged, from noble and generous, much more than from interested, motives, depends upon the perseverance of this country. Abandoned by us, the more civilised tribes of natives would be destroyed or reduced to slavery in the interior. Against the kings of Ashantee and Dahomey, where a single ruler has succeeded in establishing his power by acts of diabolical cruelty and violence, the minor chiefs or kings are incapable of combination and resistance. If we were to withdraw altogether from the Gold Coast, all the evidence seems to show that the Ashantees would sweep over the whole country as they did in 1807. The Fantees and other tribes to whom we have extended our protection would be sacrificed. At present the influence of England is spreading into the Bights and up the oil-rivers, far beyond the actual presence of the British flag. The intelligence that England had been worsted in a conflict with barbarism or had shrunk from it, would be a death-blow to the hopes and efforts of hundreds of gallant men who are struggling throughout Africa for the welfare of a whole race of men and of a Continent. The missions of Basle and of the Wesleyans, which depend on our presence for support, although their stations have been advanced far beyond the line of the protected territory, would be extinguished; and, in short, the whole country would be abandoned to that dreadful state of anarchy which is described in the passage we have already quoted from Colonel Ord's Report.

These are results which cannot be contemplated with indifference, and however we may regret the nature of our moral engagements to these people, a sense of honour and duty precludes us from receding from them. The success which attended the diplomatic and military efforts of Governor Maclean in 1831, although in 1824 the Ashantees had attacked Cape Coast Castle itself, defeated the British forces, and slain the Governor, Sir Charles M'Carthy, may be attained with much greater facility at the present time when communications are far more easy and rapid, and a civilised State has an immense superiority in its arms and appliances of war over a horde of savages. It would be premature to discuss or speculate upon the military operations which Sir Garnet Wolseley may see reason to adopt. But we have no doubt that in the present state of affairs, a march to Coomassie to

dictate a peace in the Ashantee capital must be regarded by the Government as indispensable to maintain our ascendancy along the whole coast. Two lines of operation present themselves: the one is by a direct march to the North from Cape Coast Castle. The immediate neighbourhood of the coast and the rivers is covered with thick bush—beyond that we should reach a more open region; the Prah would then be crossed, though it is said that the Ashantee country between that river and the capital is hilly and difficult. The other line of operation is by the Volta. This river, which falls into the sea near Accra, is by far the largest and most navigable of the streams on this coast. It is perfectly accessible to vessels up to Kpong, where there are some rapids: but these may be ascended in steam launches for a distance of nearly 120 miles from the mouth. We hope, therefore, that it may be found practicable for a portion of Her Majesty's naval forces to operate in this direction; but the distance from the upper Volta to Coomassie is still considerable, and the country unknown. An expedition has already started in this direction under the command of Captain Glover. It consists of seamen and Houssa troops—the Moslems of Western Africa, who are the best native soldiers in the country.

We do not question for a moment the result of our operations, if it be possible for a detachment of British troops, however small, to get within range of the enemy. The real difficulty of the case is political, and consists in our being drawn into an apparent departure from the principles laid down by Mr. Cardwell and Lord Granville in 1864 and 1869. Are we not, after all, engaging in the wars of the native tribes, rather than in any quarrel of our own; although the audacious attack on Elmina, and the perfidy with which British seamen have been massacred on two occasions, are acts of hostility which the British Government cannot condone. Supposing the result of our military operations to be favourable, it would leave the protected tribes more than ever dependent upon ourselves for support, unless we strike so severe a blow that the Ashantees are rendered incapable of resuming the warfare they have so long carried on with success. It is one of the characteristics of the natives of Africa, that they are extremely light and volatile—passing rapidly from one engagement to another, as their fears or their interest may dictate. They appear to have no conception of the duty of fidelity, and the oath of allegiance administered to them is an empty form. They are now all in revolt because the Ashantees are in the ascendant; but after the first repulse of these inva-

ders, we have no doubt they will eagerly fall back into the ranks of the protected states.

Unfortunately for us, this protectorate is a purely one-sided engagement. We derive from it no benefit whatsoever, and we labour under obligations which may turn out to be very costly and inconvenient. Suppose the estimate for the expedition now fitting out not to exceed 400,000*l.*—and that is certainly a very low computation, for these things are not done cheaply or meanly when we set about them—that is more than the revenue which can be raised on the Gold Coast in a century, and twenty times the fee-simple of the possessions purchased from the Dutch, in our anxiety to reduce the expenses of our own previous establishments.

We are inclined to think that after the war, when we hope that we shall be in a condition to frame and adhere to our own policy, the wisest course would be, not to extend but to concentrate our occupation on some one point, choosing carefully the least unhealthy site that can be found, so that an officer of ability might be induced by adequate pay to stay there. One of the greatest misfortunes of these petty unhealthy stations is that they are unavoidably occupied by inferior agents, whose want of judgment may lead to the most serious consequences. Governor Maclean owed the great authority he exercised over all these tribes, and the maintenance of a prolonged peace, to the fact that he remained there seventeen years and had established his personal influence throughout the Guinea Coast. There is a perfectly healthy missionary station at Akropong, 1,500 feet above the level of the sea, but this place is 30 miles from the coast at Accra, though not very far from the right bank of the River Volta. Another suggestion is that the Cameroons should be occupied, about four days' sail to the east of Cape Coast Castle The minor forts, which are now dilapidated, should be abandoned. If the Ashantees come down to the coast for the purposes of lawful trade, so much the better. We shall take care that they do not trade in slaves, and, indeed, that traffic cannot be carried on without confederates and purchasers. And we ought also to take care strictly to regulate the trade in gunpowder and arms, which are imported for none but destructive purposes. The British authority and occupation should be restricted to the range of the fort. Here, however, another difficulty arises. Wherever the British flag flies slavery ceases to exist, but it exists amongst all the African tribes around us. Hence every fugitive slave, and they are usually the worst of their class, seeks an asylum within the British lines—the British authority

refuses to give them up—and we are thus exposed to perpetual altercations with our neighbours. In 1862 Governor Pine wrote to the Colonial Office, 'The refuge afforded to runaway 'slaves and pawns* under the British flag has, during my long 'experience, proved the source of the greatest irritation and 'annoyance to native kings and chiefs, and the wound most 'difficult for Her Majesty's representatives to heal; and un-'fortunately I find here such questions of everyday occurrence.' This difficulty and the dislike of the natives to our scale of import duties, however moderate, are the chief causes, we believe, of their opposition to our rule. For it must be borne in mind, in dealing with these people, that the objects to which we attach the highest importance—such as the repression of slavery and of their barbarous feuds and customs—are the very things that render our interference most obnoxious and hateful to them. The Dutch were far more popular, because wherever they go they are content to trade without any attempt to raise the moral condition of the people, and they do not disdain to turn the depraved habits of the natives to their own advantage. But, in fact, we aspire to no rule and no authority over these native tribes. We only desire that they should learn to govern and defend themselves; and the sooner their advancing civilisation enables us to withdraw our intervention, the better it will be for this country.

When war broke out with the King of Ashantee in 1863 (in consequence of the refusal to surrender slaves), Governor Pine, who appears to have been the best governor we have had on the Cape Coast since Mr. Maclean, declared to the Duke of Newcastle that he entertained the earnest desire

'that a final blow should be struck at Ashantee power, and the question set at rest for ever, as to whether an arbitrary, cruel, and sanguinary monarch shall be for ever permitted to insult the British flag and outrage the laws of civilisation. This desirable object (he added) can be attained only by the possession of such a force as I fear the Governor of these settlements can never hope to command, unless your Grace should be pleased to urge upon Her Majesty's Government the policy, economy, and even the mercy, of transporting to these shores an army of such strength as would, combined with the allied native forces, enable us to march on Coomassie and there plant the British flag. To a stranger the course I point out may appear a visionary one, but I am convinced that, even with all the disadvantages of climate, the expedition would not be so dangerous, so fatal, or accompanied with such loss of life as have assailed expeditions in other and apparently more genial climes; and with 2,000 disciplined soldiers,

* A pawn is a man who has pledged his own liberty as security for a debt. On payment of the debt he is free again.

followed by upwards of 50,000 native forces, who require only to be led and inspired with confidence by the presence of organised troops, I would undertake (driving the hordes of Ashantees) to march to Coomassie.' (*Despatch of May* 12, 1863.)

We are happy to quote this very remarkable passage because Governor Pine is a very high authority—his policy is at last likely to be adopted—and he entertained very sanguine hopes of its success. The Duke of Newcastle replied, naturally enough, 'that the proposal of a regular invasion to be made on 'the Ashantee nation, and of a march upon their capital, were 'too serious to admit of his encouraging it, and that he should 'feel very averse to its adoption except in case of overruling 'necessity.' In the course of the same year (December 18, 1863), a letter was addressed by the Colonial Office to the War Office, in which the principles which ought to govern these operations, were thus laid down:—

'His Grace would be understood to continue to maintain, as he has always maintained, that the principle of all military proceedings on the West Coast of Africa should be that of defence, not of aggression. It is upon this principle alone that the Governors are authorised to make war, and no invasion of neighbouring territories can be sanctioned, unless it can be shown that it is really a defensive measure—safer, less costly in blood and money, and more likely to be decisive in its results than waiting for an attack which is being prepared, and which no peaceful measure can ward off without loss of that dignity and position which are essential to our security. It cannot be denied that, in dealing with savage nations, such may be the case; and although his Grace is by no means prepared to affirm with certainty that such is the case on the Gold Coast at the present moment, yet he regards it as quite possible either that it is so, or that it may shortly become so, owing to the loss of military reputation consequent on recent occurrences, and the spirit of presumption and audacity which has been generated amongst the Ashantees. His Grace feels, therefore, that he cannot refuse to Governor Pine a conditional authority to strike a blow within the Ashantee territory, if such a blow can be struck without making any other or further advance than in his own opinion, and that of the officer in command, may be consistent with the utmost consideration for the safety of the troops, and provided also he can satisfy himself that the result will be to remove the disastrous impressions caused by the impunity of the Ashantees when they last ravaged the protected territory, and to obtain reparation and secure the peace of the Protectorate. His Grace will impress upon the Governor that these results, and not the gratification of revenge on the part of the protected tribes, or of the love of glory of the Black troops, would constitute the only justification of an aggressive movement.'

It may be assumed that the principles laid down by the Duke of Newcastle in this despatch are adhered to by the British Government and will be followed on the present

occasion. For although this question has only now assumed an imperial importance, and has seldom attracted much public attention, it is one with which every successive Colonial Minister has acquired an irksome familiarity, and our more or less unfriendly relations with the Ashantees have been a source of annoyance to us for more than half a century, and have not unfrequently broken out into actual warfare. This warfare has always been of an indecisive character, because it never before was thought worth while by the British Government to incur the expense, and send out the forces, necessary to terminate it. If, therefore, the present emergency should induce the Government to adopt Governor Pine's policy, and should establish a lasting peace by inflicting a crushing blow on the enemy, it is possible that the result may repay us for the sacrifices such an expedition may require. The great obstacle to the development of the country and of its trade has been these incessant paltry wars. The whole object of our policy has been to establish and maintain peace, not only between the native tribes and the British authorities, but between the native tribes themselves. If the British Protectorate is to be something more than a name, and if we are to remain on the Gold Coast at all, we must insist on the fulfilment of this condition of mutual peace, and we trust this may be accomplished without a more direct interference with the native government of the country. On this point, however, we speak with hesitation, because it is obvious that we occupy the Gold Coast as the enemies of slavery—but slavery is an indigenous institution in Africa, and African chiefs like the Kings of Ashantee and Dahomey are used to regard it as of the very essence of their power. The worst enemy of the unhappy African is his nearest neighbour; and if the time is now past when he might be torn from his native shores to labour in the plantations of America, he is still liable to bear a still more oppressive and intolerable yoke, as a captive taken in barbarous warfare. How far can we prevent these evils? How far is it our duty to seek to prevent them, beyond the range of our own jurisdiction? These are questions not easy of solution. But this much is clear, that when an occasion, like the present, arises, and a deliberate attack is made on the British possessions and forces, it imposes on us the obligation to vindicate our authority, in defence, not only of a small colonial interest, but of the great principles of civilisation, peace, and freedom.

No. CCLXXXIII. will be published in January, 1874.

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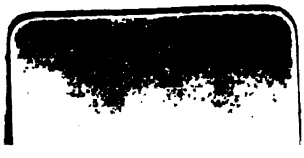
LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET